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IRELAND

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

HORIZONS

A BOOK OF CRITICISM

IRELAND
A STUDY IN NATIONALISM

BY FRANCIS HACKETT



THIRD EDITION

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IN MEMORY OF
JOHN BYRNE HACKETT, M.D.
WHO LOVED AND SERVED
IRELAND

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

THE IRISH REPUBLIC, 1919

IT is a plain fact, apparent to every one, that the affairs of Ireland have come to a climax in the past year. At the time this book was finished, June, 1918, I believed that Irish affairs pivoted on the Rebellion of 1916, that the Rebellion had greatly invigorated the national will; but I had no idea that the object of the Rebellion, an Irish Republic, was so soon to be a concrete popular ideal. Of this fact there can now be no doubt whatever. The Irish in Ireland did not support the Rebellion at large. Neither did the Irish in America. But the reaction of Britain on the Rebellion fired the will and the imagination of Irishmen and Irishwomen everywhere. An Irish Republic, absolutely independent of Britain, is definitely established as the "irreducible minimum" on which the great majority of the Irish people have set their hearts. Victory may come soon or it may come late; that depends on circumstances. The open object of national Ireland remains. This object is not home rule or fiscal autonomy or administration with a nationalist personnel or dominion semi-independence. Much less is it "federation." All these propositions have had something to be said for them; but their time is past. The Irish people have deliberately committed themselves to their ultimate aspiration. That is, abso-

lute independence. They want an Ireland just as free of foreign sovereignty and foreign rule as the United States is. They want it without any softening of their meaning or any blinking of the national minorities in Ulster or scattered through the rest of Ireland. They want formal international recognition of their status as a distinct people, a people with special problems and special needs, with geographic entity and historic continuity. They want it on the very principles promulgated by responsible British and American statesmen during the late war. These principles they were urged to consider as binding and sacred. They do consider them binding and sacred. They ask and demand that they now be applied to Ireland.

This ascertainment of the Irish national will has been a slow process, and I do not think it could possibly have been accomplished but for the blunders of British statecraft in the last few years. Every one who knows American Revolutionary history, whether written by good patriots like John Fiske or Liberal sophists like Trevelyan, must admit the enormous aid that was presented to the Revolution by the gross political and social obtuseness of the ruling class in Britain. A similar obtuseness has driven Irishmen and Irishwomen of all sorts and conditions into the arms of Irish Republicanism. The Irish Republic is said by some to have been made in Germany. On the contrary, it has largely been made in England. George V cannot be made the scapegoat, after the fashion of George III. History will distribute the blame over whole governments and whole classes. But when it comes to be written how England "lost" Ireland,

the animus of the Irish people will be seen to have mainly resulted from the obtuseness as well as the obliquity of British statecraft.

As a document relevant to this view of the case I submit the following book as it stands. I have been tempted to re-write it in the light of 1919, using every argument in it to bear on the case for an Irish Republic. But the fact that it labored so hard in 1918 to make out a case for governmental co-operation with Britain has perhaps a greater significance than any revised version could offer. This book was not intended to please Irishmen or Irish-Americans. It was not intended to gratify nationalist illusion or passion or to promote "sacred egotism." Its object, if I may venture to interpret it, was to pour light on obdurate facts that British statesmanship had never fairly recognized, and to urge that if British statesmanship did recognize these facts, attested by innumerable responsible witnesses, the best interests of the British empire might be reconciled with the best interests of Ireland. Many arguments, similarly conceived, were formulated in the American Colonies during the crucial years of pre-Revolution and actual Revolution. I must quickly assert that I was not so ambitious as to hope for direct results from this book. I only hoped that by formulating certain ideas I might promote in my own day and generation that species of good sense and good understanding for which so many American colonists in their own case had once labored. But I am perfectly willing now to admit that my cause was well lost. The facts that the English fail to recognize, the obdurate facts that the Irish must see accommodated or else perish as

a nation, are definitely proven to be beyond the capacity of the Georges and Lord Norths of 1919. The men who "lost" the American Colonies — lost, that is to say, their right to maim and cripple the American Colonies — exhibit legitimate descendants in these men who have "lost" Ireland. They talk of "secession." The answer is, the American Colonies seceded. And the wisdom of that escape from their interference cannot be confused with the folly of any attempted violation of honest constitutional union. The analogy between Ireland and England is not the analogy between the South and the North. It is clearly the analogy of the Revolution. The American Colonists were Separatists. So are the Irish; and for equal though not similar causes.

I have spoken of obtuseness and obliquity in British statecraft. I refer to the living present, not to the impotent past. A characteristic mixture of both is to be found in Lloyd George's late proposal of Irish conscription. Here was Lloyd George a professed believer in self-determination, a professed believer in the right of the Irish to self-determination — a right that had been denied by Lloyd George's political opponents. A situation occurred in France early in 1918 that was analogous to a heavy draft on a man's resources. Britain had to meet a terrific demand on its man-power, had to dig down deep to meet the demand. At that moment of pressure and, let us say, panic, Lloyd George cast his eye on the trust fund of Ireland. Ireland, according to his own professed beliefs, was not at that time in possession of its right to self-determination. It was, in fact, the subject of a convention appointed

by himself to discuss the proper terms of self-determination. But it was possible, physically possible, for the hand that could dig into Britain's manpower also to extend its fingers and seize the manpower of Ireland. No one could deny the physical power of the British to put through that theft. They could steal Irish man-power in the same way that Germany could steal its passage through Belgium. What did Lloyd George do? Did he say, I have in my hands the terms on which my Irish Convention agrees to conscription and I shall seek to meet those terms? No, he ignored the report of the Irish Convention. He said, We need men, Ireland has men and we'll take them. Self-determination? That's a moral question. This is an actual emergency. Our resources may not be equal to the emergency. Then, let us draw on Ireland. But of course Lloyd George had not the candor to say outright, "let us rob Ireland." He talked of Irish conscription-without-consent in those lofty terms that enable adroit politicians to lead the unanalytical Englishman by the nose.

So much for this obliquity of British statecraft. The obtuseness is not less patent. Lloyd George could not deliver the Irish goods except at a prohibitive cost to the British army; and he could not fulfil his promise to deliver the Irish goods except at a prohibitive cost to British prestige all over the world. If this man can promise to conscript the Irish in the teeth of all his talk about the rights of small nations, the Irish said, he is worse than a scoundrel—he is a fool. What will simple America think of Irishmen brought in manacles to France to fight for "the rights of small nations"? What

will the Czecho-Slovaks think, who know what it is to be conscripted by a bullying empire? What will Russia think, which is already aware of England's duplicity in the secret treaties? What will educated India think, with its cynicism as regards British statecraft? The baseness of treating the Irish as Germany treated the Danes of Slesvig or as Austria treated the Bohemians — that was apparent to any man who really wanted the world made safe for *democracy*. But the obtuseness was evident in even worse degree. It had a depth which nothing of Lord North's could hope to rival.

I mention Lord North because I should like to fix American minds on both characteristic failures of British statecraft in dealing with the government of a white people. I am told that this book is unfair to the British empire, that no people have administered backward races like the British, that French cupidity and German brutality have ruined colonies right alongside colonies that exemplify triumphant British humaneness and good sense. Men like Norman Angell imply this. So do interesting witnesses like the great artist Joseph Conrad. If I were convinced that no race was ever called "backward" whom it did not pay to call "backward," I believe I could more easily agree with the imperialists, but even so, there is good reason to accept the enlightened Anglo-American estimate of the British as tropical administrators, and I also believe that Canada and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa have an arrangement with Britain which is mutually beneficial. Still, the government of Ireland is "Crown Colony government" and the "backward" race in Ireland is not Maori or Zulu

or Kaffir or Basuto. It is free, white and twenty-one, and it knows it. This makes patent the imperial sin against democracy. The fact that Britain has planted and privileged certain non-Gaelic subjects in Ireland, and has loaded the dice to keep them in favor, creates the imperialistic situation which educated white folk simply cannot tolerate. A situation equally plain, escaped Lord North in dealing with the American colonists. A not less obvious situation escaped Lord Milner in his evil attempt to treat the Boers as inferiors. Again this imperialism applied to white men has continually escaped the English and Anglo-Irish administrators of Ireland, and is one reason why the imperial trilogy of "Ireland, India and Egypt" comes to the mind of every non-British critic to-day. The situation is too gross for British moral pretensions. British rule in Ireland means the inevitable sacrifice of the rank and file to a minority, and this in spite of every liberal Englishman's attempt to straddle the channel.

So long as one's concern for the Irish people is the democratic concern, and not specifically the nationalistic, the greatest possible stress has to be laid on the hard position of Ulster. It was my own preoccupation with the democratic claims of the Ulster and Unionist minority that led me to advocate dominion home rule in this book. I felt then that the clue to Britain's failure in Ireland was its lack of single-mindedness. It had an eye to Irish interests, but a much shrewder eye to the subordination of Irish interests, and a consequent incapacity to deal with the Irish situation straightforwardly. I felt, however, that twelve o'clock had not yet struck in the hearts of the Irish people. And if the Irish

people were willing to give Britain one more chance, it was possible in that way to obtain for the Unionist minority a very plain security under dominion home rule. This minority had a most powerful backing in England. Besides that, it had a place of its own in Ireland; and I felt that the million Unionists in Ireland had at least a squatter's claim which it would be inhuman as well as unpractical to ignore. This conviction, the main conviction which kept me from advocating an Irish Republic, I stated as explicitly as possible; and I urged what I considered to be the democratic minimum — namely, the status of a dominion.

The actual grounds on which I based this conviction have changed radically in the past year. Not only has Britain itself advocated an international status for minorities like Ulster, and so emancipated Irish conscience, but by the supreme test of its own principles during the war Britain has forfeited its claims on Irish consideration, and so has emancipated Irish will.

It may seem wrong to hold Britain to its war-principles, to apply those stern standards to the intimate life of the British isles. But why? Were those principles put on for show, without any sense of justice behind them? If so, the less the Briton talks about "justice," the better. If not, then the time has surely arrived for making good. There is nothing wrong with the liberal Britain that produced a document so statesmanlike as Labor and the New Social Order, or that gives Ireland such interpretative friendship as the Manchester Guardian and the London Nation and the Daily News. When the London Nation says:

All Ireland stands between England and America, because all England stands between Ireland and the sun

— the Irishman knows that the cause of Ireland is understood. That understanding creates a profound obligation: it requires Irishmen to extend and maintain their goodwill. But even to such profound obligation there is a limit. When Ireland's friends in Britain prove powerless as against imperialists and reactionaries, the onus of Irish welfare falls upon Irishmen themselves. This, as I see it, is the climax to which affairs have been tending for years. The test of liberal good faith, consequently, is no new give-and-take proposal. It is the disinterested arrangement of a clean political separation. It is not Ireland that has botched the Irish settlement. It is Britain. Parnell and Davitt and Redmond did their level best to arrange constitutional give-and-take. Britain failed them. It is this that compels Ireland to distrust its own pliancy, on one hand, and to hold Britain to its war-principles, on the other. It must disappoint and aggrieve many good Britons, but the time has come to put a wholesome end to perpetual shilly-shally and delay.

Take the case of the Irish Convention of 1917. This Convention, appointed to elicit the national will of Ireland, was a significant failure. But its real failure was not the failure to obtain unanimity inside the Convention. It was the determination not to permit the Irish people to deliver a free verdict on the form of government they desired. Britain did not say to Ireland, Appoint your own convention. Britain, through its prime minister, dictated to Ireland the membership of the convention that was to represent it, and furthermore

pledged to Ulster that whatever happened Ulster would have its way. The Sinn Feiners were excluded, or a pitifully small and inadequate delegation of Sinn Feiners was excluded, because they would not agree beforehand to pledge themselves in favor of the overlordship of the British empire. Where, in this, was there any respect for the guiding principle of self-determination? The delegates to the Convention were in the main highly estimable men. They were also "safe" men. But the will of Ireland, as expressed a few months later in a general election, was shut out of this craftily organized body. Here, in a grand instance of modern British policy, there was the same typical double-thinking and double-dealing, the same reality of connivance and the same gesture of fair-play. I was not fully informed as to Britain's part in this Convention when I wrote of it in these pages. But if ever a great state exhibited its bankruptcy in the moral principles that go to lay the foundations of a sound polity, it was the Britain that with the aid of its censorship tried to impose on the world this counterfeit "national" convention.

What has Ireland to gain for its body or its soul by considering the will of Britain as to its form of government? Why should Britain be consulted? The material arguments need not be considered. Ireland is now supporting herself and contributing a hundred million dollars a year to Britain into the bargain. It has everything to gain materially by getting rid of British administrators, British police and British fiscal policy. But the pro-British in Ireland are human beings. I admit that I considered the will of Ulster an obstacle to Irish self-

determination. I saw the Orangeman as a Tory whose protestations concerning his preference for Britain deserved to be taken respectfully. But since June, 1918, the Tory minorities of Europe have with the warm acquiescence of Britain been compelled to subordinate their fortunes to the national will of many new republics. I had myself in this book founded the case for semi-independence on the best basis I perceived; and every argument which supported the claims of constitutional autonomy and semi-independence seems to me to have double the force in respect of absolute independence. Since June, 1918, nothing has occurred to minimize Ireland's claim to self-determination. Much has occurred to strengthen it. To safeguard the Unionist minority in Ireland there is the public opinion of the English-speaking world. There is in addition the same formal safeguard that European minorities have, the beginning of an international machinery—and the Unionist minority has no more democratic claim than the Tories had in the American Colonies, while possessing all the latter's perverse willingness to support the misrule of British ministers. The accumulation of evidence and of feeling on these points, the long waiting in the stale atmosphere of English party politics, has nauseated my own soul even so far as dominion home rule is concerned, and I am one of those people to whom nothing is now acceptable for Ireland less than a clean slate of her own.

This position was not quite so definable in June, 1918, as it is a year later. In June, 1918, it was possible to refuse the British a political moratorium in regard to Irish independence but only at the cost

of lending aid and comfort to Germany; and in June, 1918, the end of the war was not in sight. For three months the Allies in France had been in the neck of the bottle and even in June it was not certain whether the German cork was being driven out or driven in. The mood of those months was not politically healthy. To keep it from becoming envenomed, however, it was absolutely necessary for Britain to show a morally courageous attitude toward the claims of Ireland. The failure to show that attitude, the failure to use the moratorium for anything except the dullest selfishness, was the beginning of the constitutional end.

That end, to my mind, has come. The last chance of constitutionalism was the Irish Convention under Sir Horace Plunkett, and that chance was sacrificed by Lloyd George's betrayal of the popular principle, on the one hand, and Ulster's betrayal of the social principle, on the other. Lloyd George's failure to secure popular sanction has already been referred to. Even more serious was the recalcitrance of the Ulstermen. Most of the Protestants of the South gave up the Union. They acknowledged the provisional character of their distrust of the Catholic Irishman. They acknowledged themselves ready and willing to throw in their lot with the national majority in a national parliament. Protestant bishops as well as Catholic bishops accepted the realities of Ireland's entity. They joined in a petition against any savage "partitioning" of Ireland. But the Ulster delegates, under the direction of the Ulster political machine, stood out for a Jefferson Davis policy of "dingy freedom," a freedom founded on the sacred prin-

ples of political intolerance, religious prejudice and economic snobbery. The case of Ulster is the real case of secession, where the case of national Ireland is the case of the Revolution. The refusal of Lloyd George to trust Ireland coincided with the refusal of Ulster to trust Ireland. The result was something long foreseen and yet surprising when it arrived — the end of constitutionalism. Only British labor, it seems to me, could have averted that end, had it really been in the saddle. But British labor wasn't in the saddle, despite Woodrow Wilson's pretenses to that effect, and when it gets into the saddle its duty will no longer be that of working out political union. It will have the harder and nobler duty of working out healthy political separation in the spirit of fellowship and goodwill.

The constitutional end did not come immediately after the Rebellion of 1916. Ireland was sufficiently involved in the war, had enough men there if nothing else, to keep the national will from fully realizing itself. But with the end of the war came a great purge of the Irish spirit. The Parliamentary party, as every one understood, no longer possessed a vision of Ireland. The question remained, Did the people of Ireland possess a vision of the Parliamentary party? The election of December, 1918, settled that question forever. It was, in effect, a national plebiscite on self-determination; and in that plebiscite the historic Nationalist party, for forty years the dominant political instrument of the majority of the Irish people, was reduced to disreputable ruin. The collapse of the Nationalist party was catastrophic. It is only rivalled in sensational effect by the programme substituted for it.

For many years Mr. Arthur Griffith had advocated the withdrawal of the Irish members from the British House of Commons. In order to preach that doctrine he subsisted on locusts and wild honey: in a nation of anxious conformists he was content to be an eccentric figure. He was like one unpatronized public chauffeur in a city alive with thriving hansom cabs. But with the British handling of the 1916 Rebellion came Mr. Griffith's opportunity. In a very few months the grotesque machinery of Sinn Fein became most admirably practical. The patrons of the hansom cabs dwindled. The cabs and their drivers came to be seen with fresh eyes—crawling cabs, morose horses, drivers bloated and bleared. But this demolition of the Nationalists, this transference of the whole people to Sinn Fein, would never have been possible had not the British government itself contrived to foster these ideals all over Ireland.

How did the British government help to promote Sinn Fein all over Ireland? With the assistance, of course, of Woodrow Wilson. What Ireland needed to become a flaming fire of Republicanism was two things—one, the fuel of fresh British tyranny; two, the wind of idealism. General Maxwell first supplied the tyranny and Woodrow Wilson supplied the wind. After the Rebellion, which is analyzed at some length in the following pages, the urgent need of a better political policy was apparent to Herbert Asquith. He actually came to the Sinn Feiners seeking light, as a good humane Roman might have gone to the Early Christians the morning after the arena, asking how such untoward performances could be avoided in the future. But

meanwhile the old-fashioned muzzle-loading militarist General Maxwell was arresting every mortal in Ireland who showed the slightest capacity for radical leadership and deporting them to England in the happy conviction that a little imprisonment under unpleasant circumstances would make them warm adherents of the empire. After these men were released and sent back all over Ireland with torches in their tails, re-arrest became the policy of the government. A "German plot" was "discovered." The government had no visible proof of a German plot, but they pretended to have proof of one, and they brought over a considerable number of Sinn Feiners to take a post-graduate course in their splendid imperial universities, the political prisons. Not one detail of this policy was lost on the Irish people. The war for "the rights of small nations" seemed to them very near home. The fact of Irishness became once more a taint in the nostrils of the governmental bureaucracy in Ireland. Irritation led in many cases to petty persecution, and persecution sometimes grew to outrage. With its back hand England bruised Ireland in the mouth so long as the war continued, and then it freely recommenced the old hideous game of making Irishness an offense against the crown. Troops were poured into Ireland as never before since 1798. The whole temper of the bureaucracy was the temper of exasperated authority seeking an excuse to vent its anger. And all through this period Lloyd George reaffirmed the rights of small nations and Woodrow Wilson declared for self-determination.

I know that many British people have no more sympathy for the policies of the Lloyd George gov-

ernment than similar British people felt for the policies of Lord North's government; and such British men and women refuse to execrate the Sinn Feiners or to decry the Rebellion. But hardly one among them, I beg leave to say, has gone much further than Pitt in the matter. No Edmund Burke has told England and the world what the present estrangement means. But indeed it is an estrangement not to be bridged by soothing and sympathetic words. There is now no union between England and Ireland. The absolute impossibility of enforcing conscription in Ireland destroyed once for all the fiction that the "constitution" is viable in Ireland. It is viable only with guns and bayonets behind it and that is a fact which an Edmund Burke would have the courage to recognize. He would see and say that the union had dissolved of its own corruption. He would weep no tear for it. And he would accept, as honest Britons ought now to accept, the plain business of emancipating Ireland from the British empire for ever. The argument of British military necessity, and the consequent sacrifice of Irish self-development to that military necessity — he would dismiss it for the vicious and cowardly doctrine that it is. The theory that Ireland stabbed England in the back during the world war he would meet with the facts and figures of Ireland's huge martial contribution, on one hand, and the history of the tiny Rebellion, on the other. And he would ask, If Ireland could have won its freedom by the aid of Germany, as the American Colonies won their freedom by the aid of France, who ought to be blamed for it — Ireland or England? The whine that Ireland stabbed England in the back is a miserable whine.

It ought not to be raised by the empire that has refused for over thirty years to give the Irish people a petty measure of self-government.

This, I think, is substantially the view Americans take of it. I do not mean Americans who ape the English Tory. I mean ordinary, sensible, self-accepting, open-minded people. They regretted deeply the circumstances that led to the rebellion. They deplored the rebellion. But when the history of Ireland is adduced, they seldom or never feel that the Rebellion was "treachery." And on the great principle of Irish self-determination I think the American is not less receptive. In the past year I have spoken to various forum audiences in the United States on the subject of Ireland — in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland and other cities — and it is my belief that, whether Sir Edward Carson will "brook no interference" or not, there is accumulating a sober conviction that the cure for Ireland demands separation from England.

This American acceptance of the idea of an Irish Republic is usually likely to be hesitant on one or two major issues of policy. First of all, Will a republic have to be forced down the Ulster throat? Second, Will the Catholic church dominate a Sinn Fein Ireland? The latter point, as I have met it, is the more frequent. To what I have already said in the pages that follow, it is perhaps important to add a word. Religion enters into politics everywhere. Who can conceive of a Roman Catholic president of the United States, or even vice-president; or a Hebrew president or an agnostic or atheist president? Yet so far as I can see, there is a real danger that the Catholic church will be egregiously influential in the

new Ireland, especially in education and culture. And the narrowness of this has to be reckoned with, considering the amazing priggishness of which Irish idealists are capable! But we crawl before we walk. The insularity of Ireland is a fact. Still, it can only change under the contacts that the fine adventure of independence must bring with it. To keep it British is to keep it undeveloped and disheartened and much more stiflingly insular.

As to Ulster, this is the supreme local problem of Sinn Fein. The international recognition of Ireland could be found to-morrow, in my opinion, if a fair proportion of Ulster Protestants and Presbyterians declared themselves republicans. The recalcitrance of Ulster does count with Americans. But if the Sinn Fein leaders can make manifest their plan for guaranteeing the rights of Ulster in every detail, then the stubborn behavior of the Covenanters will not seem reasonable or admirable elsewhere. The lion is stubborn, but so after all is the mule.

How much weight will be given to the proposal of a federation of English, Scotch and Irish "states" it is difficult to tell. The proposal, as I try to indicate in my comments on the Round Table group, is essentially an ingenious attempt to circumvent Irish nationalism. It means that Britain is still to sit on the Irish lid and, for the sake of the Anglo-Irish, to keep up the myth of Irish indocility and Irish intransigence. It is a revolting prospect, viewed democratically, and I do not believe it will hoodwink Americans.

The one serious movement that bids for American support is Sir Horace Plunkett's Dominion League. Unfortunately, this League by a false

symmetry is intended to sap the foundations of Sinn Fein as well as Ulster. I believe it will not succeed. I hope it does not succeed. It is an honorable effort to keep the British flag flying over Ireland, but in aiming to please Englishmen it belies the national will of Irishmen, especially the ordinary run of Irishmen. And of course the magnificent thing about Sinn Fein is its revelation that the ordinary run of Irishmen have a will of their own. Sir Horace Plunkett I have come to admire greatly. He is a singularly honest and able and statesmanlike human being. But I cannot see that he is a Nationalist. He is perhaps too Irish to be all English and yet too English to be all Irish. Out of such stuff national leaders can scarcely be made.

The question remains, how, apparently against the will of the British people, can the Irish Republic come to be recognized. Must there be endless agitation, met by endless persecution, with embittered Irishmen and exasperated Englishmen keeping up the fight forever like Kilkenny cats? That is not the only alternative. The Sinn Fein abstinence from participation in British governmental processes is the beginning of an experiment in passive resistance that military policy and tyrannical legislation may fail to crush. And if this withdrawal of consent, this policy of a Continental Congress and a government-within-a-government can be made to work indefinitely, the unceasing propaganda of Irishmen everywhere can scarcely be defeated. It is all very well for Woodrow Wilson to say that his moral principles apply strictly to our enemies and have no applicability to our friends; but this is a most dangerous invitation to turn our friends into our enemies. It is wiser, as

well as more moral, to be moral all round. And no Irishman who is convinced as to self-determination will accept an *ersatz* variety simply because the Peace Conference did not or could not decree for Ireland. The glorious and inspiring adventure of a free Ireland is not likely to be suspended on that account. It may not be immediately realizable but the Republic is the only way that Irish self-respect can eventually be redeemed. The union between Ireland and England was a union by force and fraud; and it is repudiated.

What remains for Ireland to seek is the verdict of a society of nations. So long as Britain holds an unwilling Ireland, her hands are unclean, and Ireland must continue to appeal to the society of nations against her. What, in the name of democracy, has Britain to gain? The whole import of this book is the crime that Britain has committed against democracy in denying self-determination to Ireland. That, with all its economic implications, is the substance of my argument. The situation is the kind of situation that confronted the founders of the United States. The proper answer in that case was the American Republic. And the proper answer in this case is — the Irish Republic.

Centre Lovell, Maine, July 19, 1919.

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PART I

INTRODUCTORY

Were mankind murderous or jealous upon you, my brother,
my sister?

I am sorry for you, they are not murderous or jealous
upon me,

All has been gentle with me, I keep no account with lamen-
tation,

(What have I to do with lamentation?).

WALT WHITMAN.

I

THE IMPERIAL RELATION

“ And there is another great piece of legislation which awaits and should receive the sanction of the Senate—I mean the bill which gives a larger measure of self-government to the people of the Philippines. How better, in this time of anxious questioning and perplexed policy, could we show our confidence in the principles of liberty, as the source as well as the expression of life, how better could we demonstrate our own self-possession and steadfastness in the courses of justice and disinterestedness than by thus going calmly forward to fulfill our promises to a dependent people, who will look more anxiously than ever to see whether we have indeed the liberality, the unselfishness, the courage, the faith, we have boasted and professed. I can not believe that the Senate will let this great measure of constructive justice await the action of another Congress.”—WOODROW WILSON, December, 1914.

THE PURPOSE OF THE BOOK

FORQUENTLY in speaking about Ireland to Americans I have discovered that the total effect of lively assertion is to leave them confused and bored. It is largely with the confused and the bored in mind that this book is written. There are many eloquent and thrilling books on Ireland. The national struggle of the Irish people is a fit subject

for warm and persuasive writing. But the desirable object at present seems to me to place Ireland in the clear light where facts can be fairly considered. My aim in this book is to examine the condition of Ireland, to interpret its nationalism, to show the difficulty of its relation with England, to proceed from causes to consequences, and then to remedies. The reader may easily differ from me in the end. He may decide that I disagree with the Tory Englishman because I do not allow for the needs of the empire, or because the past is too much with us, or because I am a particularist in spite of myself. Whatever his verdict on these points, I shall have failed in my object if I have not improved his opportunity of judging the question for himself. According to any democratic or liberal criteria, I consider that Ireland has on its side the durable advocacy of the facts. But facts can never be seen in their relevance unless they are honestly respected, and my chief aim has been to have nationalism supply the incentive for writing rather than the evidence and the arguments submitted for the reader's judgment. Both Englishmen and Irishmen are solemnly involved in the responsibility for Ireland's condition, but it is simple futility to let English patriotism or Irish patriotism dictate the inquiry.

A judicial consideration does, in my opinion, lead to the severest conclusions in regard to the actual government of Ireland, organic as well as functional, present as well as past. I think that it can be proved that the men in power, Englishmen and Anglo-Irishmen, have as a rule failed in the first psychological essential of government, entrance into the genuine will of the governed. They have failed,

for the most part, because they have lacked true community of interest with Ireland and because they have never really chosen to share in the universe of native Irish discourse. Englishmen often willingly admit the "stupidities" and "blunders" of the past that arose from this policy; they have done this, point by point, for some hundreds of years. But it is invariably the offences of the past that the governing class is willing to confess, never the persisting relation from which these offences have unfailingly sprung and must unfailingly continue to spring. The offences of the living present are such, however, that, upholding my faith in the judicial method, I conceive passing sentence to be part of it. But while I look to the passing of sentence by fair-minded men, whether they be Irish or English or American, it is only because such sentence, passed for the relief of a people, must involve a wholesome transfer of power, the essential preliminary to reconstruction. This is not the dictate of simple nationalism. If a writer's approach is unequivocally nationalistic, he is punitive, goaded by the remorseless passion of a Sicilian or a Kentuckian. This is wholly understandable since, as Justice O. W. Holmes has defined it, "vengeance, not compensation, and vengeance on the offending thing, was the original object" of asserting liability. But, for my own part, I honestly distrust the retaliatory spirit, even when it is combined with the nationalistic principle. I am afraid of the encouragement that it offers to the egoism which sleeps so fitfully inside every nationalistic habit of mind. But apart from the Irishness of Ireland there is, as I believe, a problem of human liberation involved in Ireland,

and it is because of this that Ireland is bound to proclaim England's liability today. "The very considerations which judges most rarely mention, and always with apology, are the secret root from which the law draws all the juices of life," declares Justice Holmes. "I mean, of course, considerations of what is expedient for the community concerned." These are the considerations, more pertinent than any desire to stone the offending ox, which make me believe it right that England and Anglo-Ireland be held fully and strictly and promptly accountable in regard to the Irish people.

CELT AND SAXON

Americans are frequently unable to reconcile the nationalistic Irishman's account of England with their own impression of the English race and even the British empire. Such Americans may like their Irishman, they may want to be hospitable to his emotions, but they cannot belie the admiration and respect they have long given to England. An Irishman may go to any length in defaming the English. He may quote Heine and Voltaire, argue hypocrisy and empire, display India and Egypt; but there is a firm substratum of respect and admiration that he cannot easily dislocate. It is only necessary to examine Emerson's English Traits to see how a wise New Englander really feels about Old England and the English. Of course one can find innumerable Americans who have used the English despitefully, as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge has done in his recollections, just as one can find a number of Americans who take the English as their superiors. The emo-

tions to which I refer are different. They are reasoned and proved by experience, like Emerson's. They are not derived from the mere size and wealth of the empire, though the benignity of time to England is in itself influential. Nor do these feelings depend on the impressiveness of force majeure, on the one hand, or the fairy tale of Pax Britannica, on the other. The languor of a peerage long installed, the dignity of the law lords, the timbre of society, the cut of clothes, the acolyte strictness of servants, the art of garden parties — these may engage some people, but what the sane American sees to admire in England is something that springs out of a depth and reliability of character which is not less proclaimed by the superb and massive achievement of English law than by the sustained glory of English literature. No one who has mingled in this procession of a people's consciousness can fail to find in it a greatness of reception and a greatness of response of spirit. As the bells of Oxford chime their varied music, so the tongues of English literature sing many different tunes; but at the heart of them there is the unison of something deep and generous, something well sent and well found. To reconcile the experiences of English literature, not to speak of personal English contacts, with the theory of a purely malignant policy in Ireland is a psychological somersault the intelligent American is not prepared for. He may admit that some of the most famous Englishmen have been Scotch, Welsh and Irish; he may agree that along with stout English honesty and simplicity and courage there go a stiff legalism, a resolute self-preference, a disinclination to think for the other

man. But, agree or not, the evidence on the side of fairness — of honesty, sobriety and industry — is altogether too stupendous not to make a race composed wholly of Richard the Thirds seem incredible and laughable. It may be granted that layers of evidence have to be penetrated before the American grasps the paradox of Anglo-Irish history; but the solution of that paradox is never diabolism. The American is absolutely sound in the instinct which compels him to reject the wholesale indictment of England.

The wholesale indictment of Ireland belongs in the same psychological category. Everyone knows, of course, the compensatory account of Irish grandeur and glory that has squared the patriotic balance. The technical names of this sort of idyl are sunburstery and raimeis (rawmaish). "Our poor people," said John Mitchel, "were continually assured that they were the finest peasantry in the world — 'A One among the nations.' They were told that their grass was greener, their women fairer, their mountains higher, their valleys lower, than those of other lands; — that their 'moral force' (alas!) had conquered before, and would again: — that next year would be the Repeal year: in fine, that Ireland would be the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea. Not that the Irish are a stupid race, or naturally absurd; but the magician bewitched them to their destruction." The origin of this Irish bombast is far from obscure: it was generated to meet the conquerors' version of the conquered. Englishmen, it may be admitted, had not failed to paint the Irish portrait. We know how Texas feels about Mexico. The Texan is a eulogist

of the Mexican compared with Milton describing the Irish; and nothing is more astonishing, as I hope to show later on, than the unobstructed flow of this early prejudice down to the present time. Mixed up as it is with a strong feeling about the papists, it is to be disclosed today not only in East Anglia and Ulster but in Back Bay, well-named, and up and down the Connecticut Valley. The commonplaces of such wholesale indictment go quite contrary to the commonplaces of political science. They violate everything we know about human educability and governmental institutions and race culture. Yet in spite of the invincible lessons of sociology and psychology — lessons which the country of the melting pot really does lay store by — we find assumptions deeply discreditable to Irish character, especially as regards truthfulness and reliability and honesty and industry, firmly implanted in the popular mind.

It may easily be held true that there is an aboriginal Irishman exactly like the Punch cartoon of the Irishman. It may be quite true that the Irish believe in priests and fairies and machine-politicians, instead of Mary Baker Eddy and "secret remedies" and the direct primary. But the way to judge the Irish, like the way to judge the English, is to disregard as completely as possible those explanations which, pretending to be supported on a last ultimate elephant of fact, are really part of the universal art of self-deception. The experienced woman suffragist will know precisely what I mean. There were few men, twenty years ago, who were not ready to expound the eternally valid reasons against women's ever voting, whenever the male was asked to re-

apportion political power. A great deal of Irish controversy has turned on just this kind of prejudice. There are volumes of English speeches to show why the Irish are not "fit" for self-government, speeches amusingly illustrated with shillelaghs and pigs. There are columns of English print to indicate that the Irish are beyond discipline and self-control and initiative — though of course they make excellent soldiers, where discipline and control and the rest are not undesirable. It does not matter that these self-defeating arguments have long since been analyzed and tabulated by social science, that the reasons why they are used are quite as clearly intelligible as the reasons why little boys scrawl dirty words on blank walls. The kind of people who believe in the wholesale indictment of a race do not care. They cling hard to their archaic practice, let who will be clever. At the moment, at any rate, it is only necessary to note their existence, and to assert the probability that their method leads nowhere, that it has no virtue in it, that it is bred in the lairs of instinct.

Many people who rise clear above prejudice cannot help feeling that the Irish question is largely a sentimental question. The war may disclose unexpected differences between Britons and Irish nationalists. It may show an astonishing vitality in nationalist sentiment. Yet the governments that have dealt with Bohemia and Armenia and Russia and Poland have shown what ruthlessness can really be, and beside such ruthlessness the indignities to Irish nationalism seem scarcely worth recording. In the dim past, perhaps, there were crimes and blunders, but we are compelled to deal with the

present, and the hardships of Ireland in the twentieth century afford nothing like the physical enslavement and degradation which are still the iron rule under dynastic empires. This is a common point of view, but no more common today than it was forty years ago, and nearly forty years ago Matthew Arnold addressed himself to it in a manner that is still irreproachable. So long as the overwhelming issue of self-government is not confronted, it is corrupting sophistry to talk of the "dim" past and ancient "grievances." Such sophistry does not survive the critical examination of Matthew Arnold. "We shall solve at last, I hope and believe," said Matthew Arnold, "the difficulty which the state of Ireland presents to us. But we shall never solve it without first understanding it; and we shall never understand it while we pedantically accept whatever accounts of it happen to pass current with our class, or party, or leaders, and to be recommended by our fond desire and theirs. We must see the matter as it really stands; we must cease to ignore, and to try to set aside, the nature of things; 'by contending against which, what have we got, or shall ever get, but defeat and shame'?"

It is with this desire to promote understanding that I have followed Matthew Arnold's good example in going back beyond the immediate past. Arnold was aware that this practice was seriously discouraged. Moreover, "the angry memory of conquest and confiscation" had no peculiar attraction for his fine and urbane spirit. But his intelligence assured him that until anger was dried up at its source, as it had been in the case of "the Frankish conquest of France, the Norman conquest of Eng-

land," it was useless to expect "the solid settlement of things" in Ireland. It is with the same feeling that I have gone back to facts about which such notable works as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* are either silent or discreetly inaccurate, and have sought to relate such facts to the realities of the present, on which things that are repressed have usually the most powerful bearing. The pursuit of reality through the dry regions of economics and politics is a task far from congenial to most writers on Ireland. Outside four or five Englishmen, a dozen Frenchmen and a few Irishmen, almost no one has written impartially and scientifically about the meaning of Irish history. Yet its meaning has kept unchanged up to the present hour, in spite of modern reforms and concessions. And there is no possibility of the "solid settlement" until this meaning of Irish history is accepted, and statesmanship guided accordingly.

There is, of course, a conspiracy of the established order against re-reading history in any such spirit. But we must remember that persons no more radical or fanatical than Matthew Arnold had always too much integrity to cajole the Irish people into agreeing to half-settlements and quarter-solutions and the kind of bastard statesmanship to which Mr. Lloyd George has treated us. It is well to think of 1918 when reading Matthew Arnold, and to see how little the problem has changed in the absence of a genuine adjustment. The adjustment has still to be made, regardless of patchwork and makeshift, and it begins to be evident that there will be no peace or moral satisfaction until it is genuine. It is still appropriate, in this connection, to quote Matthew Arnold on

the futility of offering sops for settlement, in obedience to the prejudices of the English and Anglo-Irish classes in power. "It may console the poor Irish," he said, "when official personages insist on assuring them that certain insufficient remedies are sufficient, and are also the only remedies possible, it may console them to know, that there are a number of quiet people, over here, who feel that this sort of thing is pedantry and make-believe, and who dislike and distrust our common use of it, and think it dangerous. These quiet people know that it must go on being used for a long time yet, but they condemn and disown it; and they do their best to prepare opinion for banishing it.

"But the truth is, in regard to Ireland, the prejudices of our two most influential classes, the upper class and the middle class, tend always to make a compromise together, and to be tender to one another's weaknesses; and this is unfortunate for Ireland."

REFORMS AND CONCESSIONS

In the reforms and concessions that came since the death of Matthew Arnold, many good persons have sought to see the end of the Irish issue, but precisely the same forces that were operative in his time have been operative since. Modern Anglo-Irish relations were integrated by Parnell. With the tragic end of his career there came an end to the clear enunciation of Irish parliamentary policy. It then began to be believed by Irishmen that the social cost of home rule was too high. A people that had been at war for its constitution felt the drain of keeping men in the field. An era of political pacifism and

social reform succeeded. It is scarcely disputable now, however, that this tendency to abnegation was a reaction, not a development. The feud in which Parnell expired brought discredit on the Irish parliamentarians. The poorest leaders seemed to be those same parliamentarians, and by contrast the most high-minded men either those who started to work for a sound extra-governmental internal economy or those who preached Sinn Fein,—Ireland's refusal to cohabit with her ruler. For the twenty years, 1894-1914, these were the prevailing faiths of the best Irish citizenship. The struggle for a new constitution, the home rule struggle, seemed a matter of convention and routine.

The exigencies of the present European war proclaimed that nationalism was not altogether a chimera of the sentimentalist. When men are asked to enlist in the defence of the empire, it proves that the relation to the empire is a real and exacting one, and that those who assumed the status of the union to be good enough for all practical purposes were actually begging a question of life and death. To beg this question was indeed natural. Since Irishmen showed so little concern about the substance of their statehood it seemed reasonable to condemn them for haggling about the form of the state. The ache for explicit home rule seemed a mania when so much implicit home rule was neglected. The ferment and distress caused by the external relations suggested unhealthiness of soul, sentimental evasion of the corrigible difficulties within. But the demands of the war indicate that the constitutional question was anything but academic. It is the economic homilists who are indicted by the disorganiza-

tion of the Irish mind, in regard to imperial conscription, not the men who claimed to be on a basis that was irksome and humiliating. If the bulk of the Irish people wanted home rule, there was a time when they wanted it largely for the sake of the decency it would give to their imperial standing. But before they had that decency in their own minds, before they had the sanction in the empire which could make them feel that their fate was British as well as Irish, they were summoned to accept conscription. A more disorganized relation could hardly be imagined. The man who is summoned to the aid of a brother who has ill-treated and misunderstood him is not in a happy frame of mind, especially if the brother who is attacked avails himself of the crisis to set aside the vital contention as to the ill-treatment and misunderstanding, and to talk as if he were entitled to full fraternal help. Perhaps he is entitled to help, because of the character of the attack. That provides a reason for aiding him. But to aid him for that reason is a lame substitute for the staunch reasons that an adjusted relation would have supplied.

The response of Ireland to the empire was, however, amazingly generous. Over 90,000 Catholic Irishmen and 60,000 Protestant Irishmen, in Ireland itself, volunteered in the beginning of the war. Then the stupidity of England asserted itself. "At the most crucial period of recruiting at the beginning of the war," declared Lloyd George, before he was prime minister, "some stupidities, which at times looked almost like malignance, were perpetrated in Ireland and were beyond belief. It is very difficult to recover a lost opportunity of that kind where

national susceptibilities have been offended and original enthusiasm killed."

That was stupidity in regard to recruiting. A much more terrible stupidity was permitted in regard to home rule. When England entered the war it was quite clear that it could not expect Irish participation unless it faced the home rule issue. This was not a palatable fact, but it was a fact. The government refused to face the home rule issue. Mr. Lloyd George himself pursued the policy of evasion that he had inherited from Mr. Asquith, and allowed himself all the twisting and turning and double dealing and lying that an evasive policy under such circumstances is likely to demand. Just the results that were to be expected — slack recruiting, revolution, coercion — were brought about by the insincerities of Mr. Asquith and Mr. George's trickiness in regard to excluding Ulster and in regard to the Irish convention.

THE ADVENT OF REVOLUTION

Revolution, I say, was foreseen and expected. As early as December, 1914, I venture to recall, I myself asked in the *New Republic* what England ought to do to enlist Ireland, and I spoke as a great many Irishmen were freely and candidly speaking, both as to the prospect of revolution and the necessity for dealing with nationalist Ireland.

"And now, what to do?" the article said. "For my part, as an Irish nationalist, I can think only of the programme that is being bruited in Ireland. Base as were the methods, nauseating the philosophy, and evil the fruits of British imperialism in Ireland, there is, as I see it, no particular good in Ire-

land spiritually or physically affirming its antagonism to the British empire at the present time. It is true that the government has already suppressed every extreme nationalist paper in the country and is preparing, as usual, to keep alive the spirit of nationalism by the unfailing method of coercion. But unless the Irish want to commit themselves to the belief that statesmanship is bankrupt and that the only way to impress England is to injure it, there is still a sane way by which the principle of nationality can be reconciled to the principle of empire. To find the way is the real nobility, if Ireland is not either to default like the [German] socialists or to be turned into a suicidal slaughter house by the efficient secretary of war. . . .

“ To remedy such characteristic indifference at the eleventh hour, when it is desired that 300,000 Irishmen, instead of 150,000, shall go to the continent to fight for the Union Jack, is a problem to task even such an intermediary as John Redmond. In the opinion of those Irishmen who say that revolution is brooding, it can only be solved by a definite fulfillment of home rule. Such is the only fair method by which nation and empire may be annealed. The suspension of that measure fobbed off the Orangemen at an awkward hour, but it has left the nationalists in a state of sickened suspense. Ready to respond, even now, to some proof that England is fully capable of treating Ireland honorably, they ask for governmental candor. If instead pusillanimous silence is preserved, they are prepared, the extremists, to do anything that can injure the empire to which they are unwillingly allied.

“ If Ireland learns now that home rule is to re-

main intact, conceding Ulster some guarantee such as a veto on all Ulster legislation, the real impediment to goodwill will be removed. This impediment exists because the government has not faced Ulster. It has loudly affirmed that home rule is a fair democratic measure, yet it allows Ulster, propertied Ulster, to make it stand off from home rule, nervously counting the cost. If that is the way of empire, it hardly inspires Irishmen to offer their lives.

" Since Parnell committed Ireland to a constitutional programme, the separatist policy has seemed to lose its hold. But in the last year many thousand nationalist Irishmen have learned the use of arms. In spite of Mr. Redmond's efforts to rule these men, the most spirited among them are now absolutely determined to force Irish demands to an issue, and nothing except prompt governmental concession can keep them from taking a stand. If the government, as is feared, begins wholesale arrests and coercion, the result will be an abortive revolution, sure to be suppressed but evil in every possible way. The only honorable scheme by which this can be averted is the remittance of Ireland's acceded dues.

" Until this supreme obligation is fulfilled, in advance of any draft on Ireland's manhood, the maintenance of the British empire cannot be of real concern to the majority of Irishmen. If they cannot avail themselves of boasted 'public law' and 'democracy,' many are sufficiently desperate to be ready for the alternative militarism and 'Kultur.' "

It is now May, 1918, three and a half years later, and the governing class is still prohibiting the

settlement that Ireland called for and needed. But I confess I am not surprised. The upper class in England is never going to accept this situation voluntarily. When we remember how the Tories opposed woman suffrage, Lord Cromer and Lord Curzon and Lord Lansdowne and Bonar Law being lined up against suffrage precisely as they are lined up against home rule, with Sir F. E. Smith as head caddie, we need not expect illumination to come to them. Take, for example, the expressions of Lord Curzon. Speaking in 1909 against a suffrage bill, this particular arbiter of popular destinies described the bill. "It did not stop at manhood suffrage," he said, "it went on to adult suffrage, and it proposed that all the ladies'-maids, and the shopkeepers' girls, and the charwomen, should be among the future rulers of the British empire." Is it any wonder, considering these expressions, that British labor is at one with Irish nationalism in its distrust of the junkers and tories in England? "Lord Curzon, Lord Milner and Sir Edward Carson are viewed with ineradicable suspicion by labor," declares a friend of Lloyd George,¹ "in that they are thought to be essentially undemocratic in spirit. Curzon's gorgeous imperialism in India and his total lack of sympathy with Indian reformers; Milner's cold, remorseless imperialism in South Africa; Carson's exploitation of the old ascendancy prejudice in Ireland — these men and the policies they represent, are unpopular with the mass of the working classes." What must be done? "In war time," suggests the friend of Lloyd George, "we must sink personal feelings and party prejudices, and mobilize all the

¹ In Lloyd George and the War, by an Independent Liberal.

talents in the country's service." Is democracy, then, a personal feeling and a party prejudice?

All of this underlies the problem of reconstruction, the true struggle of the Irish people. If Ireland were independent of Great Britain tomorrow, that true struggle would go on, the struggle of every people to attain self-development under the existing modern state. At the basis of this integration of Ireland must be the people of Ireland, Presbyterian and Protestant and Catholic. Their status, whether they are industrial or agricultural, is the measure of Ireland's place in the civilization of the world. The history of these people, so far as they are native and Catholic, has been, as I attempt to indicate in the next chapter, a history of economic degradation. Its correction still awaits Ireland.

THE STATE A FAÇADE

Indispensable as a government is to every people I should be long sorry to begin a book on Ireland by laying all the emphasis on its government. The nationalism of Ireland and its bearing on the imperial relation go a good way to make Ireland inscrutable — especially when one wishes it to be inscrutable. But whatever form of parliamentary rule Ireland has, whatever the settlement of 1918, the realities of the people of Ireland must not be held to rest with any temporary governmental settlement.

There are forces affecting the atoms of every human group that the government merely gathers up and discharges, as the cloud gathers up and discharges rain. And as the cloud is merely the medium of rain so government, the engrossing topic

of the ruling class, may often best be understood by seeing it in its deference to hidden forces rather than in its apparent command of them. To search out these forces, to comprehend them and the deference that government pays them, is usually a better way to reach an understanding of the governmental state than to begin with its formal manifestations. This does not mean that the state is unimportant. No power is unimportant that can be invoked when anyone gets out of hand, and that can itself define what "out of hand" means. But the word state is largely a façade for the governing class. One must remember, and keep remembering, that behind every form of government there is a whole people, sovereign yet not enthroned, potent yet not in power, accountable yet not decisive. Before them the façade of the state is sometimes wheeled, but it does not repose upon them. The world, as Mr. H. J. Laski so forcibly demonstrates in his work on Authority in the Modern State, has come altogether too much to ignore the vast interests behind the state. Indispensable the state may be, but too easily it falls behind the evolution of a people, retarded by the hands of rulers. Its importance should disguise neither its dangers nor its limitations. Subservience to it should never bind the imagination of a people.

At times great doubt comes into every man's soul. No matter what faith inspires him, it seems hopeless to persist in the belief that men will ever achieve what is desirable — whether it be a freedom by government or a freedom from it. Every man with a personal belief is inundated with surrounding indifference. That indifference creeps into him as a fog creeps into a city. Within him as well as without

there are voices to whisper indifference to him, to lull his memory, to seduce his will, to dissuade him from conviction. One of the subtlest of these voices tells him that the people are never contented with their government. But when a man remembers the pretensions of the state and the condition of the people, when he recalls that behind every form of government there is a gigantic uninstructed power with endless vitality, he is inspired to renew his faith and speak of the people. He will be told that he is unreasonable, that it is nationalism or some other cult that creates the critical relation to the state which the ruling class finds so unimaginable. There is more than nationalism, at any rate, in that Irish attitude to the state which I hope to represent. If Ireland were part of the American union or the Italian union or the German union, if it stood as Holland or Denmark or Switzerland or Finland stand, another tone would have to be employed; but the evolution of the people should still be paramount in interest, whatever the governmental equilibrium of the moment.

For these reasons it is impossible to take "home rule" or self-government as the goal of Irish aspirations, just as it is impossible to wish the people of Ireland ruinously subordinated to the so-called unity of the empire. The test of Ireland's well-being is by no means its self-sufficiency; neither can it be the self-sufficiency of the British empire. Its well-being can only be justly measured by observing its place in the civilization of the world. To complete its development something more may be required than "home rule"; something, at the same time, quite independent of government, something that includes and favors whatever is genuinely heroic in the people.

When an Irishman visits immemorial England his heart may well faint at the prospect of reconstructing a land so poor as his own; but it is a prospect forced on him by the tragedy of the past. Ireland is a depleted country; retarded, handicapped, distrusted, with the scars of disease upon it, with only occasional flashes of supernal grace and beauty; but the fact remains that it is for the people of Ireland to shoulder their responsibility, to summon their own forces to the task of reconstruction, to see their own country redeemed and made great.

The belief that a reconstruction awaits Ireland has been held by the people for a long period, but it is undoubtedly difficult, both as a matter of theory and a matter of fact, to disentangle this problem of reconstruction from the question of Ireland's statehood and the worldwide preoccupation with the state. Mr. Ernest Poole tells us that Russian dentists cannot get together in a dental congress without arriving in twenty minutes at the sorrows of Russia. In no different manner have Irishmen been bitterly and deeply obsessed by their own problems of government. And the more they talk about it, especially to the outside world, the more the real question of Ireland's entity and Ireland's destiny is in danger of being obscured.

But government can be the most potent form of cooperation, and since, good or bad, government is dominant, the form of the Irish state must preoccupy Ireland till it is settled. The words of President Wilson at Indianapolis in 1916, in regard to Mexico, may be taken to suggest the mood that should surround and support the Irish people in their democratic demands. "I hold it as a fundamental prin-

ciple, and so do you," said President Wilson, "that every people has the right to determine its own form of government, and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz reign, eighty per cent of the people of Mexico never had a look-in in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be. It is none of my business and it is none of your business, how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business and it is none of yours how they go about the business. The country is theirs, the government is theirs and the liberty, if they can get it,— and God speed them in getting it! — is theirs, and so far as my influence goes, while I am President, nobody shall interfere with it." Between what President Wilson has said of the Filipinos and of the Mexicans there is to be found the root of statesmanship for Ireland.

To attempt a lesser statesmanship for Ireland is to baulk the Irishman and to afflict the world. For no matter how we call this maladjustment "domestic," we are relentlessly reminded of its consequences whenever the principles of democracy and liberty are invoked. This is a world of interwoven histories, multiple relationships, complex purposes. If running time did not heal and sweeten the wrongs of the past, we could not go on living. But when infringements on democracy and liberty are written into the government of a people, then the fountain-head itself is the nurse of pollution, and nothing can heal its waters save drastic change. Without such correction, relationships all through the world are infected and purposes distorted. It is impossible to disguise so tragic a presence, to close one's eyes to destructive injustice so stubbornly unredeemed.

PART II

CAUSES

Let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slayters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

Hamlet.

II

THE UNWRITTEN VERSION

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

YOU cannot fish and cut bait at the same time. This is one of the first economic discoveries that was made on the ancient coasts of Ireland. Simple and logical people solved this problem by deciding that he who fished should cut his own bait. But life is neither simple nor logical; and something was soon heard about the inequality of man, the duties of labor, and the rights of property.

You cannot eat your fish and have it. This was another economic discovery on the Irish coast. Simple and logical people supposed that the man who ate his fish would expect nothing more. But they reckoned without the high devices of capital and credit — without wages, or rent, or interest, or profit, or other disagreeable factors in the long squabble about fish.

Everything, however, was peaceful at the start. In the good old days of slavery men arranged so that the lower orders cut bait while the upper classes fished — a practical simplification. It was based on the principle that the faculty for producing is unequal. But the faculty for being “practical” is also unequal. Among the slaves there were a few disquieting creatures who had the gift of imagina-

tion. Imagination is the great enemy of practicality. It occurred to these souls that, since fishing seemed an agreeable employment, cutting bait could not be the whole duty of man. This idea possessed its victims like a demon, and presented itself in new and attractive disguises. A few weak-minded fishermen were inclined to indulge it, but it was contrary to the established order. It was pronounced detestable, unreasonable and unscientific by nearly every member of the fishing classes. And it was rejected by a majority of the slaves themselves.

These latter slaves had always cut bait. Their fathers and grandfathers had cut bait before them. They knew nothing of fishing. They felt unequal to fishing. Who were they, slimy smelly wretches, that they should intrude themselves on men of real attainment? They believed that, according to nature, they were not intended to fish. They argued that, though they did not fish themselves, wiser men than themselves gave them part of the fish that they had caught, and they preferred to go on cutting bait, a humble task, but useful, necessary and inevitable. How, they asked, could fishing be carried on at all unless some one cut bait, and was it fair to ask fine fishermen to take up a task so menial? In this conclusion they were applauded by the fishermen, and rewarded with an extra sprat. And men came to them who never fished themselves, holy men in petticoats, and said: "Do not set your mind on fish. Fish is the root of all evil. We, who neither fish nor cut bait, but live on the little you provide for us, we say that pious resignation is the height of philosophy. At best, fishing is but vanity. Will a fish add a cubit to your stature? Nay, nor two fishes.

The fishermen are no happier than yourselves. They lay up fish, but the worms devour it. What is fish, in the end, but an earthly possession? Do not rail against fortune. There is great comfort in cutting bait, if you but cut with a willing heart. Therefore, cut bait, and remember that your humble fortune is especially dear to providence. Cut bait, my children, and recollect that if you are pure of heart, all will be added unto you. Thank you for the sprat. Could you not spare another, for the conversion of the benighted heathen? Thank you again. Though it be a small sprat, it is offered with a large heart. If you will kneel down, I shall give you my blessing. Kiss this hand. God bless you, my children. I shall intercede for you with the Almighty. Be of good cheer. The meek shall inherit the sprats."

THE DIVISION OF LABOR

Meanwhile the discontented slaves were put down as great talkers but poor cutters of bait. They did not do their share, and could the world go on unless every man did his share? Everywhere they were frowned upon, and they received the smallest mess of fish at the new moon. And when they went home to their wives, they had no extra sprat for the stock-pot, and none for the man in the petticoat. Some of them decided, by the help of their wives, that this was a foolish policy. It was better to please the fishermen, whose hearts were really in the right place, and secure the extra sprats, than to go on dreaming of a different world, a world maybe where if they tried to fish for themselves their bellies would often be empty, and no one to thank.

A few of them, however, had fiery wives, who reviled the fishermen and their own husbands, and said: "Is that all you get for cutting bait? Why don't you fish yourself, and you as clever as the world? What is a little rubbish such as that for the like of yourself, a big, strapping man that could eat it in one mouthful? Go back now and make known your wishes, aye, and take hold of a rod yourself and split any man's skull who will stop you. The sprats are growing smaller with every hour, and my heart is broken trying to stay the children. What kind of men are you at all, to let those fat greedy-guts take away all the great, fine fish, and bringing home a few brickeens the like of these, and half of them rotten? If it was myself was talking to them, I'd give them my mind, and well they'd remember it. I'd lay hold of their tackle, and they could strip me to the skin before they'd tear me away. Are my children to starve for the like of those cormorants, and my bones to be worn through my flesh, trying to satisfy our crying needs?"

With these words burning in their ears, the discontented slaves plodded back to work, and cut bait with bitter scorn. And over them was put a sturdy fellow, no grandee at all but a slave himself, who had cut bait mightily and was rewarded with "power."

"Why don't you do like myself?" he cried, large with his own sort of pride. "Let you cut bait with fidelity and care, and soon you'll be going around like myself, no slave at all but a Free Man, with a little pool of your own, maybe, and the right to catch sprats after working-hours."

One or two of them took his words to heart. And

the day they marched home with their own little rods, their fiery wives cried for joy, and ran out to fetch food and finery. They told their children of their father's great sense and wisdom. "Is it give in to them he would, and he the notable man! Pray God you take after himself, the pride of them all."

But there still remained a handful of wretches who rejected their lot, and who wished to be free fishermen, in their own right. Instead of bargaining for a little rod of their own, they wished every man to have his own rod, his own fishing ground, his own undisputed life, or to share all in common, for the good of all. And when one of them told his hopes to his wife, that wistful creature nodded her head.

"Oh, it's clever they think themselves, them that flaunt themselves now, after all their salt tears. They were the pity of the world, till their own bellies were full. And now, where is misfortune, that they should wring their hands? Faith we're fools, my good man, that we should be remembering the world, and their sorrows so readily cured. But well I know yourself. It's not ailing with the hunger you are, but the yoke of mankind. But what is that yoke to a man without pride? Many wear it that don't know it, and many put off their own, to put it on another. You wouldn't be easy, and you free itself, with all that do be slaving from morn till night. Maybe if we were well off ourselves, we'd care no more than another. How would we, and we stupefied with fish?"

"Fish is a good thing," observed the famished slave, with his eyes in the empty pot.

"A good thing surely," said his wife, "but when

you look like that you put me in mind of a shark."

"I'm as hungry as a shark," he answered with a laugh.

"Well, it's small charity you'll find in an empty pot. Maybe it's mad we are to be thinking of the rights of all."

"Mad indeed! Sometimes I wonder I'm not raging the world, the like of a lion or a wolf or a beast of prey. 'Tis one and the same thing, to be the slave of your master or the slave of your hunger. If you don't give in to one, you'll give in to the other. But how could I be crawling now, and I after saying what I said? Ah, it's too proud I am for a man that must eat."

"Is it proud you call yourself, and you pining only to be free? No one will see you crawl, my honest man, or hear a sorry word from your lips. Let you be off now, and find others to take sides with you. Whatever's the outcome, you must fight or starve."

"Some that do love to work," said the man as he stood up, "do say it's only lazy men do be talking of freedom. Sure the fishermen do be slaving itself, they say, and it's right and proper to be at it night and morn."

"Aye, the poor creatures," quoth his wife, pressing him to the door. "The fishermen make great hardship of their own work, but who sees them changing places? It's the like of those humble people the fishermen do love. Always taking the remnants, and they worn to a shred. They're the model kind, no doubt, and they'll do what they're told. But you may thank God you didn't marry a mouse the like of that, or you'd be flying in the hills."

And do you suppose the free fishermen, who doled out the sprats, were in love with threshing the waters? It wasn't long before they saw that if they could catch fish without cutting bait, they could have fish without catching them. Soon they multiplied the slaves with the rods, taking most for themselves, and started building long galleys out of timber from the woods. Then shortly they were off in high ships, armed with javelins and shields, looking for a world where fish can be had without drudgery. And they found that fish in other parts belonged to free men like themselves. Chieftains they called themselves now, and they picked out the best bait-cutters to work their high ships and long galleys for them, and leap out at other bait-cutters in distant places, and cut off their heads with sharpened swords. It was necessary to do that, to have fish without drudgery.

The poor slaves at home heard fine tales of these exploits. They got tired cutting bait, and grew wild to cut heads. Among them went some of the wretched slaves, glad to find a new task more befitting a man. They did not mind the havoc they played in distant places. Their fishermen told them that these other fishermen were cruel and treacherous barbarians, who would let no one fish only themselves, and who ought to be put down. So put down they were for the time being, and the side that won took all the fish that was cured in the distant places, and for a time all had reward for their pains, except the men whose heads were severed from their bodies.

But when they returned to their own home, an awful sight was to meet their eyes, for while they were gone in their high ships, other strong men of the sea had ridden into their harbor and stolen their own fish, and made free with their wives, and destroyed their tackle and their homes, and put their slaves to the sword. Only a few were escaped, into the woods — and among them some of the discontented ones who had always wanted to fish. At this sorrowful sight, the chieftains took a dreadful oath. They called together all their sons and overseers and slaves, and gave power to the best among them to arm and drill, and swore mighty vengeance in the name of all alike. And all but a few of the discontented ones seized upon their arms, and made cause with their chieftains, and began to hate the treacherous barbarians, who had caused all their ills. The chieftains gave heavy shining swords to some of these rebellious slaves and named them captains or officers, and only a few of them were left without any swords or spears, for fear they wouldn't know how rightly to use them.

THE END OF THE CLANS

All through the wars the same things happened. Each time the chieftains won, they had their bellyful. Each time they lost, they took dreadful oaths. Meanwhile, the whole duty of fishing fell to a quieter class of men and if they said aught about having to do nothing but fish and cut bait they were goaded by the chieftain's spear and told they must do their duty in this world, for all had to be pinched on account of the wars. But in spite of the double need for fishing, so that brave men could sail hither

and thither with spear and torch, there were still men who did not choose to cut bait or to cut heads, and who hated the chieftains as much as the foreigners, and sometimes more. They did not believe the foreigners were cruel and treacherous barbarians, but only slaves like themselves, except for a few swaggering chieftains who wanted the world. They did not want the world. But they wanted their share of their toils, not to spend it in high ships and bright shields, but to live according to their own flaming imagination. And when the holy men in petticoats heard their murmurings the big majority cursed them, and put their blessing on the chieftains, who gave them silks and chalices instead of sprats, and ounces of silver and ounces of gold. When they were old men the chieftains often retired among the holy men in black coats, and gave themselves up to penance, for they had bad dreams of their gory deeds, and their high ships swimming in blood. Their penance was a beautiful sight to behold, after a lusty life, and gave great edification. They were mightier in their penance than a slave in his purity, won to God after a hot career of sin. The slaves bowed before these venerable chieftains, and went on with the fishing.

THE NORMANS ARRIVE

But there was trouble in store for all, for the gentle could no more be contented than the simple, and fell out among themselves. The wife of one of them lost her heart to another chieftain, a man of fire and mettle, and he bore her from her husband like a hostage of war. To get back his wife, though she hated the sight of him, this chieftain

went over the seas and returned with a new batch of chieftains, great marauders and fighting men; and when these foreign warriors found how easy it was to cope with chieftains discordant in themselves, they turned on all alike, those that sought them and those that fought them, and slew them right and left with new instruments that none had knowledge of but themselves. And when they conquered, they took care to be friends among themselves, and to bind all to the fishing for their own use and gain.

So in the end it was the foreign chieftains who had most say as to the fishing, and they swept the slaves into the woods to starve, without a single sprat to eat, only berries and grass. Then were the discontented ones perplexed. For had not their own chieftains given them a little fish, though it was rotten?

Here they were together a common herd, chiefs and priests among them, tamed like robins in the snow. Their high nobles, men who were used to castles and grand banquets and tasselled pillows in their bed, hunted for nuts like gossoons, and scooped water in their hands. And the priests that chanted songs in the lofty abbeys and chapels said mass under dripping boughs and knelt in the mould. Their chiefs and priests were flailed before their eyes. The one roof was over them all, and the one fortune afflicted them. To see the high brought low, and foreigners revel in the land, quenched the anger in the hearts of the discontented. Their wrath against the foreigners outshone their wrath against the chieftains like sunlight robbing a candle of its flame. And they banded all together, to harry the new settlers in their comings and goings.

THE CONFISCATIONS

It was long they were hunted, in terror of their lives, seeking out caves and dingles and lone crevices in the hills, and peering out at prancing horsemen from the screen of the woods. All were alike in these days, the one bond between them, and that a thrall. The holy men were bare to the knees, and they daren't appear in the open world, in fear of wrath and persecution. Proud foreign men stalked up and down the land, hardly fishing themselves, but crying vengeance on all. It was long before the old class of men began to fight back, one by one, the hair matted in their eyes, and nothing on them but the skin of a dead sheep. The foreign chieftains twitted them with their empty hands and empty bellies, crawling out into the sun with only a stave for their defence. Weeds grew in ploughed fields in those days, and burdocks and thistles ate up the earth. And the hearts of men were a waste like the land. They were pitiful men before the world. After raging war from year's end to year's end, it was the chiefs themselves who lastly were proud to be let cut bait at all, and their wives proud to have them. And the discontented slaves hovered in the woods, catching a trout with their hands, or snaring a rabbit at the dawn of day.

But as time went on, the new chieftains devised the old plan. They gave back a little fishing rod here and a little fishing rod there, and they set the clever among the simple to keep account of the rest. And that was the cause of new perplexity. In the days that all were hunted alike, every man worked with every other man, and one watched while another slept. But now it was a scramble to see who'd

be taken back. It was men fighting among each other to see who'd cut bait, and the men who held out to be let fish in the old way were laughed to scorn. Whether you fished or cut bait, it was the same thing. Away up at the top of all were great nobles in castles, men who never soiled their hands with common toil, fine idle men who used mincing words, and spoke about government and order, and gave no one the time of day, and swam the sea in ships that had silken sails. And next to them, foreign chieftains as well, were the strong rulers of the people. These never did a hand's turn either, only by way of fun, but rode hither and thither, telling the fishers how to fish, and the bait-cutters how to bait. Deep new-fangled dodges they had, nets and fancy hooks and colored bits of tin that looked like flies, and they laughed at the old ways of cutting bait. "God help the creatures," said they, "it's in the bogs they were born, where you fish with a berry on a thread. It's a poor ignorant class of men we have to deal with. We can't trust them with our fancy contrivances." And when the fish were caught, they cured it all for themselves, except a little they left to the fishermen, and a few handfuls for the laboring men, and they gave the big balance to the high-up noble people, with the extra sprats for a new kind of foreign holy men who came over the sea. The discontented slaves couldn't tell what was in it. More fish were caught than ever before, but the land was a land of horrors. Nobles boasting and carousing at one end, and at the other skeletons creeping to and fro, as quiet as ghosts, and the eyes burning in their heads. But when they whispered it over in twos and threes, and bent their

thoughts in desperation, the strong rulers heard tell of their doings, and cut off their share. "Don't be annoying us with your mischief," they said, "or we may be compelled to be harsh."

THE NATIVES REBEL

It was a sorrowful land, where so few were in ease and so many in want, and the people's hearts were broken with the strong rulers up and down. If they didn't fish, they starved; but the more they caught the more they had to give in. It was like baling the ocean with a cup. "We're slaves, so we are," said the old chieftains themselves; "it's the pity of God we ever asked those robbers to come over. But how can we get rid of them now, and they cemented in our forts? Has every man among them a heart of stone? Look at their innocent children, and they smiling in the turreted windows. Little they know the villainy of their murdering kin. They're foreign to the bone, when all is said and done, and no hope of them at all. Let us all band together now, and destroy these raving wolves."

"Is it fight them we will, and they armed to the eyes?"

"No, but kill them and they riding on the roads, or standing on their steps itself. How else will we dislodge them, and they glued to the land? Didn't we offer to fight them, and get swept by their cannon? Is it with naked hands we will rise against their murdering steel?"

At these glowering words, the discontented men took heart, and rightly. And the only ones who cared nothing about all this talk were sturdy for-

eign fellows who used to fish for the nobles, but who had saved up from the start, and at last paid for their freedom with fish. A few of the old stock tried to do the same, but in most cases the price was too high. And this made them doubly desperate. But their own holy men in black coats were back in the land, taking what sprats they could get, singing hymns in bare white-washed chapels, and thanking God for his mercies. They thought no more of the wet woods where they were chased, and grassy banks for altars. "Is it black murder you will commit, and ye back fishing again? Let you ask for justice, and God will reward your patience and virtue. What is it is in you, to make you slaughter your fellow-man? Cannot ye be contented to work out your salvation in the holy way appointed? How can we bring these stout foreigners to God, if ye make their lives uneasy and perplexed? The ways of the Almighty are strange, but His mercy is manifold. Are we not the best friends you ever had? Will you go against our advices? When you were chieftains in the land, didn't we soothe down the slaves for ye, and keep your property secure? Is this the way ye pay us? Help us to drive out those black devils that have seized the old abbeys on us, and put us back where we belong, and all will be well. Aren't those false holy men taking the bit out of your mouth? We'll educate you and take care of you, and give you the right advices. Is it in white-washed chapels we must pray, and those idle rogues in our great churches, with their bastards at their knees? Be you contented with your own lot, and join manfully in getting justice for ourselves. Our faithful flock, follow where we

lead, like the good sheep that you are. Don't go raging for a little temporal power that may prove your destruction, but attend to your duties and be regular with your sprats. It's discontent has the world where it is, and the mad desire for upheaval and change. Once we dislodge those villainous usurpers that have stolen our chapels, you will be able to pray at your ease in fine lofty buildings and store up rewards for yourselves in the life that is to come."

UNDER THE UNION

Most of the old stock paid heed to these words, and started to put out the other holy men that came over the sea. In the meantime the nobles took so much fish in the lean years that the slaves died by the hundred, and the thousand, and the ten thousand, and the hundred thousand, and the million. The discontented slaves that were left after this trouble kept their minds to themselves, but they were thinking how to dislodge the great nobles up above, and the powerful rulers that lived behind high walls, and the men in black coats who weren't holy men at all but stayed awake in little barracks at every cross-roads. The discontented ones began to haunt the woody glens again, but it wasn't rabbits they tried to snare this time, but solitary grandes riding airily by. And soon it was the free who were slaves in their castles, and the slaves who were free in their crannies, and the foreign chieftains were sick of being trapped on the road, and meeting bloody death in the bye-ways.

After a while the strong rulers put their heads together, and they made a new deal. What they

liked was the sturdy fellows who paid for their freedom in fish. Next, they liked the men who tried to buy their freedom, and who gave a good share for their rods. What they hated was the fellows who rotted and died. But these grew so many that they had to take action, for the sake of peace. The old stock were to be let fish again in the old way, after they promised to give a portion to the nobles, for a long term of years. The little share for the nobles was just to get rid of them, a trifle in the end. There were to be no slaves any more at all, they said, all free men cutting their own bait, and fishing at will. But it was only the foreign chieftains, they said, who could be trusted to make rules and regulations in a land so discontented. The strong rulers would have to busy themselves here and there, to secure freedom in the land.

The sturdy fellows who were put in place by the foreign rulers were glad of this rule, but the old stock were sorry. They looked to the fishing in high glee, but they wanted no foreign rulers. The discontented men did not know what to think. When they came to ask for their fishing rods at the time appointed, many were held back, and there weren't enough to go around. And they found that every man had to have fish put by before he would be given a rod all his own.

"It was hard for me to save any fish out of the little I got," said one of the men with empty hands.

"Hard, is it?" said one of the sturdy fellows. "And how did I save? It's an ignorant and helpless man you are, I'm thinking, with your hardships and all. It's weak you are, and wanting in character, to be complaining of men who catch a thousand

to your one. Sure it's right you should be a slave, if you don't do your share of work. Don't you know that men have great tackle and appliances this day, and that such men can catch more fish in a minute than you'd catch in a year? If it's freedom you want, let you save fish and buy it, and not be begging like a tramp that's too lazy to work."

Home to his wife went the discontented slave with the secret of freedom.

"Now if I was a smart and adaptable man, God help me, and a steady man like themselves," he said, "I'd be just as good as they are, and able to hold my own. Sure it's right I should be a slave, if I don't earn a big share of fish."

"Is that the way it is, indeed?" asked his wife. "Then if that's the way you think, what sense is in talking of being free? What started you on justice at all, with your new talk of taking all you can grab? Musha, you have my heart broken with your nonsense. Did I ever put you up to tricks in the old days to fill the pot?"

"Never in the world."

"Did I ever tell you to bring home a great share, in spite of them all?"

"Well, no, you didn't."

"And who told you 'twas wilful and lazy you were, not to grab all you could, but some old chieftainy fellow who wanted you to act like himself?"

"Hold on now yourself! Did I ever hang over the empty pot, and refuse to go work?"

"You didn't, my dear, for it's well you knew I wouldn't let you. Always I was wishful to have you work, fish your fair share, and cut bait as well. But did I ever say 'twas the man who grabs the

most should be the free man, be he foreign or homely, gentle or simple, by new rule or old? Did I ever spur you to send other men to work, and have you loll at home at your ease, like a duke in his castle? If you were ignorant itself, isn't it a common hardship it would be, and no cause for privation? Did I ever hold back on the poor helpless children, though we went hungry ourselves? Did you ever let them go wanting, though you went out of the house with your belly tightened to your spine? Many's the woman would have starved the children to feed you, but is it starve the creatures I would, and they without strength or wile? Was it heading for the great castles we were, that we should grab night and day, and give thanks to none? Many a woman sat on that stool and was as wise as Solomon himself about the manner of life. Live in a castle, and you're free, they said. If you can't live in a castle, let you rule for one who does. If you can't rule for one who does, let you fish to catch all. If you can't fish, let you cut more bait than the others, and win your way to the top. If you can't cut bait, you may starve and welcome! Aye, it's willing they were to see people starve, and lay blame on all who didn't grab like the rest. Aye, we're all grabbers, they said, whether we be grabbing over the counters or at the fairs, or on plates during mass. Didn't you grab himself, they said, when you were withering a virgin? We all grab, they said, and more fools if we don't. And they made out that we were only jealous of the fisherman, when we spoke of justice and the like of that. Maybe it was jealous you were, after all, and not fit to do your share?"

"Well you know I did my share, and did it with-

out reward. If it was jealous I was, I'd be in a high place myself, taking the whip to poor men, and blaming them for being lazy."

"Well, how do we know that it isn't laziness is back of it all?"

"Aye, that's what the strong rulers say, and they making much of government. Sure I know nothing of government. It's the high science of all. I listen to them now, with all their fine rules. I must cut a great share of bait, they say, because I'm a lazy man, and then they'll be kind to me. They'll cure me when I'm sick, and employ me when I'm idle, and support me when I'm old. But isn't it the grabbers always had the government, and if they pension me itself, mustn't I cut bait a long life-time, that they may reap the reward? I'm no lazy man, God knows, for what is a lazy man but a grabber, be he rich or poor? But don't I look to be lazy, in the sight of men who own the big machines and have a claim on every fish, before it is spawned?"

"Well, what if you do, itself? You always made out you wanted to be free, and now you want to be using a lot of queer machinery, though it's the men who own the machinery are taking the fish, and not yourself at all. If it's machinery you want, and not freedom, fight for it and welcome. But you're cutting bait just the same, though you be using a great machine. And it's eating fish without earning it those great men are, though they own machines itself. What difference is in it, if you grab with your hands, or you grab with a machine? You're as big a grabber as ever, though you work night and day."

"It's a power of words you're talking, but I'm tormented to understand you. In the old days we knew our own minds. There was common robbery before our eyes, and not a man to disguise it. One set of us was slaves, and another set free, and we wanted to see all made free, to live out our own lives. But it's different this day, with a new great class of men in the world, that have us all by the heels. In the old days, which of us made the fish in the sea? None of us made it, only nature itself, and we took from nature what we needed to live. And I was supposed to take enough for yourself and the children, and the old man by the hob, lest any of us starve. But that wouldn't do the big fellows. Sure it's like sparrows we were after a while, fighting over the same worm, and the biggest one getting the biggest. And then the big fellows made machines that could catch a million in a minute, and if it's free to fish we were itself, we couldn't beat the machine. And then, do you mind, they took our fish and gave us tokens, and the more fish was caught in the world, the less any one of them was worth. And when it came to salting them or hauling them, the same curse was in it. They own everything in the world, and it's by their leave we live itself, let alone walk the roads. Maybe it's better out of the country we are, but I hear it's the same wherever you go. It's all grabbed up, and there's nothing for the naked new-born child but what his father grabbed already, or what the grabbers have a mind to let him earn."

"And what would we leave our own country for, in the name of God? Is it like the fox we are, driven to hide in the furze?"

MORE REBELLION

But when the discontented man spoke of freedom abroad, the people made out that all devilment was due to foreign rule. "We must fight again," they said, "it's foreign rule is the curse. We were all slaves together, harried in the woods, and we'll be slaves till the end unless we fight. Stand by your leaders, good men, and soon the old stock will be free in the land."

The unhappy wretch was mystified. Well he knew the high-up noble people, and he rejoiced at their downfall. But wasn't it the home people who used to have him cutting bait, and there plenty of fish in the sea? Still, he took heart at the thought of freedom, and started drilling in the byeways and the woods, with the thought of freedom in his soul.

And when he told his wife the new turn of things she smiled a thin smile.

"So we're all to have our rights! Glory be to God, the fine men that's living these days, with the end of all trouble and care. See what's in the pot, my darling man. I'm a little faint with the news."

"The pot is empty."

"Look in it again, dear. It can't be empty in times the like of this."

"Is it tormenting me you are? Is it the whole world changed you want, between day and dark? How would it be full, and foreign rule in the land?"

"Don't scowl at me the like of that, frightening your poor wife. How can I tell what's in your mind, and you off drilling in the woods, terrifying the poor birds with your woodeny gun. It's only think-

ing they were so mad about you that they might be after filling the pot."

"Who's mad about me, I'd like to know, and I friendless only for my neighbors?"

"Who's mad about you? Isn't it craving to get you justice they are, the leaders in the land?"

"Aye, it's freeing the nation some of them are, and much too busy to bother with the likes of me. I tell you this is the time we'll fight like men. We'll —"

"Fight, indeed. It's well I know you'll fight, and leave me here to myself, with my sorrow and sense. A 'free nation,' God help us, and your own chieftains the stern taskmasters in the land. I hear them with their talk about foreign rulers and the rest. And what voice will they give you, I wonder, in the rule that is to come? The strong men go prancing up and down today, and they fat up to the eyes, but they tell us that foreign rule has them demolished, and we're lucky to be let live. Is it anything different we'll get from the old stock, in the end of all? We're the sparrows that can't fall to earth, a single one of us, without a sparrow-hawk falling on top of us."

"I'm afraid you're growing bitter with the weight of your cares. Aren't we all the one people? Won't we be a free nation?"

"Yes, we're all the one people, indeed, so long as you're contented with an empty pot. Sometimes I do be wondering if it's in this world you belong at all, or some fairy place of your own. Once I was like yourself, with great faith in our own stock, and believing they had justice in their minds. But it's strange the double meanings of the simplest words.

Our justice is a share in toil and reward. But their justice is the bargain they drive, and making you live up to the bargain. They preach freedom for us all, but they only act it for themselves. It's men of our own blood that do be grabbing more, because we're grabbing less. A free nation, in throth, with every man rivalling every other man, and flourishing chieftains of our own."

" Maybe we'll have rules of our own, that'll get us justice for all. There's no hope in those foreign blackguards. I'll stand by my own, and fight for freedom against all."

" And what about cutting bait, I'd like to know? You've forgot your old story about fighting for your rights."

" I'll have my rights when we're free."

" No, my gallant man, you'll be just as far from justice as you were before."

" Perhaps there's no such thing as justice. God knows what put it in my head. Sometimes it's like a dream a million years old. I'll be content if the country is free."

" Well, then, I won't be content. Before the country was born, I was born. We'll be all one people when we've the same justice in mind. Let you free the nation, and welcome, but remember your own words. It's justice I'm dreaming of, and my dream is a million years old."

III

AN ECONOMIC APPROACH

THE EFFECT ON IRELAND

THIS, I am persuaded, is the kind of preamble that Irish history calls for. Other considerations do weigh against and at times overbalance the economic one—the consideration of public policy mainly with a view to the safety of the realm; its consideration with a view to a select pursuit of eternal salvation; and its consideration with a view to national characteristics. The safety of the realm, it is perfectly clear, is a transcendent issue; but the kind of unhappiness that befell Ireland did not primarily hinge upon this issue, and it can be corrected without seriously affecting it. The clash of religions is tragic but remediable. Neither Catholicism nor Presbyterianism excludes the unity and happiness of Irishmen. Nor is there any hopeless difficulty about accommodating the national characteristics of Scotch-Irish, Anglo-Irish, or Irish. In other countries, particularly the United States, we find varieties of religion and mixtures of race and social dissidence, but it was very largely because a privileged class insisted upon extending its privilege—one of property—that trouble in the United States became unavoidable. No American doubts that covert privilege was represented at the foundation of the union and made something of its oppor-

tunities but we have simply to imagine an overt particularism on the part of New England, greedily clutching power to the bosom of New England, to decide that privilege would have wrecked federalism. The fate of the Jews is a supreme example of the result of invidious distinction, the baleful power of the Magyars is an example of an obvious source of it. National and racial and religious principles enter into all these conflicts, but without a powerful economic element you cannot have explosion. The long step toward political adjustment, to take it the other way, is the correction of economic differences.

But it is the one step at which the British government of Ireland has oftenest faltered. Usually within the British government there have been persons like Lord Morley who interpreted the House of Commons in a spirit quite different from the glittering gayety of Walter Bagehot. Such liberals did not take their inspiration from sensible men of substantial means. They held their representative assembly in solemn honor. They believed it to be the bulwark of liberties as general as they were fundamental. They saw it as a wheel on which the destiny of the British people could be turned. At a time when the broadened electorate had just swept the rotten borough out of existence, they exulted in the transfer of power and trusted that it could work economic miracles. At the behest of such liberals, great changes did take place in Ireland. After a struggle that exhibited property stripped and battling with naked indecency through long sessions of the House of Lords, the land question of Ireland was finally brought to an adjustment by the very junkers who had bled the peasantry. But this re-

mittance of the conquest of Ireland cannot be taken to typify the workings of government. On the contrary, government has largely consisted in the support and defence of privileged non-Irishmen who look on Ireland as their natural heritage. And the bitterest trials of well-meaning governors of Ireland have always come from persons fearful that their ancient privileges might be jeopardized.

ONE TENTACLE OF PRIVILEGE

Few people now remember the tenacity of the established Protestant church, for example, and its peculiar relation to Catholic Ireland. Yet it is worth recalling, if only to see how the favored institutions of an alien government die hard. Somewhere in Morley's life of Gladstone comes the passage, "the contest was now removed from the constituencies and their representatives in parliament to the citadel of privilege. The issue was no longer single, and the struggle for religious equality in Ireland was henceforth merged for the public eye in a conflict for the supremacy of the Commons in England. Perhaps I should not have spoken of religious equality, for in fact the establishment was known to be doomed, and the fight turned upon the amount of property with which the free church was to go forth to face the new fortunes. 'I should urge the House of Lords,' wrote the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Gladstone, 'to give all its attention to saving as large an endowment as possible.'"

In quoting this passage it is not my intention to cast an oblique glance at the idea or the nature of religious endowment. It is true that the established church in Ireland was a religious scandal. It was

also an economic scandal of the first order. Irish Catholic cities continue to offer the spectacle of the old historic cathedrals and churches still devoted to the use of Protestants, but this moss-grown evidence of confiscation is nothing to the active and inflammatory grievance that Catholics had before the disestablishment. Americans are serenely remote today from the conflicts that spring out of a state religion, but there is still food for envious amazement at the fortunes acquired by Anglican dignitaries and the lucrative aspects of the Kingdom of God in Ireland. Ten prelates were once named to the House of Commons who had left this vale of tears bequeathing an average fortune of £250,000 apiece. In 1860 the bishops held 743,326 acres of Ireland in trust for God. The governmental exaction of tithes amounted to about £500,000 a year, with bishoprics yielding from £2,310 to £14,632 a year. For 700,000 members of the state religion there were as many parochial clergymen as for the 4,500,000 Catholics. These broad features of the establishment were sufficiently undemocratic to make the issue invincible when it was fought to a finish. My object now, however, is not to break the law of oblivion but to give heed to Lord Morley's idioms. He calls the upper house "the citadel of privilege." He speaks of the "fight" turning upon "the amount of property." These are casual gleams of basic economic and governmental truths too little realized.

THE HABIT OF GRIEVANCE

The main reason for emphasizing privilege in regard to Ireland is, of course, the fact that it has remained a conquered country. It is this that has ac-

centuated privilege. It is perfectly true, as many professors will tell you, that there is a class struggle in England and America as well as in Ireland, and it is conceivable to argue that Ireland has about the same political advantages as Scotland or Wales. The really oppressed islander in this view is the all-sustaining Briton. This, I think, is one of Bernard Shaw's strongest feelings about the Irish question. He has seen Ireland press its claims on an exasperated and befuddled House of Commons until in mere moral confusion there have been gross concessions. In John Bull's Other Island Mr. Shaw has contrasted the pertinacious self-seeking Irish tenant with a dreadfully evicted and downtrodden Cockney, and the dramatist's sympathies are obviously with that particular limb of the predominant partner. Nothing is so tiresome to a man of Mr. Shaw's gallantry, on the other hand, as the drooping lip of supppliance. To be a willing object of pity, to approach life hat in hand, with an eye cocked for charity, goes against Mr. Shaw's individualism. He detests one thing as much as the other, the habit of intransigence and the habit of grievance. But this Shavian impatience is all right only so long as no "secret splinter" is left rankling. Many men take injustice standing up but very few, after all, take justice lying down. It is superficial to blame the Irishman for wincing until the power that injured him has been broken. That power is not the British empire. It is quite unequivocally British imperialism. Added to the trials of class in Ireland, there are the trials of class identified with race and religion; with the oppressive class the imperial one. For Ireland is one of the objects that has made imperialism hateful.

THE CURSE OF IRELAND

The Irish diagnosticians do not agree as to the cause of Ireland's condition. In ordinary talk each Irishman is likely, with decided emphasis, to attribute the state of the country to an overwhelming primary cause of his own. Since the state is unhappy, the cause is always deep-seated, and, if possible, beyond human control. It is defined as "the curse of Ireland." Intemperance, Sir, is the curse of Ireland. The English gover'ment is the one infliction of the people. The priests is at the back of it all, the priests are the damn ruination of the country. It's the Scarlet Woman. To Hell with the Pope. The graziers are the curse of Ireland. The A. O. H. is the curse of Ireland. Gambling is the blight of the land. Cooperation is part of the conciliation policy, and everyone knows that conciliation is the curse. It's ignorance, the lack of a proper education, that is the destruction of Irishmen. The gombeen man is the curse of Ireland. Yesterday it was the landlord, today it is the beggar on horseback, who rides the country to the devil. West Britonism makes us what we are, shoneenism and toadyism, so it is, they're the curse of Ireland. You can't find an Irishman to do an honest day's work. The class of people that goes into service today aren't fit for the poorhouse; laziness is the curse of Ireland. Black tea, stewing on the hob, has the country destroyed. It's new-fangled notions, putting false ideas into the heads of the working-people, that's the curse of Ireland. Ah, it's the climate, your Honor. It's a terrible climate! The climate is the curse of Ireland.

It is important in this sort of inquiry to change the venue. The average Englishman agrees with this principle and is always satisfied to take the conference from Ennis or Enniscorthy to Oxford or London. But pleasant as it is to have a jury of one's British Peers, I prefer at the moment to summon France and Italy. My first two witnesses, unfortunately, will be papists. One is a witness against the crown, the Rev. Adolphe Perraud, a somewhat tainted witness. The other, however, is a most impartial fellow. He is to testify on the side of the crown and his name is Niccolo Machiavelli. The Pope, as we know, "has a bad name in Portadown," which is in Ulster, and I dislike to bring forward so complete a papist as Old Nick; but he testifies for Ulster so sympathetically!

Cardinal Perraud, as he afterwards became, wrote in the last generation. He was one of a large number of Frenchmen who have studied Ireland, and he was quick to lay his finger on the parent economic trouble, the nature of Irish conquest. "Ireland is not simply a *conquered country*," he said with the gesticulation of italics, "she is a *confiscated country*; that is to say, the suppression of her nationality and the proscription of her religion are not her only wrongs: what her oppressors coveted and wrenched from her beyond her national independence and religion . . . was the lordship of the Irish soil; so that, as in the wars of antiquity, or the times of barbaric invasion, it was the ownership of the land which was wrested from the vanquished, it was the land itself, and not merely political rights, which the victors claimed and seized."

It must be allowed that the fact of this barbarian invasion, this "forcible confiscation of Irish land, and the 'planting' of English and Scotch settlers," has the extreme merit of undisputed authenticity, but before I report it I should like to give the moral background of the confiscation. Its descendants call it "trusteeship for the empire," but they bite the fine Italian hand that fed them. Machiavelli must be set down as the spiritual godfather of Ulster. The present status of Ulster, indeed, illustrates the drawbacks of Realpolitik.

"When dominions are acquired in a province differing in language, laws, and customs," said the candid Italian, "the difficulties to be overcome are great, and it requires good fortune as well as great industry to retain them. . . . The remedy is to plant colonies in one or two places which form as it were the keys of the land, for it is necessary either to do this or to maintain a large force of armed men. The colonies will cost the prince little; with little or no expense on his part, he can send and maintain them; he only injures those whose lands and houses are taken to give to the new inhabitants, and these form but a small proportion of the state, and those who are injured remain poor and scattered, can never do any harm to him, and all the others are, on the one hand, not injured and therefore easily pacified; and, on the other, are fearful of offending lest they should be treated like those who have been dispossessed of their property. To conclude, these colonies cost nothing, are more faithful, and give less offence; and the injured parties being poor and scattered are unable to do mischief, as I have shown. For it must be noted, that men must either be

caressed or else annihilated; they will revenge themselves for small injuries, but cannot do so for great ones; the injury therefore that we do to a man must be such that we need not fear his vengeance."

So much for the principle upon which the country was colonized. Two men outside Ireland, Erskine Childers and Emile Boutmy, may now be taken to describe in a brief manner the process of applying Machiavelli.

Mr. Childers shows that Ireland came into the full view of young imperialism at the same time as the American continent, and he makes a valuable parallel. "Adventurous and ambitious Englishmen began to regard her fertile acres as Raleigh regarded America, and, in point of time, the systematic and State-aided colonization of Ireland is approximately contemporaneous with that of America. It is true that until the first years of the sixteenth century no permanent British settlement had been made in America, while in Ireland the plantation of King's and Queen's Counties was begun as early as 1556, and under Elizabeth further vast confiscations were carried out in Munster within the same century. But from the reign of James I onward, the two processes advance pari passu. Virginia, first founded by Raleigh in 1585, is firmly settled in 1607, just before the confiscation of Ulster and its plantation by 30,000 Scots; and in 1620, just after that huge measure of expropriation, the Pilgrim Fathers landed in New Plymouth. Puritan Massachusetts — with its offshoots, Connecticut, New Haven, and Rhode Island — as well as Catholic Maryland, were formally established between 1629 and 1638, and Maine in 1639, at a

period when the politically inspired proscription of the Catholic religion, succeeding the robbery of the soil, was goading the unhappy Irish to the rebellion of 1641. While that rebellion, with its fierce excesses and pitiless reprisals, was convulsing Ireland, the united Colonies of New England banded themselves together for mutual defence."

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING INDIAN

American colonization was a success because the American Indian was annihilated. The Irish were not exterminable. "A few years later Cromwell, aiming, through massacre and rapine, at the extermination of the Irish race, with the savage watchword, 'To Hell or Connaught,' planted Ulster, Munster and Leinster with men of the same stock, stamp and ideas as the colonists of New England, and in the first years of the Restoration Charles II confirmed these confiscations, at the same time that he granted Carolina to Lord Clarendon, New Netherlands to the Duke of York, and New Jersey to Lord Berkeley, and issued fresh charters for Connecticut and Maryland. . . .

"It is interesting, and for a proper understanding of the Irish question, indispensable, briefly to contrast the characteristics and progress of the American and Irish settlements, and in doing so to observe the profound effects of geographical position and political institutions on human character. . . .

"Let us note, first, that both in America and Ireland the Colonies were bi-racial, with this all-important distinction, that in America the native race was coloured, savage, heathen, nomadic, in-

capable of fusion with the whites, and in relation to the almost illimitable territory colonized, not numerous; while in Ireland the native race was white, civilized, Christian, numerous and confined within the limits of a small island to which it was passionately attached by treasured national traditions, and whose soil it cultivated under an ancient and revered system of tribal tenure. The parallel, then, in this respect, is slight, and becomes insignificant, except in regard to the similarity of the mental attitude of the colonists towards Indians and Irish respectively."

In other words, the good Indian is the dead Indian. It is not so many years since an Englishman, visiting the United States, humorously suggested that two difficult non-Teutonic problems could be solved if every Irishman in America murdered a Negro and was hanged for it. This would leave the world to the everlasting amity of Briton, American and German. Mr. Freeman was quite surprised that his joke was not universally enjoyed. But M. Boutmy throws some light on the seamy side of the joke: "The Englishman established himself in that country by force, and, significant fact, governs it by force. He began by driving the Irish back beyond the pale, and a little later became master of the whole island. He cemented his dominion under Elizabeth and Cromwell by conscientious massacres. On the field of battle he made no prisoners; he hunted the fugitives like wild beasts, and transported the inhabitants of an entire district to Barbadoes as slaves. It was a war of extermination."

"The whole of your island has been confiscated,"

said the Earl of Clare in 1799, “with the exception of the estates of four or six families of English blood, some of whom had been attainted in the reign of Henry VIII, but recovered their possessions before Tyrone’s rebellion, and had the good fortune to escape the pillage of the English republic inflicted by Cromwell; and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice or perhaps thrice in the course of a century.”

I am tempted to add the powerful testimony of Edmund Burke. “The original scheme,” he declared at the end of the eighteenth century, “was never deviated from for a single hour. Unheard-of confiscations were made in the northern parts, upon grounds of plots and conspiracies, never proved upon their supposed authors. The war of chicane succeeded to the war of arms and of hostile statutes; and a regular series of operations was carried on, particularly from Chichester’s time, in the ordinary courts of justice, and by special commissions and inquisitions; first under pretence of tenures, and then of titles in the crown, for the purpose of the total extirpation of the interest of the natives in their own soil — until these species of subtle ravage, being carried to the last excess of oppression and insolence under Lord Strafford, it kindled the flames of that rebellion which broke out in 1641.”

THE DIRTY IRISH

Although this is 1918, please remember 1641. It will presently reappear. But before going to the live issue of Ulster it is well to look at the dead issue of landlordism, both issues having originated in the confiscations. In one respect, it is clear,

Machiavelli was misapplied. The native Irish were not exterminated. Hundreds of thousands of them went to the continent as soldiers, a flight of "wild geese." Some went as slaves to the Barbadoes. A few emigrated to the colonies. But most of them hung on, occupying parts of their old lands at exorbitant rents. Various aspects of their strange history will recur in this book. It is enough now to state that their compulsory occupation was agriculture, for which they were technically untrained, and economically unequipped, and in which the "law" gave them little countenance or security.

Till quite late in the nineteenth century the vast majority of these native Irish remained ignorant and poverty-stricken serfs, subsisting for the most part on milk and potatoes, always living on the brink of starvation, and condemned by what President Wilson calls "economic servitude" to labor not in their own interests but in the interests of the governing class. So prone was their condition that the royal commission of 1836 reported the number of persons out of work and in distress as 585,000, with 1,800,000 dependents, making 2,385,000 in all. The average weekly wage for laborers was from 2s to 2s 6d per week. So dreadful was this distress that the plutocracy and aristocracy of England, acting through Lord John Russell, sent over a commissioner to Ireland to devise a workhouse in which these serfs could be stored in a "superior degree of comfort." The commissioner, strange to relate, found that the Irish serf was unwilling to pay this modest punishment for the crime of poverty. "Confinement of any kind is more irksome to an Irishman than it is even to an Englishman," reports

the Commissioner, " and hence, although the Irishman may be lodged, fed and clothed in a workhouse better than he could lodge, feed and clothe himself by his own exertions, he will yet never enter the workhouse unless driven there by actual necessity." Lord John Russell's " superior degree of comfort " may be judged from the dietary of the two Dublin workhouses in 1841, which was stigmatized by the Commissioner as " too abundant." " There were two meals a day. Breakfast, every day 7 ounces of oatmeal and stirabout; Dinner, on five days of the week, 4 lbs. of potatoes weighed raw, and half pint of butter milk; on two days of the week, 2 lbs. potatoes weighed raw, the potatoes being stewed in broth. That was a style of dietary that was superior to that of the independent laborer outside." Had the aristagogue Bagehot adverted to the vulgar realities of the human stomach, he might have despaired less of the lower orders of mankind. But such a dietary, and such a living wage, naturally resulted in degradation. The common Irish were lazy, on this superb diet. They were dirty, on a soap that was heavily taxed. They were improvident, on 2s 6d a week. They were drunken, out of reckless levity. They were suspicious and unreliable, in spite of Lord John Russell's beneficent offer of the poorhouse.

THE FALL OF FEUDALISM

The climax of this situation was the famine of 1845-1849. This famine came after the investigations of numerous experts. It had been foreseen, it had even been reckoned " inevitable." It cost 729,033 lives. " Far more," said John Bright,

“than ever fell by the sword in any war England ever waged.” I regret to say that this statement, hard as it was, could not remain perpetually true. The total British killed in the world war up to January 1, 1916, was 128,136, about one-sixth of the peace mortality of the Irish famine, but since then the hideous ingenuity and exaction of a world-wide war has slain (up to May 1, 1918) over one million English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadians, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Indians, and other defenders of the empire.

The proximate cause of the great famine was the potato blight. The underlying cause was the multiplication of holdings during the prosperity of the Napoleonic wars, enormous subletting, and landlord greed. We learn now, from the research of the Irish quarterly, *Studies*, that there were 5,702,133 country-people living in mud cabins in 1841, with 2,066,290 living on holdings utterly incapable of supporting them. When the potatoes failed everything was lost, and most of these peasants died either of typhus fever or “the great hunger.” An organizer like Mr. Hoover might have saved most of them, if permitted to do so, but during that great hunger the following excellent foods were sold and allowed to leave Ireland: 572,485 head of cattle; 839,118 sheep; 699,021 pigs; 2,532,839 qrs. of oats; 1,821,091 cwts. of oatmeal; 455,256 qrs. of wheat; 1,494,852 cwts. of wheatmeal. These would have prevented famine, but in the absence of self-government an embargo was impossible to Irishmen. Yet the correct English judgment in 1917 still firmly refuses to entertain the property aspect of the famine. I shall quote elsewhere a most

accomplished Oxford professor, Mr. Ernest Barker, to the effect that the culprit was "nature." Or, as one is afraid the Kaiser would say, the will of God.

Yet the economic power of the landlord could scarcely survive this disaster and disgrace. It cost fifty years of agitation and £185,000,000 to clean up landlordism, but the transfer of economic power in this department of Irish life has now been substantially effected. The unfortunate legacies from landlordism will later be examined, but it is best first of all to face the rebuttal to my accusation of landlord greed. That rebuttal I prefer to give you in other words than my own. It is utterly wrong, I have been told, to make it appear "that the English government and English landlords in Ireland had been monsters and that glorious, free America had been the rescue of the Irish. That the law and the system of land tenure in Ireland up to about forty years ago were unsuitable and caused sad tragedies is sure, but they were precisely the same as in America and everywhere else. America was the main cause of the destruction of Ireland, because Ireland could not compete with the fertile sunny climate of America in agriculture, or with the enormous extent of cheap land in America for stock rearing. The constant lowering of prices was disastrous to Ireland. The fault of England was the fault of human nature. We only very slowly and under much pressure came to understand that laws which were suitable in rich England or America were impossible in poverty-stricken Ireland. We did not at first understand the problems, and nor would any other government.

"For the most part the landlords were kindly

and well-meaning, and did not press for the collection of their rents, but took what they could get, as was shown by the enormous arrears which were wiped out by the first land law.

“The recent prosperity of Ireland is due much more to the rise of agricultural prices of late years than to modern legislation, though that, too, has had a good effect.

“It is only natural that people who see themselves being gradually ruined, should attribute the evil to a foreign government, which is not sympathetic, and which puts tremendous power into the hands of the creditor. That power should be curtailed all over the world as it has been in Ireland in land questions, and as it should be in all transactions.”

THE CASE AGAINST LANDLORDS

This defence falls into four parts, First, the argument of lowered prices and American competition. Lowered prices did undoubtedly drive the landlords from tillage, but instead of reconstruction, the peasants got eviction. The landlords, on the contrary, raised cattle instead of grain, and suffered no prime hardship. Second, the English “did not understand the problems, nor would any other government.” The answer to this is clear. The Irish fought, bled and died to be allowed to deal with their own problems and take the consequences. The repeal agitation walked step by step with the approach of famine. The alien government confessedly “did not understand the problems.” It failed utterly either to learn those problems or to quit forcing its blunders on Ireland. It is a shocking defence of that policy that “very slowly and

under much pressure" the governing class came to see that English conceptions did not suit poverty-stricken Ireland. It took 729,000 deaths from starvation to make England see a need that was as plain as a pikestaff to Ireland. Besides, under the economic law ignorance of the law is no excuse.

The third point is that, however culpable England might be, the landlords "took what they could get." It is not mere flippancy to say that most of them certainly did. These kindly and well-meaning creatures are now taking the last they could get, and it will amount to £185,000,000. This, from poverty-stricken Ireland, is not such a bad bon voyage. It is well to remember that, in 1880, 750 men owned half the area of this wretched country, and seven absentee strangers took £100,000 in annual rent out of one poor western county alone.

Considering how much the landlords lost by being landlords it pays very well to give up losing it. There is a lot of tribute to be offered to the ancien régime, but £185,000,000 goes a palpable distance in that direction. The real condemnation of Irish landlordism was not, however, the rent. It was the non-English system by which the rent left the country, taking all the capital out of agriculture and throwing on an insecure tenant the hopeless burden of improvements.

The last point, that good legislation was not everything, is partly sound. The change to peasant proprietorship substitutes for a flexible rental a rigid medium-sized annual charge. So long as there is agricultural prosperity, this annual payment seems a good bargain, but a big slump in prices would pinch the tenants immediately, where it once would have

taxed the landlords. It is the landlord to whom the government really gave security. This is the cloud of which peasant proprietorship is the silver lining. The fate of Ireland is bound up with the fate of agriculture, good government or bad government. Yet one cannot take this as an apology for government admittedly bad, nor is it a real argument for landlordism. If it points to anything, it points to fiscal as well as administrative autonomy. Government, after all, can do something besides make two policemen grow where one grew before.

It is a benign fact that it is no longer needful to recite the unfair terms of land tenure and the ferocious processes of eviction. With the vested interests that confiscation created there was a devotion of every energy and resource of the country to the service of its landed beneficiaries, with the government either eager or compliant. Not only the military and the armed police stood back of the "garrison." These occupiers supplied the administrators or dictated the administration. They gave law to the judiciary. They packed the juries. They levied local taxes. They recruited the militia. They kept Ireland in educational eclipse. This in the main was neither malignancy nor even stupidity. It was the inevitable result of a system that they were too dependent to change and too inert to manage. Their very inertia and dependence doomed them. The peasantry, working through the parliamentary party by virtue of the franchise, won back by rods and acres the land that was wrested by baronies and shires. English liberalism, of course, had its great share in this reformation, but the delay in the reformation made more political impression than its conse-

quences. "Burke left behind him two warnings, both of them full of truth, full of gravity," Matthew Arnold has written. "One is, that concessions, sufficient if given in good time and at a particular conjuncture of events, become insufficient if deferred. The other is, that concessions, extorted from embarrassment and fear, produce no gratitude, and allay no resentment. 'God forbid,' he cries, 'that our conduct should demonstrate to the world that Great Britain can *in no instance whatsoever* be brought to a sense of rational and equitable policy, but by coercion and force of arms.' "

ULSTER

This brings us to Ulster. What is the Ulster question and who has a vested interest in it? Whose privileges will be disturbed if the Catholic and the Presbyterian come together? Is there any real cause for separation between these co-habitants of the prosperous eastern counties of Ulster? Is there any real reason why they cannot work together for Ireland? The nationalist politician says there is no reason. The unionist politician's reply is to laugh. He sees the proposal of unity as a levelling-down of the Ulsterman, never as a levelling-up of the nationalist, and he has his answer ready for every historic recrimination and gibe. The landlords of the south may have lost their grip on their ascendancy; that is no reason why the Ulstermen should be supine in yielding their birthright. The old-guard Unionists, English and Irish, keep crying to them, "no surrender" and "never say die."

You may offer the Unionist a faint word in regard to the history of Ulster. Ah-ha, says the

Orange spokesman of 1917, you are digging up this old question of title to incite the greedy! "There is not a Roman Catholic in Ulster," as Lord Ernest Hamilton, ex-M.P., puts it, "to whom the promise of home rule does not mean the promise of the recovery of forfeited lands. In some districts the lands of the Protestant farmers have already been officially allotted among the native population." Mark the word native. This faith in the Apache character of Ulster Catholics is an important element in the programme of politicians like Lord Ernest. "Yes," says he, "Ulster was colonized. But let us consider further. Is colonization to be classed as an act of piracy, or is it a necessary part of the gradual reclamation of the world? . . . It can safely be said that no colonization scheme has ever been more abundantly justified, both by antecedent conditions and by results, than has that of Ulster by James I of England." Of course the natives disliked this holy war of civilization, but natives are so unreasonable. "It was clear that the goodwill of the natives could not be won by individual acts of kindness. All such were outweighed, and, indeed, wholly neutralized by the initial act of usurpation. Nothing could have been more conciliatory than the James I settlers, but their conciliation had counted for nothing in face of the one salient fact that they were in arbitrary occupation of Irish soil." Hence the natives' uprising in 1641 and the massacre of the colonists. Are the natives different today? "The soul of the native Irish has not at the present day changed by the width of a hair from what it was in 1641, and again in 1798. . . . All conciliatory measures fail to con-

ciliate, or to elicit the faintest spark of gratitude."

Here you get the "Ulster question" in its rawness. No partisan exponent on either side can forget this list of ancient and honorable grievances, and he rejoices to know that the conflict is kept alive by the religious difference, marked by the failure of Presbyterian and Catholic to intermarry. But, the American asks, what is it all about? What happened in 1172 and 1641 and 1798, and before the flood, and why? And why harp on it? What is its significance in the twentieth century?

The American is really interested. Here is the Ulster minority conflicting with the Irish majority, just as the Irish minority conflicted with the English majority. If "minority rights" are sauce for the Irish, they should be sauce for the Ulsterman. Why should nationalists try to bully the men in the north? Since 1910 this phase of the political question in Ireland has arrested many Americans. Ulster has superseded the climate and the clergy in causing perplexity. The logic of the situation makes it seem practically insurmountable.

Not only does the logic of it seem unsurmountable but the very size of Ulster is in its favour. When you turn the street-corner and suddenly come on a fight, your sympathies go to the under-dog, and when the crowd preserves a mysterious impartiality, the angel in you records another note on man's inhumanity to man. Then you inquire about the fight. And sometimes, not always, you discover that No. 2, the object of your sympathies, is not himself a member of the peace party but a willing combatant. Cold though it may be, you admit that to judge of any sort of a fight it is not enough to rush to the

side which presents at the moment the defensive spectacle. It is not the defence, but the thing defended that matters. In the affairs of nations, this is also true. During the Civil War, the south attracted to its side many people at a distance who were inspired by the heroic defensive spectacle. But as time went on, foreign opinion came to consider the thing defended as well as the heroism of defence, and certainly the day arrived when a southern sympathizer like George Meredith learned to be surprised at the temper in which he had been prone to liken Lincoln to a gorilla.

CAPITALISM IN ULMSTER

It is for an economic reason, unfortunately, that Belfast, and the Ulster which it represents, is the sorest problem of Irish democracy. Its wealth makes it shrink from agricultural Ireland. Powerful and affluent, it affirms an imperative will as regards home rule, and that will is largely the evidence of capitalism in power.

The interests of capitalism are in the main antagonistic to the interests of the small nationality. As M. Gregor Alexinsky has observed in regard to Poland, capitalist industry "requires a centralized system of government." It is in this principle, not in any racial or religious principle, that the imperialism of Belfast is firmly founded.

Before the development of capitalism the Belfast bourgeoisie was a hotbed of republicanism. But with Andrew Mulholland's introduction of yarn machinery in 1830, its republicanism faded finally away. Labor was cheap in Belfast, and on cheap labor plus machine efficiency Belfast, without one natural

advantage, became a typical industrial capitalistic community. Its rulers' interests thereafter became identical with the interests of the British plutocracy. The supreme guardian of those interests is the British parliament. Belfast became riven to the union. And just as British labor has fought its fight in the British parliament, so the Belfast proletariat that fears and hates the Catholic has followed suit. The Belfast proletariat scanned Ireland in vain for favorable political alliance. In the powerful cross-channel labor organizations it saw its hope for industrial improvement. Unionist pamphlets show that it actually "beseeches" British labor not to desert it.

Meanwhile the Unionist branch of the Belfast proletariat has its share of the general evils of capitalism, though the under-dog in Belfast is the Catholic. "Whatever benefit has accrued to the merchants of Belfast from the union," says St. John Ervine, "none of that benefit has accrued to the working people."

That Belfast's opposition to home rule is a result of economic development, that this development partakes of the general evils of capitalism, and that the Unionist ideology is imperialist ideology is evident on even a hasty inquiry, though whether home rule can solve the problem of Ulster democracy is another question.

BEFORE THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

Before capitalism developed, Belfast made no secret of its antagonism to the British connection.

"The Presbyterianism of the North, and especially of Belfast, had long been inclined to republi-

canism," remarks Lecky of the year 1790. "In July, 1791, the anniversary of the French Revolution was celebrated at Belfast with great enthusiasm. All the volunteers of the neighborhood attended. An address drawn up in the most fulsome strain of admiration was sent to France. Democratic toasts were drunk, and speeches made eulogizing Paine, Washington, and the French Revolution, and demanding an equal representation in parliament, and the abolition of the remaining Popery laws. A resolution was shortly after drawn up by the first volunteer company, in favor of the abolition of religious disqualifications, and it was responded to by an address of thanks from some Catholic bodies. This was said to have been the first considerable sign of that union between the Presbyterians and Catholics which led to the formation of the United Irish Society."

There were other signs of a love of Ireland, a broad community, in the Orange country. Protestant Yeomen, representing 143 corps, had met in the church at Duncannon and passed a resolution that "as men, as Irishmen, as Christians, and as Protestants" they rejoiced in the relaxation of the penal laws. And the annual Presbyterian synod of Ulster expressed "its satisfaction at the admission of the Catholics to the privileges of the Constitution."

"In the same year, 1793, the popularity of republican sentiments at Belfast was shown by the signs representing Mirabeau, Dumouriez, Franklin and Washington, which hung in the streets, and in March a fierce riot was occasioned by a party of dragoons who attempted to cut them down."

"Indignation at the war was at this time the

dominant sentiment of the Belfast party. . . . They say in one of their addresses, ' Why should we interfere because France, like Cromwell, has killed a guilty king? Let the rich who want war pay for it. The people are starving. Trade in all its branches is paralyzed. Yet Ireland has no cause of quarrel with France.' "

" Prayers for the success of the French arms had been offered up at Belfast from the pulpit."

Lecky then analyzes the practical motives under this republicanism. " The republican religion of the Northern Presbyterians gave them some bias towards republican government, and their sympathy with the New England Puritans in the contest against England had been passionate and avowed. They had scarcely any part among the landed gentry of Ireland, and were therefore less sensible than other Protestants of the necessity of connection with England for the security of their property. . . . Under the existing system of monopoly they had scarcely any political power, and scarcely any share in the patronage of the Crown. An intelligent, educated, energetic middle-class community naturally resented such a system of exclusion and monopoly far more keenly than a poor, dependent, and perfectly ignorant Catholic peasantry. . . . It is an undoubted and most remarkable fact that almost the whole guiding influence of the seditious movement in 1793 was Protestant or Deistical, while the Catholic gentry, the Catholic prelates, and, as far as can now be judged, the bulk of the Catholic priesthood were strongly opposed to it."

" The condition of Ulster in the spring of 1793 was so serious that the Government strongly urged

the necessity of sending reinforcements to that province."

It is interesting to note that Lecky, the anti-utilitarian, catches a gleam of the economic motive in this republicanism. The Presbyterians "were less sensible than other Protestants of the necessity of connection with England for the security of their property."

SINCE THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

When, however, Belfast became homogeneous with the rest of capitalistic England, its ideology underwent a complete revolution.

In 1913 Ulstermen "yield to no man in their loyalty to the king and to the Empire." They declare themselves "loyal subjects of His Gracious Majesty King George V," "the King, whose faithful subjects we are and will continue all our days." In 1913, "the overwhelming majority are passionately loyal to the British Throne and to the maintenance of the United Kingdom."

The Ulstermen, it must be confessed, did not make much of a fist of loyalty for a long while. Quite early in the eighteenth century the relations between the "undertakers," the oligarchs of confiscation, and their Presbyterian tenants were severely strained, and emigration to America was often chosen in preference to rackrent. The name of Lord Donegall was identified with the worst oppression, and "illegal associations and daring outrages," with the houghing and maiming of cattle as a typical incident of the warfare, culminated in what is rightly termed "the Ulster land war of 1770." The government took the side of the "undertakers," so that the

spirit of Ulster emigrants to the American colonies was strongly antigovernmental; and the way was paved for the United Irishmen movement and the general revolutionary infection of the late eighteenth century. There was a common cause at that hour in Irish history between the dissenters and those Catholics who were not too crushed to be rebellious. But the ingredients of conflict were not taken away by this goodwill. There were always secret associations on both sides whose principle was hatred and whose aim was extirpation. Just when the revolutionary movement was making such headway, with the example of France inflaming the republicans of Belfast, a few tragedies of local religious hatred occurred. The terrible murder of a Protestant schoolteacher's family preceded a pitched battle between Catholics and Protestants. This incident resurrected hostility. It had enormous consequences. The Orange Society was formed on the very evening of the battle of the Diamond; and hundreds of Catholic deportations to Connaught were carried out under the eyes of the authorities, with the double effect of restoring Ulstermen to the side of "law and order" and inflaming the Catholic country people against the government. The rebellion of 1798, with its 50,000 casualties, was the harvest of many sorrows, but the men of Ulster were no longer on the side of rebellion. And the ferocity of the rebellion deepened and widened the chasm.

The Ulster unionists are homogeneous with the Scotch and English liberal unionists. "We are in Ireland as their trustees, having had committed to us, through their and our forefathers, the development of the material resources of Ulster, the preser-

vation of its loyalty, and the discharge of its share of imperial obligations. . . . Ulster Unionists, therefore, having conspicuously succeeded in maintaining the trust committed to their forefathers, and constituting a community intensely loyal to the British connection, believe that they present a case for the unimpaired maintenance of that connection which is impregnable on the grounds of racial sentiments, inherent justice, social well-being, and the continued security of the United Kingdom and the Empire. They cannot believe that their British fellow-citizens will, at this crisis, turn a deaf ear to their claim. . . . We shall continue to support our King, and to render the same services to the United Kingdom and to the Empire as have characterized the history of Ulster during the past three hundred years."

From these evidences of the contrast between 1793 and 1913, it seems highly probable that Belfast, "under the stress of economic development," has come to oppose political independence. It is no less probable that the homogeneity of Irish and Scotch "unionism" is not so much of racial sentiment, etc., as of capitalist industry. In its economic utterances one finds the Belfast Chamber of Commerce entirely dispensing with racial sentiment. Its grounds for desiring union are stated with sincerity:

"The fact that our industrial growth is due to the development of trade with England and Scotland and is also of an international character, and further that the amount of trade done by our ship-building and manufacturing concerns for Irish clients is comparatively trivial, amply justifies our desire for the maintenance of the closest relations with Great Britain and complete association with the

world-wide prestige of the United Kingdom in which we freely participate."

It is precisely the situation that M. Alexinsky sketches for Poland. "In pouring its merchandise into the Russian markets, Poland, or rather the Polish bourgeoisie, had to abandon the old dream of political independence. The appearance on the Russian markets of Polish fabrics, of Polish coal and iron, came as a veritable Finis Poloniae, for it served as the unshakeable foundation material of political unity with Russia." A statement which, despite the war, remains significant.

"HOME RULE COVETS ULMER'S WEALTH"

The thought of home rule makes the blood of capitalism run colder than usual. There is very little about "the horrible harlot" in the property argument. The whole argument is this, "Home rule covets Ulster's wealth." Under the government of the United Kingdom, the Belfast capitalists believe that they have the power to control their own future. Under home rule, they "are to be deprived of the power." And so sensitive is capital to this impending disadvantage that the mere introduction of the bill "has seriously shaken credit." This manifestation of "insecurity and suspicion" leads the Belfast capitalists to utter a very genuine estimate of the Irish inability to make good. "Ireland possesses neither the natural resources, the capital, nor the unity of race or interest capable of enabling it successfully to stand alone without the support of Imperial credit."

Regardless, then, of political and religious differences, the Ulster leaders find in the agriculturalism

of southern Ireland a "very serious danger." And they do not hesitate to characterize their opposition to home rule as "the bitter hostility of the most progressive and industrial part" of Ireland.

It is only fair to the capitalists to record the strong sentiment against the agricultural south that also possesses one branch of the Ulster trade unionists. These trade unionists, who confess that they "are the cream of Ulster Democracy," issued their own manifesto in April, 1914. Their quality may be judged by their leading arguments, which were as follows:

1. "The Dublin Parliament may fix a minimum wage for Ireland and the British Parliament may fix a minimum wage for Britain. The Irish minimum would in all probability be lower."

This is a short-sighted argument. Since, as they admit, trade unionism has protested in vain "against the separate treatment of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland under the Insurance Act," what guarantee could there be that the imperial parliament would establish a uniform minimum wage?

2. "Under an Irish Parliament, controlled by small farmers, the Factory Acts and the Factory Regulations would remain a dead letter."

The word "remain" is amusing.

3. "In the South and West of Ireland, where industrial development is less complete, labor is not organized as it is in Ulster or in England and in Scotland and is therefore largely powerless to defend itself."

Thus these Ulstermen, from "the only part of the country where labor is fully organized and articulate," announce their magnanimous sense of the soli-

darity of labor. They do not correlate the defencelessness of labor elsewhere with their own proud boast, "the birthright of British citizenship under British administration." British administration, after all, extends to those forlorn places where labor is defenceless.

4. "With an Irish Parliament in power the sweating of labor, which in Dublin with all its concomitant evils of poverty, slums and degradation has so keenly aroused your sympathy, will be possible in Belfast." The brave Dublin revolt of 1913 did not suggest that Dublin labor would stand still.

5. "You will find forty-two Irish members at Westminster ready to back up their Dublin parliament and vote down your measures of fair play for the workers. . . . We know that the privileges won for the workers of trade unionism are in danger." This is a free use of the gift of prophecy.

Later in April, 1914, the following additional assertions were added at a large meeting of Unionist organized labor:

6. Home rule "would cut us off from participation in the social and industrial improvements which will come to our fellow-trade-unionists in Great Britain by reason of the pressure the powerful cross-channel labor organizations will be able to exert on legislation in the Imperial Parliament."

So much, at the present, for the economic particularism of Ulster.

THE PROSPERITY OF ULSTER

How Ulster came to be so prosperous under the union, when the rest of Ireland wallowed in poverty and ignorance, is one of the riddles of Ireland.

This riddle requires one to recall confiscation, the penal laws, the destruction of Catholic capital. The enforced degradation of the Catholic Irish during the eighteenth century is one of the commonplaces of history. Ireland's "industrial activities," Sir Edward Carson proclaims, "were strangled by the short-sighted jealousy of English commercial interests." For the short period at the end of the century in which Grattan's parliament flourished the fortunes of Ireland improved. Instead of savage commercial restriction Ireland had commercial encouragement, and with excellent results. Soon after the union, purchased by Pitt from the ascendancy legislators to give Britain security, the wars ended and with them the prosperous agricultural interlude; and the agricultural Irish, three-quarters of the people, headed straight for the catastrophe of the great famine. The issue of landlordism, however, had been settled in Ulster after 1770, and flax, a specialized crop, went forward. Flax gave Ulster its industrial foothold. In the last quarter of a century the south has once more begun to achieve a measure of material well-being, but Ulster had a long time in which to associate its superior fortunes with the union and to shrink more and more from partnership with the retarded south. I do not wish to give the impression, however, that I think the riddle of Ulster a negligible one. The economic imagination of nationalist Irishmen is untrained. Their policies are often local and provisional to a degree. Their tendency is often stubbornly conservative. Under the circumstances there is a case for Ulster's particularism. It ought never to be dismissed.

It ought never to be dismissed because it is the business of statesmanship to face problems, not to stifle them. So far as Orange Ulster is not merely suspicious, superstitious and hypothetical (promising to do what Mr. Veblen said Germany actually does, "take war by the forelock and retaliate on presumptive enemies for prospective grievances") it has to be dealt understanding, not blows. If Irishmen are not willing to say with Sir Edward Carson: "the remedy is revolution," then Disraeli's answer must be applied. "The Irish could not have a revolution, and why? Because Ireland is connected with another and more powerful country. Then what is the consequence? The connection with England became the cause of the present state of Ireland. . . . What, then, is the duty of an English Minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force. This is the Irish question in its integrity." It is the question of all government, in its integrity, and applies to Ulster as well as nationalist Ireland.

THE RUIN OF IRELAND

When Disraeli said that "Ireland is connected with another and a more powerful country" he clearly naturalized the Irish difficulty with England just as he had shown how rebels are made. Because England is strong and Ireland weak, their relations are essentially difficult. This difficulty does not inhere in the character of the English, or the character of the Irish, so much as in their unfortunate juxtaposition. If Ireland were a dominant industrial country commanded by successful men like W. M. Murphy, the Dublin capitalist, and England

were an agricultural country peopled by idealists like Charles Lamb, the juxtaposition would be equally unfortunate and equally difficult. What creates that difficulty is not, as John Mitchel supposed, the specially evil nature of the English nation. It is the specially evil temptations of power in dealing with powerlessness.

No one can fairly say that the law of life is the law of the wolf-pack. Babies are weak, and old people are weak, but it is a foible of civilization to support them. Neither can one say that the wealthy are always unjust and unscrupulous, while the poor are always scrupulous and just. This is the most enervating fallacy in life — it is pure sentimentalism. It was amiable of James Russell Lowell to sing, “Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne” — but too many kings have been executed to make it arguable. Yet while powerlessness is not necessarily right, neither is it necessarily wrong. To explain that injustice is simply the unpleasant aspect of the process of selection is to imply that everything which happens is bound to happen, and that to bemoan evil is equivalent to bemoaning the law of gravity. In a practical world it is sagacious to circumvent evil rather than bemoan it. But this is very different from saying that men must not fight on the side of the angels. On the contrary, it defines evil as a detestable reality against which we are made to resist.

No humanist can read history without a sickening sense of its futile and wasteful antagonisms. Just as murders constantly take place in an insensate quarrel over a mistake in change or a trifling rudeness — usually in hot weather — so nations will go

to war over the most paltry disagreements. To say that these conflicts are part of a great process of selection is fantastic nonsense. A man does not kick the dog because of a biological feud. He kicks the dog because his wife has whined over his losses at cards. The dog is a vicarious atonement. The only selection in the case is that he kicks a fox-terrier rather than a bull-terrier, for reasons best known to the dog. It is just in this discrimination that the evil of strength is revealed. When a creature is so weak that it cannot hit back, it invites injustice. If a "brute" has a "nasty" disposition, no one will "meddle" with the brute. But if the brute is weak, the brute will suffer. No one who has lived in Ireland has been able to discover the suspension of this law. There is nothing, for example, that would fill me with greater horror than to be re-incarnated as an Irish donkey or an Irish cow. Just out of ignorance and stupidity, an immense amount of suffering is inflicted on dumb animals in Ireland. The most partisan friend of the Irish tenantry is revolted at the injustice of cattle-maiming, and while this practice began in Ulster before 1770, it is the worst specimen of sabotage in the world. There is something not incomprehensible about the idea of murdering a landlord. A dead gombeen man is a good gombeen man. But when the Irish pick out cattle for vengeance they put themselves almost in a class with imperialists.

THE ECONOMIC MOTIVE

But there is this difference between cattle-maimers and imperialists. The latter are perverted through power, the former through powerlessness. When

there is obdurate force on one side, the only possible reprisal will be lawless. It is all very well to say that militant minorities are venomous, vindictive and malicious. But when the strong enforce their will regardless of a minority's imperious needs, those imperious needs will turn poisonous. "Suppressed desires breed pestilence." It is a commonplace of human relations that justice between unequals is scarcely possible. We respect the plea of an adversary who can damage us if we slight him. We slur the plea of an adversary who is powerless to punish. We give a tiger a wide berth. When the strong impose their will by the unsparing use of arms, the weak either yield in sullen slavery, or learn the ways of desperation. When a horrible murder occurred during the Irish land war, Robert Louis Stevenson wanted to become Ireland's catechist and take up residence in the district that was proclaimed. It was perilously near priggishness. Subsequent legislation has admitted that the land agitators were fighting a just cause against a blind and brutal interest. Stevenson could perceive with startling clearness the baseness of Curtin's murder. He failed utterly to perceive the wretchedness, the impotence, the degradation in which that murder spurted up like a flame out of poisonous gases. Stevenson's was static morality. He applied to the peasants of Kerry the standards of his own existence. Had he lived in Kerry, he would have regarded the murder as the finer Kerrymen did — with horror, with regret, with comprehension. I do not say that murder is not murder. Yes, murder is murder. But against the cowardly murder of Curtin I set a thousand cowardly murders perpetrated by the landlords

of Ireland. In Kerry men were asked to pay rent on acres of bog where the potatoes were so few that you might have given them pet names. In spite of the most Spartan virtue, the most extraordinary discipline and heroism, those bogs would sometimes yield insufficient for life — and yet the land-agent sweated rent out of tenants' bones. And then the tenants revolted! They decided to make landlordism tedious and unpractical, to put their faggots together into an unbreakable bundle. In this plan of combination, the landlords found a flaw. By installing blacklegs, grabbers, emergency men, scabs, or whatever you choose to call them, in the place of evicted tenants, they were able to preserve their sacred right of property. Against these blacklegs the sweated tenants of Kerry had no legal weapon. The only weapon they had was boycott, the shotgun and the knife. They first tried boycotting, and starving the blacklegs. When this failed, they tried the shotgun and the knife. Seen from the country house, these were hideous means of adjusting a mere question like rent. But they were the only means known to remote and friendless men. And, strange to say, they pointed the agrarian moral.

That moral has been put in a word by Lord Acton. When Law and Order told him that "murder is murder," he retorted that its spokesmen "do not choose to distinguish murder from insurrection." I cannot wonder at Stevenson, however. Our privileged position seems as natural as an atmosphere. It is invisible when we live surrounded by it. It is only observable when we recede from it, like the blue of a mountain.

All through this chapter I have striven to show

the existence in Ireland of another motive besides the obvious political motive. The confiscations, the penal laws, the republicanism of Ulster, the land war, the tithes, the revolt of Ulster in 1912, all have in them something besides self-interest and privilege. But it is wise to seek beneath the nationalism of Ulster and the rest of Ireland this skeleton of economics. The skeleton is not the whole of nationality, but without it nationality does not exist.

IV

THE WAYS OF NATIONALISM

FISHING AND CATCHING IT

ONE evening, in a country hotel in Ireland, an American friend and myself fell into conversation with a visiting Englishman. Unlike many men who view strangers as the evil they do not know, he was a sociable soul, and he took a fancy to the American. He could talk to strangers about real things without feeling next morning that he had lost his social chastity. He was of middle age, just retired on pension from the engineer corps in India, and while his stocky build, ruddy face, curt nose, and bull-dog set of head suggested the fighter, he had a charming, soothing voice, and a really winning manner. There was honey in the lion's mouth.

The conversation turned to India, to imperialism, to the problems of mastery, to the subtlety and shiftiness of the Hindu. In his quiet voice, the Englishman explained to us (assuming we were both Americans) the exigencies of authority in India, and I remember how impressive he made his account of the firmness and fearlessness by which he secured obedience to his will.

He sketched, I remember, one of his own minor encounters. He had ruled that two money-lending Pathans should be excluded from his railroad shops. One day, in the centre of the shop, these two tall

lithe fellows emerged unsuspectingly from behind a stalled engine and walked into his arms. That instant he realized that a thousand eyes were upon him, waiting to judge what he would do. To handle both was impossible. To handle one was to help the other. Without hesitation, he chose the man checked between him and the repair pit. Before the Pathan could fence, he felled him, into the pit. At that moment, he said, his spine was curved to take a knife blade in his back. He twisted to avoid the blow. But there was no one behind him. The other Pathan had fled. This incident had supreme value. The thousand eyes reverted to work; the white man was the conqueror, or, as we suggested, the God.

To this Englishman there was never a question of cooperation with the native. The native was a child. It is fatal to give in to a child. The white man's authority must be absolute. He must be disinterested and fair, but he must be firm and final. He must never apologize, qualify, or recede, and when his authority is challenged he must make the punishment memorable. In a few words he illustrated his sovereignty — how he gained the natives' confidence, took silent cognizance of the refractory, humiliated them in his own time and place, gradually established his prestige and will. It was a frank and far from egotistic confession. He had studied the native with an eye single to the service. He took pride in his success, but it was the pride of a horse trainer who is fond of the horses he has broken, and who would disdain the brutal trainer as much as the ineffectual.

From India we progressed to the "little brown

brother" of the Philippines, to the United States, and finally to Ireland.

This was his first visit to Ireland. He had been in the country ten days, and it had resolved itself into a prolonged stay at this one hotel for the sake of fly-fishing, so that he had kept his undisturbed view of the native Irishman. "One is so struck," he said with an amused smile, "by their eagerness and courtesy. They are so anxious to please one that they steal one's own words and hand them back with a compliment. But," and he became quite grave, "of course I realize that concealed beneath their courtesy and gentleness is the deepest treachery and cruelty."

The Englishman did not realize that one of his listeners whom he thought a normal human being was only an Irishman. When Apollonius looked upon the serpent bride, his eye, "like a sharp spear, went through her utterly." In a similar manner, though without cruel intention, the Englishman transfixed me. It would have been all right, perhaps, if my American friend had not known I was a Lamia. I could then have continued "happy in beauty, life, and love, and everything." But with our evil national character so exposed to the American, and with a wink impossible, I was compelled to confess.

"I'm afraid I've given you a false impression," I said. "I have spoken as an American, since I live there, but I was born and brought up in Ireland. I am an Irishman. I am deeply interested in what you say, and I wish you would go on."

Being a God, it was rather hard on the little Englishman. He could neither apologize, qualify, nor

recede. Being a gentle soul, as well as a God, he was pained at his predicament, and when he resorted to the soft class explanation — that there was no one more delightful than the cultivated Irishman, and that he meant the uneducated, illiterate peasant — I made things worse by bringing forth my “peasant” relatives. The conversation limped back to fly-fishing.

Most Irishmen, I believe, would have felt so angry as to strike the Englishman. I felt, as Mr. Chamberlain once said he felt about the attacks of William O’Brien, that it was only pretty Fanny’s way. Hundreds of years before, this theory of the Irishman had been formulated by Englishmen badly in need of the theory and, once formulated, it had swum down the stream of tradition between the shores of experience, to be poured out to Americans as gospel truth.

BACK TO MILTON

John Milton was a great lover of truth. He was the invincible ally of justice and truth against “two the most prevailing usurpers over mankind, superstition and tyranny.” He sought a commonwealth “where no single person, but Reason only sways.” So much did he love justice and truth that he was ever enraged against their enemies. Thus the royalists were tigers of Bacchus, “inspired with nothing holier than the venereal pox.” Kingship was “an abjured and detested thralldom.” Its adherents had “not so much true spirit and understanding in them as a pismire.” When the Ulster Presbytery in 1649 spoke of the republicans as servants riding upon horses, men who labored “to es-

tablish by laws an universal toleration of all religions which is an innovation overturning of unity in religion, and so directly repugnant to the word of God," Milton rended them as upstarts, "a generation of highland thieves and redshanks admitted, by the courtesy of England, to hold possessions in our province, a country better than their own." Theirs was "an insolent and seditious representation," emanating from Belfast, "a barbarous nook of Ireland." He could think of nothing worse than to identify the Presbytery with the papists. "Their own unexampled virulence hath wrapt them into the same guilt, made them accomplices and assistants to the abhorred Irish rebels."

When it came to the Irish people, Milton's love of justice and reason goaded him to fury. Murders, massacres, treasons and piracies were the sign-manual of those bloody rebels, "those inhuman rebels and papists of Ireland." They were merciless and barbarous, treacherous, sottish and indocile, "a crew of rebels whose inhumanities are long since become the horror and execration of all that hear them." Thus the author of *L'Allegro*.

In this spirit of justice and right reason John Milton sketched the history of Ireland. "Ancient piracies, cruel captivities and the causeless infestation of our coast" were the predatory activities of the Irish. Their conquerors were warrantably called over in "just revenge." "By their own foregoing demerits and provocations" exclaimed the righteous and God-fearing Milton, "they were justly made our vassals."

To strengthen the cause against the Irish barbarians Milton seized on the appalling fact that they

ploughed horses by the tail and burned oats in the straw. They actually "prefer their own absurd and savage customs before the most convincing evidence of reason and demonstration; a testimony of their true barbarism and obdurate wilfulness, to be expected no less in other matters of greatest moment."

One can imagine, then, the villainy of Charles the First who sanctioned the recalling of Poyning's act, thus disallieging "a whole feudary kingdom from the ancient dominion of England." This was an act that put the Irish parliament absolutely under the tutelage of the English. Its recall, says Milton in that tone of solemn and reverberant horror which would so well befit a Roman pontiff, "tends openly to invest them with a law-giving power of their own, enables them by degrees to throw off all subjection to this realm, and renders them (who by their endless treasons and revolts have deserved to hold no parliament at all, but to be governed by edicts and garrisons) as absolute and supreme in that assembly, as the people of England in their own land."

It was consistent that when John Milton turned to England he should be equally single-minded, equally righteous, equally authoritarian. Those who think of England as essentially disciplined and stable will scarcely be prepared to understand Milton's characterization. It merely proves the naïveté of those Englishmen who ascribe to their race the virtues, if they are virtues, that have come with altered circumstance. "I know not therefore what should be peculiar to England, to make successive parliaments thought safest," declares this advocate of a perpetual senate, "or convenient here more than in other nations, unless it be the fickleness,

which is attributed to us as we are islanders: but good education and acquisite wisdom ought to correct the fluxible fault, if any such be, of our watery situation."

The idea of subjection, utterly repugnant to Milton in his own regard, seemed wholly just and necessary in regard to the Irish. "They who seek nothing but their own just liberty, have always right to win it and to keep it, whenever they have power, be the voices never so numerous that oppose it." So he spoke for his own party. But when the Irish sought liberty they were "a mixed rabble, part papists, part fugitives, and part savages." When authority takes this tone, the Irishman is seldom at a loss to repudiate it. Even today these words of the Cromwellian are potent to arouse an Irishman, to incite him against the detestable, the "horrid insolencies" of such mailed egoism. But it was by no means a tone confined to the republican Milton. One can trace it back through Bacon to the very first chroniclers of Strongbow's invasion.

THE KING JAMES VERSION

In Professor Henry Jones Ford's history of The Scotch-Irish in America there is a quotation from Bacon in regard to the singular favor of Divine Providence by which a work of "supreme pre-eminence" ("the plantation of the great and noble parts of the island of Ireland") had been put in the hand of King James. Bacon owned his view of the wild Irish, their "barbarous laws, customs, their brehon laws, habits of apparel, their poets or heralds that enchant them in savage manners, and sundry other dregs of barbarism and rebellion." The mis-

sion of civilizing the Irish, of bringing light to them and at the same time exporting troublesome Britons, appealed to Bacon. There was, as Lord Ernest Hamilton says, a chance of "quieting the unruly Border country and colonizing Ulster with one and the same stroke." Bacon nursed the project and urged the grandeur of the future "when people of barbarous manners are brought to give over and discontinue their customs of revenge and blood, of dissolute life, and of theft, and of rapine; and to give ear to the wisdom of laws and governments."

This was at the beginning of the seventeenth century. But long before, during the first conquest by Strongbow, Giraldus Cambrensis had come to realize the baneful character of the Irish and Irish institutions. "This race is a race of savages: I say again a race of utter savages. For not merely are they uncouth of garb, but they also let their hair and beards grow to an outrageous length, something like the new-fangled fashion which has lately come in with us. In short, all their ways are brutish and unseemly. . . .

"The Creator has done his part in giving them of His best; but where there is any call for effort on their part they are worthless."

Their matchless skill in instrumental music delighted Giraldus. He discoursed upon it at length but only the more to urge severe government for their light natures. "Whenever, at the promptings of their natural fickleness, they dare to break the peace, immediately all appearance of mildness must be put aside and sharp chastisement follow at once upon the offence." For their villainy and foul du-

plicity are notable. “The Irish are beyond all other nations given to treachery: they hold to their bond with no one. While expecting absolute good faith from others, their own word, their oath, given though it may have been under the most solemn sanctions of religion, they daily violate without shame or fear. So when you have taken the greatest forethought for your protection from danger or from loss by receiving pledges and hostages, when you have firmly, as you think, cemented the obligations of friendships, conferred every kindness in your power, and apparently made all safe with the utmost vigilance, then begin to fear; for then especially is their malice on the watch for its chance, since they foresee that, owing to the very multitude of your precaution, you will not be on the watch yourself.

“Then will they fly to their foul arts, then to the weapons of guile, the use of which they know so well, hoping in your confidence to find their opportunity of striking an unexpected blow.”

THE UNBROKEN TRADITION

Is there any connection between these estimates of the Irish and the task of holding and governing rich colonial territory? So far as barbarism is concerned, the answer is to be taken from historical specialists. The conscientious study of Gaelic culture and early Irish institutions has progressed greatly in the last fifty years, and the more disinterested inquiries leave little doubt, as I understand it, that the men I have quoted were plainly believing what they wanted to believe. In regard to character the marvelous and incredible fact is that the manner of

interpreting the Irish people for official purposes has scarcely wavered in over seven centuries. Thus, in June, 1914, the office of the inspector general of the royal Irish constabulary gave the English chief secretary for Ireland the latest colonization verdict on Irish character: "Obedience to law has never been a prominent characteristic of the people. In times of passion or excitement the law has only been maintained by force, and this has been rendered practicable owing to the want of cohesion among the crowds hostile to the police. If the people become armed and drilled effective police control will vanish."

The Irish people "are easily led, and it is the more incumbent on government to nip lawlessness and disorder in the bud." This is from another police official in the full light of the twentieth century. The habit of generalizing about the Irish is contagious. The royal commission on the 1916 rebellion in Ireland contributed numerous wise reflections, of which I quote the following: "Irishmen no doubt appreciate the maintenance of order, but they appear to have an inveterate prejudice against the punishment of disorder."

These are official opinions passed by the servants of the crown on the people of Ireland. They are still essentially the opinions of colonization. A franker and ruder expression of the same colonization sentiments might be quoted from members of the House of Lords, and from such organs of select opinion as the *Spectator* and *The Quarterly Review*. In recent debates on Ireland noble lords stigmatized the Irish people as lawless, treacherous, untrustworthy, crafty and sordid.

The imperial opinion of the Irish remains constant. In July, 1916, not two years before conscription, the Quarterly Review declared in regard to the recent rebellion, "There have been certain points of resemblance between nearly all Irish rebellions. Hatred not only of England, but of every sort of government, the love of excitement, class jealousies and personal feuds, the romantic ideas of a very much larger number whose one object is gain — these have usually been amongst the causes which have brought rebellion about."

As to "obedience to law" and "the maintenance of order," the intelligent sociologist, as distinguished from the policeman, is under no illusions. A government that packs juries cannot surround political prosecution with the odor of sanctity. Lord Morley recalls the trial of a Donegal priest and some peasants brought to the Queen's county in 1890. In a county where there were 57,000 Catholics out of 65,000 inhabitants the jury contained no Catholics. "Not one of the jurors knew Irish," says Lord Morley, "and not many of the prisoners knew English." It is sufficient comment on the trial to say that when Lord Morley came to Ireland as chief secretary he exercised clemency. "I wrote a letter to Her Majesty," he adds, after noting the unfortunate coincidence of another crime with this release, "for which I shall presently have a return in the shape of a sharp remonstrance about law and order and the peril of letting desperadoes out of prison."

The "lawlessness" of the Irish people has been political lawlessness. The government that packed juries, in such cases, was the real prisoner at the bar.

THE PACKED JURY OF PATRIOTISM

How seriously are we to take the disparaging estimates of the Irish people, to which men like Sir Horace Plunkett have given some countenance? If the disparagements came from complete outsiders, I do not think that they could be dismissed easily. The steady condescension of English writers to the United States — Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold and the rest — may seem to prove that inferiority to Englishmen has for a long time been an unfortunate condition of human existence, but these English who berated America, stuffy as they were, were really not doing much more than returning the current American compliment. No great love was lost between the two peoples during "the hundred years of peace." But the English who hate Ireland — imperialistic English, for the most part — do so for deeper reasons than chagrin and pique. The rebelliousness of the Irish under English rule explains most of this belief in "the licentiousness and ferocity of a rude people." As Franz Oppenheimer has formulated it for the general relation of conquered to conqueror, "In consequence, therefore, of a simple logical inversion, the exploited or subject group is regarded as an essentially inferior race, as unruly, tricky, lazy, cowardly and utterly incapable of self-rule or self-defence, so that any uprising against the imposed dominion must necessarily appear as a revolt against God Himself and against His moral ordinances."

Men like Franz Oppenheimer do not resort to the hypothesis of "race." Oppenheimer willingly ad-

mits that one race is bound to be subjected by another if the aggressors have "a more advanced economic development, possess a more tensely centralized power, a better military organization, and a greater forward thrust." These conditions were fulfilled by England when it conquered Ireland. But, except in so far as England has crippled and perverted Ireland, the "race" argument is pitifully unreal. "The psychology belongs to the stage of development, not to the race!"

It is important to see that this Privat Docent of political sciences in the University of Berlin takes note of the corresponding Germanic pretensions to superiority.

"Those philosophers of history," he says in his book on the State, "who pretend to explain every historic development from the quality of 'races' give as the centre of their strategic position the alleged fact, that only the Germans, thanks to their superior 'political capacity,' have managed to raise the artistic edifice of the developed feudal state. Some of the vigor of this argument has departed, since the conviction began to dawn on them that in Japan, the Mongol race had accomplished this identical result. No one can tell what the Negro races might have done, had not the irruption of stronger civilizations barred their way, and Uganda does not differ very greatly from the empires of the Carolingians or of Boleslaw the Red, except that men did not have in Uganda any 'values of tradition' of mediæval culture: and these values were not any merit of the Germanic races, but a gift wherewith fortune endowed them."

Being a German Jew, Franz Oppenheimer may

not be thought quite disinterested in regard to the possibilities of subject peoples. Allowing for an amusing difference of idiom, the English historian Hallam says practically the same thing. "If Ireland had not tempted the cupidity of her neighbors, there would have arisen in the course of time some Egbert or Harold Haarfager to consolidate the provincial kingdoms into one hereditary monarchy; which, by the adoption of better laws, the increase of commerce, and a frequent intercourse with the chief courts of Europe, might have taken as respectable a station as that of Scotland in the commonwealth of Christendom." Not the commonwealth of Britain, it may be noted, but the commonwealth of Christendom.

THE IMMORTAL RESIDUE

I do not wish to insult the Irish, but suppose, for a moment, that a hundred years ago you had gone for a tour in England and found, among the English élite, a thousand new-born babies, what would have been the effect of a racial transfer? Say that you were an angel; that, like an angel, you had every gift of which a burglar is envious — the power of entering without being seen, and abstracting without being detected. The thousand English mothers fall into a peaceful slumber at your will, and while they dream of Byron and the new poke bonnet you feloniously purloin their babies and replace them by a thousand nice little Kerry babies, picked up between Killarney and Valentia, and wafted to England by a powerful but benevolent west wind. In order to save the gentle Englishwomen from too extreme a surprise, after their recent arduous ex-

perience, it would be necessary to have them quite oblivious of any difference in their babies. This, for a burglar, would be difficult, but for an angel very simple. Titania loved Bottom without any suspicion of his unusually silken ears. These Englishwomen would, for all time, dream a midsummer night's dream. They would turn with glad expectancy to the cradles of 1814 and behold there, with gratified assurance, their darling little English boys and girls. When the proud Briton came home from the magisterial bench, or the cock-fight, or the fox-hunt, or even the Napoleonic wars, he would dandle his son and heir without the slightest suspicion of your trick. This, however, would be only the preliminary. For the perfection of the experiment two other things would be imperative — first, that the whole world, including the little Kerry fry, should be under Titania's optical dispensation; and, secondly, that these changelings should be destined in due time — between 1834 and 1850 — to be guided by your angelic hand, to meet, to mate among each other, to rear their offspring under the same illusion, and so to preserve their racial character under the poetic disguise. You could, then, today, review the grand-children and great grand-children of these original Kerry boys and girls.

The original batch of boys would, of course, have proceeded through Eton and Winchester and similar schools to university. The feminine group would have become accomplished young ladies at home, eventually gracing once-fashionable Bath and Brighton. Started on that plane, where would we find their descendants today? The answer is inescapable. You would find the older ones en-

crusted with years and dignity. Some of them would be among that class whose ideas are ground out for them by the Spectator between the upper millstone of morals and the lower millstone of property. These would be found among the fatter bishops, the Die-Hards in the House of Lords, creatures living on an all-meat diet, creatures living largely on Vichy, squires who have at length disposed of their gloomy town-houses, and gentlemen whose affinity is for beagles. Others would be found who had served in India, who had done well in the army, who had sat on royal commissions, who knew the jungle, who knew Monte Carlo, directors of rubber companies with appropriately elastic shares. Others, no doubt, would have been sifted down. In spite of auntish solicitude, motherly intrigue and fatherly hectoring, they would perforce have concluded that the game of Success was not worth the candle, and would have declined to force their brains to take a trigonometrical, rather than an arithmetical, view of the problems of life. Drink and the devil would account for some: and others, using their wits after losing their annuities, might have sunk to the level of parsons and actors and doctors and journalists and concert-singers. But these would be comparative failures. There is a possibility that the introduction of this Kerry element into English life would have occasioned a coruscation. Of this I am not sure. Had the disguise protected Negroes instead of Irish, I believe they might have enriched and deepened English music, developed English dancing, and given to England a passionnal literature worthy of d'Annunzio. I make no such claim for Kerry, but it is possible

that some of them would have effloresced in a magnificent manner, and added great glory to their empire.

Since the women are so often the men of Ireland, I believe the Kerry girls would have thriven. Would they have upheld the motherly tradition, revelled in pietism, petty bountifulness and Marie Corelli? Yes, but, always in their disguise, I believe they would have taken their part in that keen and passionate life which was so conveniently masked by Victorianism.

ANOTHER ENCHANTMENT

The thousand English babies, however, could not be allowed to turn blue in the cold. Their proper destiny would be Kerry, and the Kerry mothers, ignorant of your substitution, would love, nurture and spank their babies just as humanly as the English upper-class were loving and spanking the Kerry offspring. In due course, without an alien association, memory or tabu, these would also meet, increase, and multiply, thus preparing a beautiful anthropological culture for the scientist of 1914. Half of the progeny would, by this, have departed for the United States, where, today, in ignorance of their blue blood, they would be chewing Wrigley's Spearmint gum. The other half of the transplanted English descendants would be on their "ancestral" estates in Kerry, averaging five or ten acres apiece, and would all be speaking with a perfect Kerry accent. Some of them would be keenly interested in the preservation of Gaelic, the tongue for which their mouths and jaws were formed. Most of them, men and women, would be valiant nationalists, with

a bitter memory of race persecution and eviction. Their memory of hardships would go back at least 700 years, unless they traced their ancestry to the Firbolgians, when they would have a grievance against the Kerrymen, descendants of the cruel Milesian race that exterminated the poor Firbolgs. It would be just luck if one of these transplanted "Kerrymen" did not, in the eviction days, kill his own landlord English brother, or perhaps an original Kerrymen, who had inherited an Irish estate.

All these grafted "Kerrymen" would be good Catholics, especially devoted to Saint Patrick and identifying Catholicity with their "Irish" blood. While their "English" correlates would look down on the lower classes and read the Morning Post, these would look down on the upper classes and read the Weekly Freeman. The "English" group would roll in motors. These would look on motors as the street-arab looks on a machine gun. They would live on uneconomic holdings — a worn carpet of soggy sedge on an obtruding floor of granite — to which they would cling with Gaelic tenacity. They would prefer, that is to say, to stick to a half-submerged raft to drowning in the open sea. They would be poor but prolific, with no better tradition of husbandry than Kerry commonly affords, and would undoubtedly be deemed to lack moral "fibre" in not raising themselves by their boot-straps — provided they were so plutocratic as to wear boots. A few of them would have swum against the stream far enough to reach Maynooth, and would have become fine parish priests. But, whatever they did, short of becoming "Castle Catholics," they would still be "natives."

NATIONAL BEING

So much, in my opinion, does "moral fibre" depend on a given heredity. I agree with Henry Jones Ford that the emphasis should fall on the organization of public authority, not on the make-up of a people. And I venture to take his quotation from Lecky, regarding the measures which "in a few generations raised Scotland from one of the most wretched and barbarous into one of the most civilized and happy nations in Europe." This is Lecky's conclusion, "Invectives against nations and classes are usually very shallow. The original basis of national character differs much less than is supposed. The character of large bodies of men depends in the main upon the circumstances in which they have been placed, the laws by which they have been governed, the principles they have been taught. When these are changed the character will alter too, and the alteration, though it is very slow, may in the end be very deep."

It must be quickly added, that the "alteration" of character follows laws of its own. Woollen underwear probably made all the difference in Wordsworth's nature poetry. Without woollen underwear, he could not have written. But many men have taken to woollen underwear without becoming nature poets. An institution can hatch an egg, but it cannot lay one.

The struggle for institutions of public authority is, however, a sufficient reason for national being, and it is probably in respect of this struggle that a group becomes a nation. Once the struggle is over the nation goes on developing whatever habit and

exhibiting what physiognomy its original grouping made possible; but the mood of patriotism which accompanies the struggle is definitely approximated to the ordering of its institutions. Patriotism is generated to promote a group's struggle for existence. You can make patriotism out of almost anything, provided you have a bit of land and goodwill. Not much land is needed and, after a while, you can subtract the land without impairing the goodwill. Racial characteristics are educed either to promote or to discredit a race's struggle for existence. Thus they vary considerably, according as damages are being claimed or admitted. In maintaining racial characteristics the bellicose patriot is the prime exponent of the will to live. He is an idealist, in the sense that he wants qualities without their defects. If defects are alleged, he either denies them, or attributes them to some evil power beyond his countrymen's control. (In home affairs, he attributes them to a failure on the part of his countrymen to swallow his own patriotic medicine.) In this manner you behold that where a nation is admirable it is wholly responsible, but where it is odious it is powerless. The exact contrary, of course, is the case of an antagonistic nation. That nation is fully responsible for all its odious characteristics. It specializes in odious characteristics. And if, by some prodigy, it seems admirable, it is a merciful dispensation of Providence. It is the bellicose patriot who, in England, used to discern the frog-eating French, or in France, the loutish, drunken English; in Germany, the Russian barbarian, or in Russia the sword-clanking German. Since the racial struggle, patriotically conceived, is always partisan,

the estimates are always partisan. Partisanship does not necessarily require a childish and unreasoning mind. It is just one aspect of the will to live, the primitive competitive aspect, and competition is not, ideally speaking, incompatible with truth. No one, however, pretends that in ferocious and cut-throat competition men remain microscopically truthful. Life, in terms of time, may be supposed to pass through three phases: barbarism, civilization and exhaustion — the will to live, the will to live and let live, and the will to die. In terms of extension it may be supposed to have three exponents: the bellicose patriot, the implicit patriot, and the effete patriot. According to neat diagrams like these, it is possible to be civilized and yet patriotic. But when men are challenged as exhausted and effete, they immediately become, or strive to become, ruthless and imperious. In doing so, they feel wholly justified by the exigencies of competition. Certain deep vital instincts, taking in one's self, one's family, one's class and one's nation, are felt to be stronger and more obligatory than any mere judicious-minded arrangement.

THE PATRIOTIC EFFECTS

This is not wholly undesirable. And it is natural that patriotic partisanship should make the most of racial characteristics. The thing to secure is homogeneity, and the prejudices to tap must be as deep-seated and incorrigible as possible. A certain racial mouth, we are told, is moulded for a certain racial language. A certain racial stomach is devised for certain racial drinks. Racial antagonism, or criticism, accepts these hypotheses, but reacts un-

favorably. Lesions are discovered in the "fibre" of a race, as I have already indicated; certain spiritual tendencies — laziness, unpunctuality, improvidence, fickleness, hastiness of temper, sensitiveness to opposition, vaporish will-power — are detected "in the breed." According as one is solicitous or antagonistic, these traits are marked good or evil, to be attacked or preserved. Since "blood will tell," and the present generation earmark the coming generation, men are urged to safeguard their heritage or strengthen their fibre — in the heroic hope that if sufficient thought is taken the race will gloriously emerge or peaceably subside.

In virtue of Ireland's life-and-death political struggle, in which the terms of national entity and national existence have been in constant dispute, it is natural that her racial characteristics should have been conceived in a more than ordinarily partisan spirit. Those characteristics have, of course, been determined — that is, affirmed — in view of her subordinate relation to England. The native estimate has been shaped under the pains and frustrations of national struggle. The English estimate has been decided by the difficult exigencies of imperial policy. It may be unwelcome to urge too readily that some of the dearest conceptions as to the Irish are political fiction, that the Irish race as deprecated in the Kildare Street Club or as idealized by the second generation of Irish in Chicago has never existed. Fictions they are, yet, libellous or idyllic, they are merely the disguises of a significant and irresistible national struggle.

I do not myself hold with bellicose partisanship.

Nationalism is a divine but maddening liquor, and it ends by driving most reasonable men to prohibition. And the Furor Hibernicus is not soda-water. The danger of nationalism to the Irish people is, in addition, its power to distract Irish will from the realities that press upon it for mastery. It may be admitted today that Ireland excited Norman rapacity, that her conquest was a classic example of wanton aggression, outrage by force. But the wantonness of England's sin against Ireland was not really its violation of Irish independence. It was its failure to satisfy what that independence protected, the consensus of native Irish will. A will in Irishmen which England has not satisfied keeps alive the demand for reparation. It is this, not the onslaught, which generates rage and lament, which keeps reprisal and independence before Irish eyes.

He who sees nations biologically may demur. Life to such a man is still the jungle. Each nation is a being, in which the vulnerable must be prepared to resist or to make disadvantageous peace. Nations, to his mind, know no appeal against trial by battle. The material of which they are composed is not the supposititious human nature of the catechism but the stuff of murder and jealousy, of leaping appetites and sharpened teeth. Slaughtering conflict is the process of selection. The nation is a tragi-comic animal driven by needs which at best it can only sophisticate. Among the plaintive Irish themselves the realist may find no exception to this law. The rulers of the small principalities did not die in their beds. They mounted or fell by competition. The power to compete was the measure of

their competence. And if the Irish suffered yesterday from wanton aggression, the Belgians suffer today, and England and the English may discover its cold logic tomorrow.

Who will deny that this is part of the truth? Man is animal and battle is the animal's process of adjustment. But that process is not completed by physical victory. By memory and imagination man is something more than predatory. Memory and imagination extended in him preserve him in his group estate, and when he falls he retains within him, unlike other animals, an anxious and insistent title to the establishment of his group. If his group fares ill, his memory and imagination remain to be vanquished, and in the degree that exploitation follows on aggression, in that degree is confirmed the title of his lost dominion.

THE DANGER OF PATRIOTISM

It is not the dislocation of national or international adjustments which is the real sin against society. Whether peaceful or violent, painless or painful, dislocation is a necessary condition of change. Goodwill between groups and classes is the balance-wheel of society, but in reaching for new understandings goodwill has often to be forfeited. The justification of the new understanding, however, depends on its power to restore goodwill. And it is in this that mere Might fails.

To start conflict between human groups only one thing is needed — the denial of a common will. The strong nominates himself the interpreter of the weak. He sees his victim as akin to beast or child without a right to a will of his own. If the victim

oppose him, it provides just cause for coercion. Between the two there is no equality. The victim must submit or be destroyed.

If a group is exterminated under the régime of these presumptions there is no political problem, but if the group persists as a group the conqueror is in bad case. His intrusion cruelly denied the existence of a common will between himself and his subject. His presence vividly maintains that denial. In the eyes of his victim he is a demon, implacable, malignant. The concept of will that is necessary to peace is impossible. His expulsion becomes a fixed idea in his victim's mind. Thus conflict generates conflict, the beast in one group consecrates the beast in another. It is instinct to keep up conflict — but the point comes when the intolerance created by aggression rebounds on its victim. The point comes where the one whose adjustments were violated is the one who fails to readjust. That point is reached when, in spite of his character as demon, the aggressor offers restoration and genuinely seeks terms of peace. If the defeated refuse to make these terms, terms that at last recognize their equal will, they too commit themselves eternally to bodily conflict.

To continue forever to deny the possibility of goodwill between peoples in conflict is to declare that battle is the only process by which men can find adjustment. It is to deny that reason can ever place oppressor and oppressed on a common plane. It is to suppose that men learn no lesson from experience. It is to suppose that life is a vicious circle in which outrage must always be repaid in kind.

Liberty and goodwill can be taken away on the

terms of the body. They can be restored on terms of the soul. The side that declines those terms simply returns the battle to the region of biology. To do so is to enslave the present to the past, to make animal combat the decisive factor in human affairs, to proclaim a lost form of independence the only form desirable, to ask for a world in which evolution must defer to every status quo.

Outrage has served one great purpose for the Irish. It has made them self-conscious. It has burned into their memory and imagination the title to their desires. But if they direct those desires against an historic enemy rather than toward a social goal they will stand in the very light of that reconciliation to which their heroic resistance has begun to educate their foe.

THE NEED FOR NATIONALISM

Yet reconciliation can never take place except on grounds that permit the whole people to function. This the English know when they think of German dominance. This the Irish know when they think of English dominance. The principle is equal and irresistible. And the history of mismanagement is too fresh for Irishmen not to feel contentious as to every detail of government. It is for this reason that the most detached of Irishmen must admit and proclaim his nationalism.

Because many deep sentiments, especially the tribal ones such as patriotism, lead to crass irrational partisanship, many persons give them up altogether in the first flush of being socialized. It is a little like aiming to avoid chilblains by the expedient of cutting off one's toes. There is nothing rational

about one's earliest patriotism. If one is born in Green Street one is a Catholic and nationalist. One adores Parnell, detests Joe Chamberlain, Queen Victoria, the English accent, Tommy Atkins. One is even suspicious of afternoon tea. If one is born in Orange Street, on the contrary, one is a Protestant and unionist. The Irish are the dirty Irish and they are priest-ridden. One despises Michael Davitt and admires the subaltern's moustache. One is really interested in Princess Beatrice and is excited when she is about to have a baby. This kind of patriotism is universal and preposterous. It is the bane of humanity. But to give up one's group-relation because of these stupidities is only possible if one is content to take no group responsibility and to decline to have any part in community political life. To be emancipated in some degree from the crasser group-opinion is necessary to any one who wants to think freely. A man's freedom to speculate, in fact, seems to depend on his freedom from immediate responsibility for his native group. But back of all the nonsense of group-opinions there is the stern fact of group-will and group-necessity. And unless one is ready to separate all one's activities from one's inheritance it is necessary at times to take a part in half-rationalized politics, clumsy though the acts of group thought and will.

To be patriotic need not mean that one cling to the ignorant partisanship of one's childhood. It need not even mean that one agrees with or sanctions the behaviour of one's particular ilk. But it does mean that the group-relation is recognized as a vital relation and that issues which are tried out tribally may command a loyalty which is not founded

on ratiocination. Independent intellectual experience is the salt of human conduct. But there is more in life than independent intellectual experience and in a crisis one fails to be cosmopolite. A man discovers himself to be on the side of his group.

To take thought for the group is not inconsistent with accepting it. It is only by that process of ratiocination from inside the patriotic impulse, indeed, that the whole necessary patriotic process can be redeemed.

ITS INESCAPABLE IMPORTANCE

The group in action is not seeking agreement of thought. It is seeking agreement of will. To understand what a practical man is saying, on this account, it is not sufficient to heed his words. His words are uttered with a partisan purpose. It is essential to identify his party and judge its designs. But there is more in politics than the mere clash of wills, the rivalry of party programmes and candidates and meetings and elections, the rivalry of battalions and guns and men. The game itself, whichever side one belongs to, is a concern about which one can speak at large without being partisan. And in speaking of it one may fairly aspire to be honest, though inevitably in sympathy with a definite group.

It is my own belief that the superior brute strength of Britain, with privileges and vested interests at stake, is at the bottom of the trouble in Ireland. Britain has held the scales unevenly and employed its force callously to maintain the unequal scales. The insurrection of 1916, for example, was not inevitable. It came largely from Irish impatience and unreasonableness. But when men suffer

the baffling injustice that is the common fact in Ireland their madness cannot be marvelled at. Men too long baulked in their legitimate dispositions have been guilty of greater madness. To see how Irish dispositions are being baulked and to suggest how those greater madnesses can be avoided are the problems Irish statesmanship must confront.

This attitude is not discernible in the self-interested Englishmen I have quoted, from Milton on. And yet all except the most unidealistic administrators know better today than to obsess themselves with racial or patriotic prejudice. "I am entirely convinced," said a German ethnologist some years ago, "that our late war in South West Africa might easily have been avoided, and that it was simply a result of the disparagement which ruled in the leading circles regarding the teachings of ethnology. Taught by bitter experience, we shall now be compelled to study the native in our colonies, simply because he is the most important product of the soil, which never can be supplanted by any substitute, and must therefore be regarded as absolutely indispensable."

This is a nasty philosophy, but it is better than the blind brutality of Milton's. It would have been well for Milton if he had known and appreciated the other mournful German administrator who said, "Far too little regard was paid to native customs and traditions of life. Instead of studying native law and custom systematically, and regulating administration in each colony according to its peculiar traditions and circumstances, all colonies alike were governed on a sort of *lex Germanica*, consisting of Prussian legal maxims pedantically interpreted in a

narrow bureaucratic spirit by jurists with little experience of law, with less of human nature, and with none at all of native usages."

The evils of this German Machiavellism are not on the surface, but between competent and incompetent Machiavellism the better is the competent. The alternative to such manifestations of self-seeking is an abandonment of imperialism altogether. The spiritual aspects of furious contempt and cold managerial efficiency are both repellent. If greedy colonization has to be undertaken in one or other of these moods, then, as President Wilson has told the world repeatedly, it is imperative that human beings go uncolonized.

V

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT

THE CONTRAST WITH SCOTLAND

SEEING that England is Protestant and Ireland Catholic, it is quite easy to identify Catholic interests with Irish interests and Protestant interests with English interests. This is one of the simplest ways to misunderstand Ireland. Influential above everything else in the destiny of Ireland, the power of Rome has been not infrequently exercised in conjunction with the power of England, contrary to the desires and aspirations of radical Irishmen. The popular allegiance to Catholicism has undoubtedly helped to keep Ireland national. The policy of Catholicism has undoubtedly helped to keep it national unsuccessfully. This intricate contest between the three influences — the papal, the English, the national,— deserves much more consideration than it usually receives. It is too simple to speak of Ireland as "priest-ridden." It is too simple (though so convenient that we all do it) to speak of Catholic Ireland as synonymous with nationalist Ireland. England has made much of Ireland's Catholicism in intimating the difficulty of ruling Ireland. But often "Catholicism" has been a synonym for vassalage. The common people in Ireland have never ceased to be the sport of economic forces masquerading as religious, and religious

forces intruding into the political. The complexity of this tournament demands an excursion into history — where one does so often detect the thumb prints of visitants who leave no trace of themselves elsewhere outside their contumelious deeds.

People often wonder, for example, why the Scotch-English conflict and the Irish-English conflict should have worked out to such different conclusions. There was nothing different in the antagonisms. In both cases there was a conflict of will. In both cases there was a recourse to force. But in Scotland's case the people were already trustified, so to speak, on the national issue, while the Irish had not, as yet, assumed mastery of their fate. The clue is religious.

It was Scotland's fortune to have had a greedy and lecherous priesthood. Delegates of the divine Emperor, they pursued not only his interest but their own. They were, in the crudest sense, men of this world. For a long time the Scotch submitted to the church in perfect faith, but gradually the church took on the character of a foreign body, and the effort to expel that foreign body precipitated national consciousness. The people made a choice between obedience to their hierarchy and obedience to what they considered their own material and spiritual good. The choice became practically unanimous. It gave the people unity of interest, and led them to organize their will in gaining control of the church. In this coordination they attained their political majority.

When the English made onslaught on the Scotch they discovered a people who had found themselves. They could not be divided to be conquered. The

result was a self-respecting compromise. It was a long while before the Scotch really trusted the English. Being considerably weaker, they were considerably suspicious. But England had the tact to conciliate Scotland. It had been beaten often enough by Scotland to respect its power, and although, as Charles Lamb so amusingly illustrates, there was a great deal of racial prejudice and mutual contempt, the union was respected on both sides, and the result was a genuine United Kingdom.

The Irish contingency came earlier. It was Ireland's fortune to possess a priesthood which also was greedy if not lecherous. The divine Emperor ruled Ireland through delegates of great political power. Religion coordinated the Irish, as it co-ordinated the Scotch, but it coordinated them on an ultramontane basis. The centre of their being was outside Ireland — politically, in Rome. When, therefore, the clergy and nobles of Ireland held their third national council and sought to repress simony and usury, to enforce the payment of tithes, and to "put down robbery and rape and bad morals and evils of every kind," the Irish were unable, like the Scotch, to discount the charges. They accepted the Imperial indictment, which gave Henry II his excuse to come to Ireland "to reform and build up the Catholic Faith, which had fallen down in Ireland."

You have, then, the contrast between a people undertaking its reformation from within, involving the rejection of external authority; and a people whose reformation was undertaken from without, involving the affirmation of external authority.

The result, at first, was politically unimportant.

Eventually the presence of the English in Ireland precipitated national consciousness, and the Irish, like the Scotch, "found themselves" in the effort to expel a foreign body. It is one thing, however, for a people to coordinate in aggression, another thing to coordinate in defence. It is one thing to marry because you want to, another thing to marry because you have to. Ireland's misfortune was that an international issue, not a national issue, brought her into political being. Her nationalism was born out of wedlock — politically an illegitimate child.

IRELAND A NATION

It is, I believe, asserted that Ireland had already become "one and indivisible" before the Norman invasion. This is scarcely true. The Irish nobles in the pre-Norman period were a race of petty supermen. Like all simple people they were religious, but they were still, in the constitutional sense, barbarians. They had not achieved the will to live and let live. They believed, that is to say, in adjusting social conflict by force. Much of that conflict was created by incursive Northmen but most of it was due to their own decentralization. There is not an Irish county which has not been drenched in the blood of one set of Irishmen slain by another set of Irishmen. In all that halcyon period when Ireland was supposed to be an island of saints and doctors the Irish were engaged in the perfectly normal occupation of that evolutionary stage — a life of perhaps glorious but also exceedingly ferocious and bloodthirsty competition. Religion existed. Men believed in God as children believe in God. But while He was Ireland's High-King, He stood

for faith, not for civil morality. And, after a short period of religious zeal, the clergy joined with a will in the martial exploitations. Those who have read Geoffrey Keating's seventeenth century history, whether in Gaelic or English, can have no illusions as to the war-loving life of clergy and laity alike. On this point, all views are one. "The clan system, in fact, applied down to the eighth or ninth century almost as much to the clergy as to the laity, and with the abandonment of Tara, and the weakening of the High-Kingship, the only power which bid fair to override feud and faction was got rid of, and every man drank for himself the intoxicating draught of irresponsibility, and each princeling became a Cæsar in his own community." So says Dr. Douglas Hyde. The clergy, like the laity, had the will to live, and sought power by barbaric means.

One aspect of the state is force. In Ireland that force was split up into warring units, each used for personal aggrandizement with unblushing constancy. The clan system was essentially combative, favored by a clergy that itself divided to conquer. It is fondly alleged that there was something democratic in the method by which chieftains were selected — on the basis of personal prowess rather than hereditary right. No method was more designed to promote combat. It was the result of a life without centralization and without money economy, an intensely emulative life. A dynasty was impossible in a country where, in a sense quite contrary to Bernard Shaw's, "the golden rule was that there was no golden rule."

One or two of the Irish kings had glimmerings of a national state. They used their overwhelming

force to compel coordination. They assumed the imperial prerogative, and were cruel to be kind. But so invincible was the separatism that preceded a money economy, so unmitigated the individualism of the local clans, so ungoverned their animosities, and so subordinate the civic to the religious allegiance, that the princelings resisted all coordination. No Bismarck was at hand in early Ireland, to cure force by more force, and the clans remained private-minded so long as their system remained.

In this failure to coordinate there is nothing, of course, peculiarly Gaelic. And had Ireland been protected from colonization by a Monroe doctrine, as the unruly South American republics have been protected, it would in time have developed its autonomy. As it was, it possessed considerable amenity of life. Its architecture was attaining dignity. Its art was developing. Its music was accomplished. Its poetry and literature, needing even less concentrated wealth for their fostering, were highly advanced. A national personality was emerging out of the clan system, as the clan personality had emerged out of nomad tribalism, and as the tribal personality had emerged out of what historians delight to assert was a cannibalistic individualism. But the intervention of the Norman, under the aegis of Rome, searched out the weakness of the Gael. Politically speaking, it was lamentable that the Norman had not come earlier, or later. Had he come earlier, at the incipiency of Irish self-consciousness, he might have successfully aborted it. Had he come later, he would have been obliged to make terms with it. As it was, he measured the Irish by himself, concluded them inferior and per-

verse, and started early on the royal road of coercion.

THE PREDATORY ENGLISH

When we look back on England's treatment of subjected Ireland, we are commonly tempted to regard the Irish as lambs and the English as wolves. This view is favored in Ireland. It can only be maintained, however, by having one criterion for England and another for Ireland. There was nothing lamblike about early Irish history, and I submit that the early Irish chieftains were genuinely predatory. Had they extruded the invaders, and gone on in the natural development of maritime power it is extremely likely that, in due course, they would have returned the Norman-English compliment. Raids and forays were in their character. It therefore seems sentimental, to say the least, to hinge a case against England on Ireland's saintly and inoffensive character. It is charming to believe that butter would not melt in the ancient Irish mouth, but no one who has ever been a member of a contemporary Irish organization can accept this pretty fiction. Misfortune may have increased the irascibility of Irish genius, but there is evidence that Ireland always had its Tim Healy's and William O'Briens, either as irresponsible princelings, Cæsars in their own community, or else satiric bards who lampooned for a living. It was not Irish inoffensiveness that made its subjection unfair. A people so incisively individual could never have been inoffensive.

And, if the Irish leaders were never particularly lamblike, neither were the English particularly lupine. To impute any special viciousness to the

English character, to suppose them base and inhuman is patently absurd. The experiment seduced them, as it has seduced every other empire that countenanced enslaving colonization.

It is easy, now, to say that the English came under a religious cloak on a secular expedition, and so abused the Irish confidence. But, while this betrayal occurred, it does not exculpate the Irish. It is simple and beautiful to put one's fate in the hands of Providence, to regard one's armed visitors as ambassadors of the divine. But this world, as the church well knows, is a theatre of war, not a young ladies' seminary. The English violated Irish independence. Their initial insincerity is still a living and potent tradition. But it never would have occurred but for Ireland's dependence on Rome—a political naïveté, a political ineptitude.

Up to a certain point, then, Ireland's fortune was the fortune of war. In Ireland's history it is known that self-seeking was the general rule, and that the strong men sought to overcome, and did overcome, their weaker brethren, and treated them with no particular sweetness or reasonableness. Personal aggrandizement was considered just as fair then, in the military sphere, as it is now, in the economic sphere, and the man who could not fight was regarded as a dastard, a fool or a saint. The Irish were not saints. Neither were they dastards. But they allowed an enemy to entrench himself in their midst, to whom they had to give in, or from whom they had to stand out—a problem as bitter as death, and incurred in immaturity.

In electing to stand out, the Irish proved their vitality and incivility. It was a serious course to

pursue, fraught with permanent consequences in body and spirit. A great statesmanship could have redeemed it, time after time, an ability in the English to sacrifice their own ambitions and to bend all their talents to reconstruction. But through centuries of rule the English lacked the disinterestedness of statesmanship. Resenting Ireland's incivility, they started on the doomed policy of coercion, leaving exploitation unremitting. Before long, a grievance was established of the bitterest kind, which now makes old England, like a reformed seducer in one of Hardy's novels, wish that the victim and responsibility for the victim were buried at the bottom of the sea. The measure of the wrong done to Ireland is the hatred of Ireland generated in the heart of the English and Anglo-Irish governing class.

THE WAR OF CHICANE

So far I have had little need to mention religion. The worst difficulty of ruling Ireland often appears to be religious, but the religious virus did not occasion difficulty from the beginning because as the Protestant Edmund Burke irrefutably explained, "the spirit of the popery laws, and some even of their actual provisions, as applied between Englishry and Irishry, had existed in that harassed country before the words Protestant and papist were heard of in the world." Burke recognized the evils of the colonization of Ireland, and the bending of "law" to that end.

"All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression," Burke continues, "which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered

people; whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke. They were not the effect of their fears but of their security. They who carried on this system looked to the irresistible force of Great Britain for their support in their acts of power. They were quite certain that no complaints of the natives would be heard on this side of the water with any other sentiments than those of contempt and indignation. Their cries served only to augment their torture. Machines which could answer their purposes so well must be of an excellent contrivance. Indeed, in England, the double name of the complainant, Irish and papists (it would be hard to say which singly was the most odious) shut up the hearts of everyone against them. Whilst that temper prevailed, and it prevailed in all its force to a time within our memory, every measure was pleasing and popular, just in proportion as it tended to harass and ruin a set of people who were looked upon as enemies to God and man; and, indeed, as a race of bigoted savages who were a disgrace to human nature itself."

With the advent of William of Orange, the oppressed became fully identified with Catholicism, and thereafter the animus of Irish life was virulently sectarian. Those who explain everything by innate characteristics may see something more than accident in the Catholicism of the common Irish; the whole history of Ireland will even seem hideously appropriate taken in the light of "the ungodly ethics of the papacy, the Inquisition, the Casuists." But it is pardonable to return to Edmund Burke before admitting this easy reflex from continental history. Burke proclaimed in one phrase what the microscope

of Lecky's long history has corroborated, that "it is injustice, and not a mistaken conscience, that has been the principle of persecution." "From what I have observed," Burke amplified, "it is pride, arrogance, and a spirit of domination, and not a bigoted spirit of religion, that has caused and kept up those oppressive statutes."

In his famous letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, written from Beaconsfield in 1792, Burke summed up the character of the ferocious penal laws that ground the common Irish into slaves, in the eighteenth century. "You hated the old system as early as I did," Burke said to this Protestant advocate of Catholic enfranchisement. "Your first juvenile lance was broken against that giant. I think you were even the first who attacked the grim phantom. You have an exceedingly good understanding, very good humour, and the best heart in the world. The dictates of that temper and that heart, as well as the policy pointed out by that understanding, led you to abhor the old code. You abhorred it, as I did, for its vicious perfection. For I must do it justice: it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance; and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

The "principles of the Revolution" of 1688, as Burke well knew, were declared to preclude Catholic citizenship; as the principles of the United Kingdom have since so steadily been declared to preclude

home rule. Burke scorned the dishonesty of this subterfuge. "To insist on everything done in Ireland at the Revolution, would be to insist on the severe and jealous policy of a conqueror, in the crude settlement of his new acquisition, as a *permanent* rule for its future government. . . . The Protestants settled in Ireland consider themselves in no other light than that of a sort of colonial garrison, to keep the natives in subjection to the other state of Great Britain. The whole spirit of the revolution in Ireland, was that of not the mildest conqueror. In truth, the spirit of those proceedings did not commence at that era, nor was religion of any kind their primary object. . . . The true revolution to you, that which most intrinsically and substantially resembled the English revolution of 1688, was the Irish revolution of 1782," when the Irish volunteers procured Grattan's independent parliament.

Catholicism did not start the Irish conflict, but when the common Irish remained Catholic, it gave the garrison a fulcrum for Irish persecution. Sir Hercules Langrishe and his friends enabled the better-off Catholics to vote in 1793, but the Catholics were not emancipated at the union, and the broken pledge of Pitt was not redeemed till poor Wellington had to placate O'Connell in 1829. One can guess the size of the "commodious bugbear," the pope, by recollecting that Wellington himself was immediately accused of "insidious designs to introduce popery"; and, on the field of Battersea, fought an exceedingly comic duel with Lord Winchelsea, to avenge the slander. "Wellington fired wide, Winchelsea in the air, and an apology was given in writing on the ground and publicly"—an apology which

the noble Winchelsea had ready in his hat. But the emancipation of Catholics, needed as it was, did not remove the economic irritant of the established church. That irritant kept Ireland in a state of monstrous inflammation until the act of 1869. The economic hardship of it is well summarized by J. A. Froude. "The wealthy Protestant grass farmers ought to have been the first to bear the expense of the Protestant church. They paid nothing at all. [Pasture lands were exempted.] The cost of the Establishment fell, in the south, exclusively on the poorest of the Catholic tenantry. The Munster cottier paid seven pounds a year for his cabin and an acre of potato ground. The landlord took his rent from him in labour, at fivepence or sixpence a day; the tithe farmer took twelve to twenty shillings from him besides, and took in addition from the very peat which he dug from the bog a tithe called in mockery 'smoke money.' "

The grievance may seem slight now, though the amount of the Irish land commission's receipts, from 1869 to 1913 (£41,630,449), suggests the size of the vested interest before the landlordism of the church was abolished. The establishment in truth was a social ulcer. Almost immediately after emancipation the tithe war began, a war of merciless exaction and terrific reprisal. Sometimes the cow of the Catholic priest would have to be seized by the tithe proctor. The result was almost invariably a frantic peasant resistance. In 1832 there were 242 homicides. The police, all of whom were Protestants at that time, reinforced by 32,000 military, were constantly employed in aiding the Protestant clergy in collecting their tithes. An archdeacon was

stoned to death, a process-server murdered in Kilkenny; at Knocktopher, the home of the Langrishes, eleven policemen were killed and seventeen wounded in an affray in 1831. In 1832 there was a police massacre of peasants near Rathkeeran, County Waterford; another pogrom at Wallstown; in 1834, "the slaughter of Rathcormac." This warfare, narrated in detail by Mr. Locker Lampson in his *Ireland in the Nineteenth Century*, went far to intensify fear and animosity in the country, to pave the way for agrarian crimes in the next generation, and to strengthen the evil habit of governmental reprisal. Almost nothing was too bad to be believed of the Catholic peasantry. The Protestant "garrison" lived in terror, and "the whore of Babylon" was properly berated, especially when a rare administrator, Mr. Thomas Drummond, came to allow Catholics to be policemen, to prevent magistrates celebrating massacres, and to declare that "property has its duties as well as its rights."

This liberal tendency was thought shocking. In the "garrison" Ireland of that period everything evil was usually ascribed to the "baneful influence of popery," and it is necessary to remember that the murders of 1798 seldom left the mind of the good Protestant. "I am in Wexford," wrote a charming evangelist Miss Charlotte Elizabeth in 1837, "in a place where blood cries from the ground with a mighty and terrible voice." Miss Elizabeth believed that "the turbulent Irish papist, employed in cutting turf from a bog, may himself be as effectually reclaimed, improved, and rendered fruitful in all good things as the bog itself frequently is." But not while popery persisted. Miss Elizabeth raised

mournful eyes to “the great curse of Ireland, the foul blot of England’s unrighteous legislation—Maynooth,” the Catholic theological seminary. “Take away popery, and Ireland as she ought to be will stand out in all the beauty that is now shrouded in corruption; all the capabilities that are now perverted to the very worst purposes. Bring to the Lord the offering of the rescued people.”

“Nothing is stationary: nobody is neutral. Bind the victim hand and foot, and fling her yet more hopelessly into the iron furnace of Rome: deal blow upon blow at the Protestant church, and heap insult upon insult on the Protestant people: banish the Bible from every school, or mutilate according to the worst approved Popish and Socinian patterns; leave the native tongue of the most untamed millions among the aborigines, to be used by the Romish priesthood as an unfailing instrument for exciting them to sedition and sanguinary outrage; do all this, and as much more as you please, under the false colours of liberalism, and the false cant of ‘useful knowledge.’ The result is soon told: you sow the wind and shall reap the whirlwind.”

Miss Elizabeth’s one consolation was the established church. “Who can contemplate the spectacle of her Christian clergy, maintaining their arduous post against every discouragement in the midst of persecution, affliction, and distress; of a Protestant community, continuing stedfast in loyalty under all the varied trials of centuries past, and still holding the land for those who give them neither thanks nor support, without the strongest emotions of sympathy, admiration, and respect?”

It is only when you read Miss Charlotte Eliza-

beth on the evils of popery that you forget the tithe law and understand the proselyting soup-kitchens of the great famine. But the effort of the priesthood "to rivet the fetter of papal domination on the necks of the poor" worked not at all the way this lady imagined, so far as sedition and outrage were concerned. This is perhaps the one anomaly of modern Ireland which most requires to be explained.

PRIEST-RIDDEN?

The word "priest-ridden" is not unknown to Americans. The conflict between the Catholic church and the English government, indeed, is perhaps the most fixed underlying conception in regard to Ireland, and perhaps the most disturbing to the conscientious outsider. Unhappy thoughts of Quebec, of an ignorant population and an implacable clergy, fall like shadows across the hopes of the true republican. So long as a separatist body is so powerful as the church, a body offering irreducible opposition to the ideals of the liberal state, it is practically impossible for such liberals to think of Ireland with equanimity.

This stubborn conflict is largely a phantasm. If the Catholic church in Ireland were as nationalistic as all this, the fate of Ireland would certainly be complicated; but the efforts of the English government to do business with the Catholic hierarchy, irrespective of the desires and needs of the radical Irishman, have been attended with considerable, even remarkable, success. Individual Catholic prelates have shown strong patriotic spirit on occasion. Individual priests have died with weapons in their hands, rebel leaders and inciters to rebellion. But

the main record of the Catholic hierarchy is a record of smooth self-seeking, with the interests of Ireland discreetly subordinated. The hierarchy, as is well known, favored the union between Ireland and England, with the promise of Catholic emancipation to soothe them. The hierarchy submitted to the English government's veto on their own membership and but for Daniel O'Connell's hullabaloo would have confirmed that veto. The hierarchy condemned Fenianism, stood by the landlords and rent-collecting at the time of the great famine, and obeyed the landlord embassy at Rome in taking an early stand against Parnell. Sir Robert Peel did not apply to Gregory XVI in vain, and when Gladstone desired to have priests "silenced," he was allowed to take the ear of the vatican between his palms. The "plan of campaign," an anti-landlord programme, was denounced by the papacy. As a companion to these compliances, the church extended its control of primary education and won the pious approval of the Catholic Tories of England. The quid pro quo inflamed the proselyters, as Miss Charlotte Elizabeth attests, but the English government had by that time come to find manipulation more convenient than antagonism.

PLAYING THE GAME

No Protestant government is incapable of practical arrangements with the Catholic church. The late Freiherr von Bissing, governor-general of Belgium, left his instructive programme for the manipulation of the church in Belgium. "Church questions in Belgium," he wrote in 1917, "have often been described as extremely serious. I admit that

precisely the Germanic provinces of Belgium, which once defended their Protestantism so heroically, are today far more convinced adherents of the Catholic church than are the easily-moved Walloons; any German statesman who is appointed to control the German administration in Belgium must realize that Catholicism is, and will remain, a strong and living force in Belgium, and that among the most important requirements for successful German work is an intelligent regard for the Catholic church and its disciples.

“The problem of our influence upon the schools can be solved in agreement with the clergy, if obligatory religious teaching is introduced in the same way as the general obligation to attend school; there are a number of points of contact and agreement between the future German administration and the Catholic clergy, which must learn more and more to understand that the Catholic church enjoys, and can enjoy, under the power of Germany, protection quite different from that which it will have if Belgium, under French influence, turns towards a completely Radical philosophy.”

The German, as usual, manages to promote decency by making his practical politics sound so cut-throat; but without any pronounced heel-clicking a policy quite similar has often been pursued in Ireland. Up to 1880, certainly, there was no marked success in the efforts of the Catholic hierarchy to get educational favor from the English government. Before the emancipation, as Father Corcoran’s admirable study shows (*State Policy in Irish Education, 1536-1816*), the one idea of Irish education was brutal proselytizing, and that purpose distracted

the national school system long after general religious and secular teaching was put into effect in 1831. But by 1880 the common schools were assimilated to sectarianism. Schools where Catholics and Protestants mingled had been largely eliminated, with the Presbyterian clergy and the Catholic priesthood managers of their respective segregate schools. While cherishing this great object, the hierarchy could scarcely afford to antagonize the government, and nationalists like Michael Davitt made no secret of their impatience with the bishops. "A very few of them are moderate Nationalists," he said contemptuously in 1904. "The majority are, if the truth were known, more against than for home rule."

All through the nineteenth century the opposite had been readily supposed by outsiders, but almost every test has clearly revealed the hierarchy's obedience to "law and order" and their response to England's intervention at Rome. Certainly up to the present war the vatican has yielded to many English suggestions and counsels. Sometimes, as in the case of Wellington's friend, Dr. Patrick Curtis, an English foreign secretary has actually secured the appointment of the Catholic primate, but usually the English government has acted through Rome itself. "The interferences of Rome in Irish affairs of a non-religious nature," declared Michael Davitt, "have been invariably antagonistic and injurious, either in their direct motives or indirect consequences. . . . The secular or political effects upon Ireland of Roman intervention have generally been selfish, short-sighted, or unfair." The flagrant attempt to stop land agitation was of course uppermost in Davitt's mind.

One might suppose that during the tithe war or during the great famine the clergy would have led the people to assert themselves. Mr. Locker Lampson cites strong opinions to the contrary. "The Roman Catholic clergy, as a body," declared Goldwin Smith in regard to the tithe war, "were perfectly blameless; not only so, but in spite of the terrible temptations to play the demagogue under which they were placed by the iniquity of the code, they arrayed themselves on the side of the law. Their own dues were, in fact, sometimes the object of attack, as well as the tithes of the Protestant parsons." Palmerston was quite certain that the clergy were fanning discontent in 1847, and he sent Lord Minto to assure the vatican that "at present in Ireland misconduct is the rule, and good conduct the exception in the Catholic priests, and that their general attitude was disgraceful, instigatory to murder and disorder." What more could the demagogue hope for? But Lord Clarendon, the viceroy, belied Palmerston. "With respect to the priests, I must again report that, as a body, there is not in the world a more zealous, faithful, hardworking clergy, and most of the older priests are friendly to order, to education, and to the general improvement of the people. There are, however, some unfortunate exceptions, but it is among the younger clergy, the curates and coadjutors, that the real mischief-makers are to be found."

MAKING MISCHIEF

Mischief-maker is a relative term, as is "general improvement." What Lord Clarendon meant, of course, was that the clergy were not making mis-

chief for the viceroy. They were, at the same time, playing havoc with the starving peasantry during the great famine. We know that when the potato crop failed the grain crop did not fail, that the landlords took the grain crop for their rent, that vastly more grain was exported for sale than was imported for charity, and that the priests authorized and urged this rent-paying. An eye-witness, John Mitchel, tells what this meant. "At the end of the six years, I can set down these things calmly; but to see them might have driven a wise man mad. There is no need to recount how the assistant barristers and sheriffs, aided by the police, tore down the roof-trees and ploughed up the heaths of village after village — how the quarter acre clause laid waste the parishes, how the farmers and their wives and little ones in wild dismay, trooped along the highways — how in some hamlets by the seaside, most of the inhabitants being already dead, an adventurous traveller would come upon some family eating a famished ass — how maniac mothers stowed away their dead children to be devoured at midnight. . . . — how the 'law' was vindicated all this while; how the Arms Bills were diligently put in force, and many examples were made; how starving wretches were transported for stealing vegetables by night; how overworked coroners declared they would hold no more inquests; how Americans sent corn, and the very Turks, yea, Negro slaves, sent money for alms; which the British government was not ashamed to administer to the 'sister country'; and how, in every one of these years, '46, '47, and '48, Ireland was exporting to England, food to the value of fifteen million pounds sterling, and had on her own soil at each harvest, good and ample

provision for double her own population, notwithstanding the potato blight."

The peasants obeyed the older priests, "friendly to order," but there was a limit even to this "priest-ridden" obedience. When, after the famine of 1879-1880, the Parnell movement began to show the peasants a way out, the church tried once to interfere in the interests of order and property. In 1883 Rome commanded the clergy to boycott the Parnell testimonial. Up to that time £12,000 had been subscribed. The pope's manifesto was read to the people, with the effect that the dribbling subscriptions swelled to a torrent, and £39,000 was presented to Parnell. This was one of those papal efforts "to curb the excited feelings of the multitude" that misjudged the degree to which the Irish are docile. I am speaking here, of course, of nationalist docility. There is a municipal docility on which the priests have generally been able to count.

A special study of vatican politics might reveal the source of many strange variations in the action of the Irish hierarchy. The one thing certain, however, is the special character of the church's interest in Irish politics. Sometimes it coincides with the interest of the majority of the people. More often it is narrowly interpreted, either with a view to a particular object to be gained from England or with a view to obeying the able English Tories at the vatican. It is never disinterestedly patriotic, despite the warm allegiance of the Irish people. Where it seems to be most "nationalistic," the nationalism is subordinate, except among the less institutionalized younger clergy.

THE PROBLEM OF AUTHORITY

This may sound like an intransigent interpretation, obeying an Irishman's supposed bias against law and authority. That would be foolish. Without authority, organization is impossible. The man who resists authority, as such, foregoes civilization. There can no more be civilization without obedience than there can be clocks without screws. Nor is organization possible without items of injustice. The man who disowns authority the minute he experiences injustice is a child. No organization can be a perfect expression of personal will. No authority can stop to consult the personal preferences of all its members. Even a picnic involves disagreeable subordinations. And when the thing to be built is, say, a Panama Canal, not a sylvan bonfire, the very job itself requires sacrifice. If people are unwilling to make sacrifices for a useful common object, they merely choose a permanent enslavement to circumstance rather than a temporary enslavement to purpose. Like a child, they put wilfulness before will.

But what sanctifies authority is the common object it subserves. And the great danger in church authority is clearly its desire to substitute its special for the common will. To get momentum, authority is absolutely obliged to resist certain kinds of interference. It is obliged to demand a free hand. But the unbridled will is exactly the mark of the despot, and when authority is allowed to assert its own limitless and irrevocable will, the man who accepts it is a slave. Authority may seek obedience as lovingly as a parent. It may persuade itself that it has the common object in mind. But once it grows to judge

for its children without hindrance in its own field, it will feel able to extend the field. The appetite of authority is greedy. Its sophistries are incalculable. Its only formidable foe is democracy, which insists that all government must derive from the consent of the governed.

With these platitudes in mind, it should be easy to understand the Irish attitude toward authority. There is no hatred for "law" in the passion for home rule. Only a country of slaves could submit to Crown Colony government. All through Ireland, one is reminded of the insolence, the entrenched and armored insolence, of Dublin Castle. With no power to qualify or revise the authority of the bureaucracy, with no power to use government for the purposes of local welfare except it pleased the whim of authority, Ireland has seethed and writhed and cursed like a tortured child. When Dublin Castle meant well, it found no goodwill in the country. Centuries of despotism had destroyed goodwill. The deepest hatred exists today, although latent, for the authority of Dublin Castle.

But unbridled will is not confined in Ireland to Dublin Castle. The people who hate Dublin Castle were obliged to find an organization of their own, an organization of national will. They developed this organization in the parliamentary party. And the parliamentary party, devoted to the common object of home rule, soon developed the greedy appetite of authority. Being an organization of popular will, with a careful system of delegates, it has extended its field over all popular activity, and done its best to destroy free thought. To secure immunity from this monster, every other organization is

constrained to declare itself non-sectarian and non-political — to begin by protesting its innocence. But thought leads to will, and the parliamentarians have undoubtedly striven to destroy free thought. Thus there is the spectacle of parliamentary interference with every organization that asserts its independence. The trepidation of Dr. Douglas Hyde, when president of the Gaelic League, was one of the typical results of overweening parliamentarianism. For years the parliamentary party took the suspicious attitude toward the Gaelic League that a publican would take toward a confectioner. They regarded subscription to the Gaelic League as money filched from their war-chest, energy diverted from their sacred cause. The Abbey Theatre was another victim of political despotism. The Abbey Theatre dared to fiddle while the parliamentarians burned. Culture was a political irrelevance.

But if the parliamentarians asserted dominance over poets and philologists, they had a rival in the ruling genius of the Catholic church. Free thought was discouraged by the politicians for tactical reasons. It has long been discouraged by the contemporary leader of the hierarchy, on principle. Any man who dared to disagree with this prince of the church was treated with the brutality of a strong man spoiled by sycophants, parasites and cowards. In him there was an insolence worse than the insolence of Dublin Castle. A bull in Ireland's intellectual china shop, he snorted, bellowed and raged at the very existence of a thought not his own. Most churchmen oppose opinion indirectly. The Irish cardinal was a professed and truculent obscurantist. To the episcopal palace he translated the tactics of

a tyrannical peasant dealing with dependent children. It was once said that a group of railroad directors without J. P. Morgan were like cows without a bull. The leader of the prelates has had much the same relation to his colleagues in Ireland. When he tried to gore Sir Horace Plunkett, there was no man amongst them to say one disinterested word. The truth meant nothing to him. If it meant anything to any of the others, they said nothing — merely trembled in their petticoats.

It is this aspect of authority, if no other, that makes the ultramontane character of Irish Catholicism so serious. But loyalty is not likely to permit any contumacy or modernism until there is no further constitutional use for the solid Catholic majority in Ireland. It is the absence of home rule that has saved the church from anti-clericalism. Once home rule is established the church must be prepared for a new mood in Ireland.

PART III CONSEQUENCES

You read her as a land distraught,
Where bitterest rebel passions seethe.
Look with a core of heart in thought,
For so is known the truth beneath.
She came to you a loathing bride,
And it has been no happy bed.
Believe in her as friend, allied
By bonds as close as those who wed.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

VI

THE ECONOMIC LEGACY

BURYING THE PAST

NEARLY everything that has been said, so far, belongs to the past, and it seems uncharity to dwell upon it. Among nations that are united today, either by amity or by law, there are many that were once in murderous opposition, sundered by declared war or by revolution. No history could be more bloody than that of England and Scotland, and yet the most loyal Scot thrilling to the name of Wallace or heartened by the thought of Bruce is just as ready to die for Britain as a Percy. England and the United States rise above remote conflict and recent friction. England and France make common cause. It is in the character of nations, as of persons, to end quarrels and compose differences, and let the dead bury the dead. To refuse to do this, to cling to grievance, is not merely morbid and vicious; it violates the social principle and prohibits sanity.

It would not be difficult to make a long list of modern Irishmen who, within the British empire, have found it entirely possible to have honorable careers. Leave aside such Protestant Irishmen as have come to the top in the British army and navy—descendants of the colonization even if, as in the case of Wellington or Lord Roberts, their families had been in Ireland for hundreds of years. Leave aside

such Protestant Irishmen as Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats and John Synge and Oscar Wilde and A. E. and that celebrated Episcopalian convert (or is it Anabaptist?) George Moore. There is still a notable list, Irish and papist, of men who found that their heredity was no fatal barrier within the empire. Lord Charles Russell of Killowen, Lord MacDonnell of Swinford, Sir Gavan Duffy, Sir William Butler, are among the first to drift into the mind, men promoted to high office within the governmental scheme itself and not at the cost of disavowing nationality or religion.

Why is it, then, that Irish nationalists scorn the suggestion of Sir Horace Plunkett — Irish history is a thing for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget? Why is it that the past, the musty past, is a living reality for Irishmen, a memory with a sabre tooth? Is it Celtic contrariness, or Celtic mystery, or Celtic twilight? Why do Irishmen insist on the past? Careers await them within the empire. The empire itself awaits them, as it awaited the Scotchman. Why do they not reach out the fraternal hand?

THE ENGLISHMAN SETS HIS JAW

The answer is, of course, partly psychological. For all his great gifts, the greatest gift of the Englishman is not putting himself in the alien's place, and at any moment he is likely to revive all the past by some act of stupid and unimaginative selfishness. But a deeper explanation than this must be brought forward. The absence of considerateness is a hard fact of life; it is not only what every Irishman knows

but what every Chinook knows, one of the grim proofs of man's "inherent vice." There is a more concrete reason why the past is a living reality in Ireland. It is the effect in practice, sustained and persistent and inflammatory, of English privilege and self-preference in Ireland. If the harmful consequences of the past were not tenderly nursed and protected, there would be no Irish question today. But while the Englishman often makes the most adequate acknowledgments of the sins of his grandfathers, he does so in the persuasion that verbal atonement suffices. The grubbing act of restitution, the tedious amendment of the past in terms of present advantage and present increment, is always slowly undertaken and is frequently beyond his comprehension; so that the more impatient Irishman calls him a hypocrite and wishes him tortured in hell. It is astounding to a good Englishman, ready to admit stupidities and even crimes, that his sense of justice should be called into question. He *feels* just. He has always paid his way scrupulously, met his obligations promptly, kept his appointment punctually, changed his linen regularly, and added charity as a moral bouquetière. Why, then, should a boisterous Irishman be so ready to point a blunderbuss at his head? The situation is so offensive to the good Englishman that he is quite ready to pigeonhole the code he employs in dealing with equals and to open up the code he is forced to employ in dealing with inferiors; the code that Germans call "blood and iron," that Irishmen call coercion. The manner of the accuser, unfortunately, is rather likely to reach the Englishman's *amour propre* before it reaches his

sense of justice; and if self-respect is called into question before anything else, he declines to argue. He even, unchristianly, sets his jaw.

SICK EGOISM

But setting one's jaw is a preposterous way to meet the situation, either for Englishman or for Irishman, except in the actual tug of war. The Irishman's mere anger is natural but impotent. The Englishman's self-respect is, beyond doubt, an admirable fixture, but it is no more entitled to interpose itself between the critic and the facts than a lady's modesty to interpose itself between her physician and her ailment. Self-respect is commendable, provided the proportion of self in it is strictly regulated. Otherwise it goes into the irrational class with divine right, manifest destiny, Deutschtum and the rest. It is, that is to say, the disguise of a sick and greedy egoism. It is only a sick egoism that cannot afford to have its motives turned inside out and rationalized.

A tenderness for England has led to some amazing promenades of self-respect in the last few years. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for example, went to Dublin Castle in 1917 to learn exactly what Ireland's remonstrance against Dublin Castle was, and he cabled his opinion to the United States that the worst offence of Dublin Castle was its habit of permitting dossiers to be written on both sides of the paper. It was a thin joke to spread over so vast and so discredited a bureaucracy. Since it was denounced by Joseph Chamberlain thirty years ago little has been done to reform Dublin Castle. It is only a few years since President Lowell of Harvard made unequivocal criticism of British administration in Ire-

land. The effort of so honest an Englishman as Arnold Bennett to play ostrich in this predicament shows the overwhelming difficulty of being dispassionate. Mr. Austen Harrison of the English Review, indeed, refused to behave as Mr. Bennett did. Unlike Bernard Shaw in urging the expedient of a branch-office home rule, he did not try to juggle water on both shoulders. But the candor of Mr. Harrison is in extraordinary contrast to the nimbleness of patriots and propagandists for whom, at the moment, truth was in the second place.

TRUTH IN THE FIRST PLACE

Until truth is put in the first place and kept there, no Irish policy can be a broad social policy, no Anglo-Irish goodwill can be a sound goodwill. The tinkers and handymen have been trying for centuries to mend the Irish trouble while glossing just those evils that cause the Irish trouble. This is political idiocy. Until the men and establishments that have a vested interest in the perversion of Irish life, in the malformation and distraction of the Irish community, are identified and deposed by statesmanship, it is utterly useless to talk of making Irish history tolerable, or burying the past. The past is a corpse tied to living Ireland. Neither Mr. Bennett's enamel nor Mr. Shaw's chaste kisses can change its nauseating properties. The bonds of that foul corpse have to be severed before it can be interred and forgotten. How was the union with Scotland kept from festering? How was the entente between France and England matured? Only by a recognition of mutual will, a consideration of mutual advantage. Mr. Arnold Bennett spends four days among the records of

Dublin Castle, and loudly testifies that the interests of Ireland are secure. The interests of Alsace-Lorraine, would not the German bureaucratic records convince Herr Sudermann that the interests of Alsace-Lorraine are well taken care of? It is not in this fashion that truth is pursued.

POUNDS AND PENCE

There is nothing wistful, nothing imponderable, about an economic disadvantage, and I propose to submit at the beginning one frank and brutal argument why Ireland should not have home rule. It is not my own argument. It is the argument of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, part of that case Against Home Rule prepared before the war (1912) by Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Balfour and Earl Percy and Lord Charles Beresford, edited by S. Rosenbaum. I give it in Mr. Chamberlain's own words:

“We do not always sufficiently realize that on the other side of the St. George's Channel lies a country whose annual imports amount to sixty-five millions sterling. Even less do we realize that one-half (thirty-two millions sterling) is the value of the imports of manufactures, mainly British, into Ireland. This trade in manufactured goods is not only already enormous, it is rapidly growing. It has increased by more than four millions in four years. Any ill-considered legislative measure [home rule] which interfered with or disturbed this great volume of trade would no doubt cause serious loss to Ireland; but it would bring bankruptcy and disaster to many British firms and their workmen.”

You perceive the statesmanship. Ireland con-

sumes £32,000,000 worth of British manufactures a year. It is an excellent market for the British manufacturer. If an "ill-considered" measure like home rule should be passed, this consumption of manufactured goods might be "interfered with or disturbed." Therefore, British workmen, see where your interests lie. Vote against home rule.

What did Mr. Chamberlain mean by "disturbed"? It is possible he thought that home rule might derange the confidence of the British manufacturer, or might render the Irish consumer incompetent. But real "disturbance" could only mean one thing to Mr. Chamberlain, the building-up of Irish manufactures under home rule, and the consequent falling off of imports. It is here that the frank brutality of the Birmingham millionaire came in. As a British statesman, an apologist for the union and an exponent of its benefits to the Irish, he preferred to see the Irish kept in an artificial non-productiveness to seeing them taken out of the zone of British ministerial supervision and costly private bills and placed in a zone of self-knowledge and self-help. The consideration, in this instance, was not the feebleness and worthlessness of the Irish, especially the southern Irish. It was not the uselessness of aiding the Irish to help themselves. It was the naked fact that Ireland was one of the best customers of the British manufacturer, a customer that made no demands on England in respect to her custom but that consumed, obediently and unquestioningly, £32,000,000 worth a year, "rapidly growing." Should the House of Commons interfere with this stream of trade by any "ill-considered" measure? Never, if the statesmanship of Mr. Austen

Chamberlain were consulted. The profit on £32,000,000 per annum, rapidly growing, ought not to be thrown away.

THE IMPERIAL BACKYARD

But what has the British government to do with this? In what degree is this huge annual import a sign of anything except British enterprise and Irish sloth? Now that democracy is largely economic this question is worth asking, and the emphatic Irish answer worth hearing. The withholding of home rule and fiscal autonomy is often represented as a question of no great practical moment, and Ireland's protests in this respect are often taken as sentimental and negligible. But the realities underlying home rule have more than patriotic passion in them. They are matters of economic life and death.

I go back to the outspoken Mr. Chamberlain. "The commercial, banking, and railway systems of Ireland are intimately associated with those of the greater and more firmly established systems of Great Britain. Irish railways are so largely controlled at the present time by British concerns, and there exist so many agreements and understandings between them and British companies as to facilities and rates, that they might be regarded as part of the same network of communications. Hardly less close are the relations which now exist between British and Irish banks."

The subject of British and Irish banks I shall leave aside, merely saying that Irish deposits have always kept slinking to foreign investment via London. This benign intimate railway association which Mr. Chamberlain is so anxious should remain

undisturbed is a more pregnant topic. It illustrates the great ease with which a commercial colony like Ireland can be kept panting at the heels of British and Anglo-Irish interests, with the big railway lobby of the House of Commons to see that nothing goes wrong. This is not an old, unhappy, far-off thing, a hardship of yesterday. It is a living contemporary effect of the repression of Ireland, its subordination to the owning class in both countries, particularly England. The people who pay for it are the native colonized Irish. It is a bitter consequence of their having been colonized.

STANDING PAT FOR PAT'S SAKE

The Irish railway situation gives an excellent clue to the large problem of Irish under-production, its agricultural and industrial under-development. In 1906-1910 there was an Irish railways commission, appointed by the viceroy. Three of its seven members, one an assistant secretary of the board of trade, another general manager of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway, the third a man of means, signed a minority report. There are circles, I am sure, in which this minority report would be taken as the last word of sound business judgment. It entirely opposes the notion of railways publicly managed. It declares, with no intention of being funny, that "the railway companies have done what they could, in their own interest, and so in the public interest, to stimulate traffic," begging the whole question of public interest.

"If traffic has not expanded as much as it might had the conditions been more favorable, the failure must, we think, be attributed to a variety of causes,

of which railway service is only one, and not the most important." Those causes are indicated under the large head, "the decay of industries." In an aside the minority admits that the railways "have tended to check the development of Irish manufactures by facilitating the imports of British goods into Ireland," but this of course has nothing to do with "the decay of industries." Emigration, perhaps, had a good deal to do with that decay? Very likely; but "so far as a congested population have taken advantage of improved communications to better their condition, the result cannot be regarded, economically speaking, as an unmixed disadvantage." The decay of industries is, evidently, as you see, to be attributed to one thing alone — the decay of industries! The report then proceeds to compare Ireland to Belgium and to Denmark. It instructs Ireland on the importance of increasing its products so that the railways may justifiably cut their rates. Reducing rates would be "to begin at the wrong end. It would be, in effect, to impose a tax upon railways receipts in order to put a premium upon faulty agricultural methods. If winter dairying were established first, we believe that there would be such an increase in the volume and regularity of the traffic that lower rates would follow as a matter of course."

Then comes that wisdom of the capitalist, which is so often sedentary. "How large a field is open to Ireland in this single industry [butter] is shown by the fact that in 1908 butter to the value of £24,080,912 was imported into the United Kingdom from abroad against only £4,026,023 exported from Ireland."

What Ireland wants from its railways, you observe, is adroitly turned round into what the railways want from Ireland—"improved methods of production, and increased volume of trade." Amalgamation and a new management, "made up largely of the most important chief officers of the existing railways, and the most prominent directors who are commercial men," is the chief reform desirable, remembering always that "no place of any importance in Ireland is unprovided with railway communication."

THE OTHER ATTITUDE

Considering that the best Irish coalfields have no railway communication, this last statement of the minority report passeth understanding. Much more fundamental, however, is its slack conception of the deficiencies of Ireland—the sad decay of industry, the mad decrease in population, the faults in agricultural method. These consequences of the past merely make the railway experts throw up their hands. No "artificial stimulus of reducing rates to an uncommercial level," please! Let the Irish railways go on paying a select class 4 per cent., as they have been doing. That is the "commercial level." And then, please, please, "laissez faire."

The majority report gives a smashing answer to this dividend preoccupation of the three English commissioners. Four men, three of them Irishmen, signed the majority report. These three were Lord Pirrie, a Liberal, the chairman of Harland and Wolff, Belfast shipbuilders; Lt.-Col. Poë, a Tory landlord; and Thomas Sexton, nationalist ex-M.P., of whom Gladstone once said, "the man is little

short of a master." The fourth was Sir Charles Scotter, chairman of the London and South-Western Railway. They heard the same 248 national and international witnesses, including the premier of New Zealand; listened to the same facts and theories and watched the same clash of opinion and interest. They came out of the inquiry with the kind of constructive policy that makes an honest commission seem the most creative of all governmental devices. The majority's suggestions for reforming the railways have their special value, but the point is how clearly they exhibit the acute reality of Irish disadvantage at the present hour. These men never stooped to the impolicy and in truth the wickedness of dealing with Irish disadvantage in the spirit of *laissez-faire*. There is such a thing as necessary reparation in this world, reparation as a preliminary to the recovery of function. It is convenient, for example, to define emigration as "taking advantage of improved communication to better your condition," and it is agreeable to hint that it has been a benefit. But that is not the tone of persons who realize the duty of reparation. The more practical and imaginative members of this commission did not shirk the question of re-making Ireland. They investigated in the public interest with broad and sincere concern. They had the creative energy to handle the railroad problem as something more than a problem of dividends.

The decay of industries and the faults of agricultural method are fully recognized in the majority report, but the evil effects of railway policy are never evaded.

What causes have retarded the expansion of traffic

upon the Irish lines? There have been increases, yes, but mainly through the imports of flour and bacon, provisions and manufactured goods, "produced or producible in the country." "What essentially constitutes the Irish railway problem," the majority agrees, "is the restriction of industry and trade in Ireland, by reason of the fact that internal and export transit rates are on a higher scale than the rates charged for conveyance of commodities which compete with Irish products in Irish and British markets, or with which Irish products might compete, if conditions were rendered less disadvantageous to Ireland by lower scales of transit rates."

No narrow administrative policy can help in a situation so radically wrong. "The solution of such a problem is as far outside the sphere of amicable effort by the Board of Trade, as it is beyond the jurisdiction of the Railway and Canal Commission Court. The question and the only question as to the future of Irish railways, referred to us for an answer, is this:—'By what methods can economic, efficient, and harmonious working, be best secured?' The answer dictated by the evidence is that such working cannot be secured in any sense commensurate with the object set before us, namely, the full utilization of the Railways for the development of Irish resources except by making them public property, consolidating them into a single system, and working that system under representative control for the benefit of the country. It follows that, in our judgment, fractional or superficial measures would leave the essential problem still unsolved, and its economic evils, to all practical intents and purposes, unabated."

THE OCTOPUS

The nigger in the Austen Chamberlain's unionist woodpile begins, I think, to exhibit his curly head. "The large imports in coal for domestic uses which swell the returns of railways traffic, certainly do not suggest development of Irish resources," says the report, "more especially when it is remembered that there are coal fields in the country which are worked only to a limited and comparatively unimportant extent, and which, under conditions of adequate capital, better railway communication, and more favorable rates, might be extensively opened up, to the benefit, not only of the mineral districts concerned, but of the country as a whole. . . . It is difficult to understand why the efforts made from time to time to secure railway communication have up to the present proved ineffective. The Great Southern Company declined to construct the branch themselves, or, even if it were constructed by others, to work it, without a guarantee against loss, and this decision seems to have proven a deterrent to private enterprise, which, if encouraged by substantial assistance from the country, would probably have long since surmounted the difficulty."

The coal of Ireland, "net tonnage available for use," was estimated by Professor Hull in 1881 at 182,280,000 tons. The amount raised per year is about 100,000 tons. The important contrast here is not between the enormously greater mineral resources of England and Scotland but between the full Irish resources and the meagre Irish production.

Against the ironclad competition of England and Scotland the main hope of Ireland has been agri-

cultural, but here the railroads have handicapped rather than helped in innumerable small discriminatory ways. It cost 14s 10d per ton to ship bacon from Cork to Tipperary, for example, as against 14s 4d from Liverpool to Tipperary, via Cork, the railway route in both cases being the same. It cost £5 per ton for salmon from Limerick to London, as compared with 27s from Denmark, and £3 10s from Norway. "No explanation of these rates appears to have been given by the railway companies." But Irish industry responds to railway encouragement. A Navan factory secured, after a hard struggle, a satisfactory rate on Windsor chairs. Its output of that article rose from $38\frac{1}{2}$ doz. in the second half of 1907 to 472 doz. in the second half of 1908. The large answer of the railway advocates is this: we gain no more dividends by such cooperation, why cooperate? Which leads back to the question of control.

But my main object in citing the railway commission's report is to dwell on its disclosures of Ireland's emaciated industrial condition. "Transit is a heavier item of cost to producers and consumers" in Ireland than in Scotland and England, and this is shockingly important in view of international competition. The plain facts of competition are these: "The total value of butter, eggs and bacon imported into Great Britain from Ireland, in 1908, was £9,375,850, as compared with £18,506,283, the value of the same commodities imported from Denmark, which, moreover, is only one out of several countries exporting agricultural produce. . . . The estimated value in 1908 of beef, mutton, pork, bacon, and hams imported into Great Britain

from the United States, Argentina, and Denmark amounted to about twenty-six millions sterling; while the estimated value of the exports of cattle, sheep, swine, pork, bacon and hams from Ireland was under seventeen millions. In the same year the estimated value of butter, eggs and poultry imported into Great Britain from the United States, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia reached a total of twenty-three millions, against about seven millions from Ireland."

What is the responsibility of the railways? "The conditions of Ireland are unquestionably favorable to a large and permanent increase in the volume of its export trade to England; and though the slow development of this trade may, to some extent, be accounted for in other ways, in our opinion it would be greatly stimulated by a reduction of railway rates, and by increased transit facilities. We know that the Continental railways give very low rates for traffic exported to Great Britain, especially for agricultural products, which are in direct competition with those of Ireland, and we recognize that unless means can be found to place the Irish trade on a footing of equality with that of the Continent, it is hopeless to look for any substantial development of the former."

That responsibility the majority report had its own programme for adjusting, on the principle that "the full utilization of Irish railways for the development of resources" would help to "mitigate the pressure of poverty, by encouraging rural employment, promoting general industries, and expanding trade." It did not fail, however, to defend its suggested use of a state grant. The famous report

of the financial relations commission of 1896 was invoked to clear this claim of the suspicion of pauperism. The report ended with a frank acknowledgment of Ireland's "unsound economic condition; the almost total want of non-agricultural industries; and the loss of more than half the population in little more than half the century; as well as the high rates of Imperial taxation to the very limited resources of the people." These are strong words, and they apply to the Ireland of this decade.

THE EXODUS

"The loss of more than half the population in little more than half the century." This, even more than faulty agricultural method and decadent industry, deserves to be seen as a direct and evil consequence of Irish colonization.

In a healthy country, emigration is a sign of energy. It is either militant and imperial, despatching an adventurous tribe, or it is healthily selective, compelling "failures" to find in another land the adjustment they missed at home. It is the result of surplus vitality, an emigration of hope.

Very different is the emigration of repressed vitality, the emigration of despair. In the former case, men adventure. In the latter, men escape. The former is a sowing of seed, the latter a transplantation. The former is preponderantly masculine. The latter takes away a high proportion of marriageable girls and women. It is the retreat, not the advance, of a nation. It is the search for an adjustment in a new land which should normally be offered at home. It is the surest sign of a mismanaged state.

Nothing is more human than the habit of evasion. Once a people learn to skirt a difficulty instead of facing it, every freshet deepens the new channel, and vitality is diverged. The old stream-bed remains, but its course is sluggish, and its aëration slow. Normal obstacles then become abnormal. And, at the very first hint of difficulty, the new channel swells so long as its discharge is ensured. The nation has put the force of its life into an altered destiny.

The exodus from Ireland is the chief act in its modern history. It began in desperation. The steamship made the conduit broader and more inviting, and it continued by the force of circumstance and habit. After seventy years, it is no longer torrential. The flood has dwindled to a trickling stream. But the stream has never ceased.

When Irishmen had to choose between extermination and rebellion, they brooded on saving Ireland by force. When emigration gave them a new option, they said "God save Ireland," and saved themselves. The cheap steerage rates did more for imperial conquest than centuries of rule imposed. Those who left Ireland carried with them a hatred of England. The land war was capitalized by the Irish emigrant. The agrarian Wild Geese won the agrarian Fontenoy. But it was to build up America, not Ireland, that the energy of seventy years was devoted. This energy was subtracted from the evolution of Ireland as a nation. To measure the loss, however, one must decide whether it could have overthrown the forces that turned it abroad.

At first emigration was a merciful deliverance. In a poor country like Ireland government was the arbiter of life. Government was so perverted as to

skim the cream from every Irish activity, and less separated milk was left to go round than could possibly keep the people from starving. No policy of self-help could have redeemed the rack-rented tenants of feudal Ireland. Government not only failed to do everything in its power to prepare the common Irish by education or subsistence for decent citizenship, but it actually favored the exploitation of decent citizenship in a number of base and insensate ways. Had the people once been educated and equipped for the struggle of life, it is possible they might have been able to survive the handicap of bad government. But it is one thing to impose difficulties on a mature and well-nurtured man, it is another thing to inflict them on immaturity. The common Irish were at that level of civilization where ascent requires a pull from above; and the government put its ladders out of their reach. They had not even the power to climb by a human ladder, for their status was the status of brutes, and their will as little desired. Badly as the Negroes are being degraded in the United States today, little as the United States government has done to bring the Negro to the ladder and the ladder to the Negro, the condition of the common Irish up to 1870 was incalculably worse. Subject to the will of the overlord in all departments of life, they were inured to subjection, and they lived from hand to mouth. And when at last the overlord was paid off and subjection modified, they were too intimidated to climb. When your knuckles have been smashed every time you clamber up the wall, you end by refusing to clamber. And if, at the other side, a gap is broken, you rush for the gap without reflecting. Emigra-

tion gave the Irishmen an exit long before the over-lord left the wall.

THE PENALTY

Emigration notified England day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, that the state of Ireland was rotten, and that the common Irish were making this tragic declaration of democratic bankruptcy. English statesmen knew that Ireland was losing, not its superabundance, but its lifeblood. They knew, from the tally of their own police at the docks and the profits of their own steamship companies and their own paid Colonial advertisements of free land and assisted passages, that emigration was weeding out the fit, and leaving the unfit to mate and breed and decay. They knew that poverty is tragedy and insanity is tragedy and blindness is tragedy. They knew that ignorance is tragedy, and a life without enlightenment the breeding-bed of mental and moral and physical pestilence. But it took Ireland forty years of this bleeding gash of emigration before it got its day in court, and in that time the wound had drained the country grey. The time came, during this emigration, when the difficulties of life in Ireland were minimized, and the government no longer quite inaccessible. But by that time a habit had been formed of the gravest kind, and the spirit of the nation impaired. The extent of Irish emigration is almost beyond belief. No such proportionate exodus has taken place from any other country in modern times. With uncalculating eagerness the Irish thronged from the land of dispossession to the hazy promise of the United States. In other countries this process was later

renewed. Before the war emigration was increasing immeasurably among the Italians, the Slavs and the mixed populations of Europe's South East. No one can say what migration will mean in the next decade. Other countries may yield to despair and reproduce the depopulation of Ireland. As facts are today, however, the transplantation of the Irish race is an absolutely unique fact in modern history. When they left, they were not, it is true, succeeded by aliens. They vacated to graziers and to bullocks. But their leaving was permanent. Dead stumps, not saplings, took their place.

The roll-call of Ireland's early exodus is now being told in foreign lands. Out of every hundred Irish funerals between 1900 and 1910, forty took place in the United States. That means that over 500,000 Irish were buried outside their native land in those ten years. Out of 5,810,000 living native-born Irish enumerated in Ireland and the United States in 1910, 1,351,400, or nearly a quarter, were permanent residents of the United States.

THE CONSEQUENCES

Meanwhile, Ireland begins to inherit the legacies of emigration. She had sent away sane people, she kept mad people. She had sent away sober people, she kept drunken people. She had sent away people with good eyes, she treasured the blind. She had despatched people who wanted to get on in the world, she retained the burdensome, the quiescent and the weak. And then, with her most marriageable men and women overseas, she turned feebly to reproduction, and of the small number that she reproduced — small because her marriages were

fewer and later — an increasing percentage were degenerate.

The patriot is usually a hot person who makes a virtue of being impervious to disagreeable facts. When confronted with contemporary emigration, he finds balm in recent returns that show the losses are now "normal." Like a regiment in barracks, the country has a civil, as against a warlike death-rate. But those who survey Ireland critically cannot close the subject so cheerfully. The campaign is over, but we inherit the effects of the campaign. Some of the emigrants undoubtedly left because Ireland rejected them, but the vast majority left because they, willingly or unwillingly, rejected Ireland. It is a commonplace that they were "the flower of the land." At any rate, 85% of them were between 15 and 45, and half of them women of the marriageable age.

If 100 people live together of whom one is blind, and one a cripple and one a drunkard and two insane, and five hopelessly invalid, the defectives are 10%. But if 10 of the able-bodied ninety go away, it is obvious that the percentage of the defectives become 12.5. If that operation is repeated, it is clear that the defectives, without increasing in number, increase in proportion to 14.3. The little group has not necessarily degenerated. But the degenerates loom larger, and become a heavier tax on the people who remain. Where the 90 supported 10, you find 70 charged with 10, an increased obligation of over 3% apiece. Those who go away may contribute money, but the money can scarcely compensate for the extra burden on the shrunken community.

Something like this has taken place in Ireland.

The process is the same as the weeding-out process in dairy farming, only it is the producers that have been shipped, and the small-milkers retained. Out of the 4,390,000 people in Ireland in 1911, there were several hundreds of thousands who were obviously deemed unfit to emigrate. When this process is accounted for, it is easy to understand why Ireland is pre-eminent in the United Kingdom for physical degeneracy. But unfortunately there is such a thing as absolute, as well as relative, pre-eminence. When you retain small-milkers on a dairy-farm, and when you breed from them repeatedly, you eventually achieve a cow that is almost a prohibitionist. In other words, you get what you bargained for with poor, complying Nature. The same fact is true of human beings. In your group of 80 persons, the 10 degenerates either breed together, or they mate and reproduce with the 70. In that way you give heredity whatever vitiating power it has, and to judge from certain isolated townlands in Ireland, its power to vitiate is terrific.

To come to particulars, here are the figures as to lunatics, known and labelled lunatics, in the United Kingdom:

Year	England and Wales	Per 100,000 Inhabi- tants	Per 100,000 Inhabi- tants	Per 100,000 Inhabi- tants
1871	56,755	249	7,729	230
1881	73,113	281	10,012	273
1891	86,795	299	12,595	312
1901	107,944	332	15,899	355
1911	133,157	369	18,636	391

In regard to total blindness, the same pre-

eminence was to be noted before the war. Per 100,000 inhabitants in 1900:

England and Wales	77.8
Scotland	72.7
Ireland	95.4

The total for Ireland is 4,263 persons.

In regard to old age pensions, the figures are even more striking.

Year	England	Wales	Scotland	Ireland
1912	602,441	40,083	94,319	205,317
1913	626,753	41,893	96,239	203,036
1914	642,161	42,474	97,294	202,202
1915	648,868	42,537	96,895	198,938

Here you find that proportionately Ireland is called upon to support twice as many helpless aged poor as the other countries in the United Kingdom. This points to two facts. The first is the unnatural proportion of hopeless economic servitude in Ireland. The second is the unnatural proportion of aged people to the rest of the population. Superficially, it looks as if the British government were being twice as benign to Ireland as to England or Scotland. Actually, it means that in its accumulation of poor people who, after a lifetime of toil, cannot pull their own weight, Ireland is twice as badly off. Does this mean that the Irish are naturally paupers? Compare Ireland and Scotland.

Year	Scotland		Ireland	
	Paupers	Dependents	Indoor	Outdoor
1900	65,929	34,003	43,820	58,534
1905	73,363	37,297	43,911	57,909
1910	75,626	40,955	41,866	55,496
1915	67,632	33,194	38,072	38,072
	—	—	—	—
	282,550	145,449	167,669	210,011
	[180]			

THE INCURSION OF THE DANES

We now come to faulty agricultural method, the most serious economic handicap in Ireland. From the man who keeps a goat in the secret belief that it prevents disease among his cows to the man who scorns any kind of written records, there is every known variety of ignorance in Irish dairying, and what is true of dairying is true of raising pigs and sheep and is also true of tillage. The work of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Irish Agricultural Organization Society has been so fruitful as to be beyond challenge. In an island of critics, no critic has undermined this greatest triumph of Sinn Fein. But despite the I. A. O. S. the commonplaces of modern agriculture are unlearned and unsuspected in a great part of contemporary Ireland, and the observers who have gone from Ireland to Denmark have usually reported the sensation of progressing fifty years by travelling two days. The facts are simple. Danish farming has long since passed out of the stage where the routine is traditional and archaic and the best rule a rule of thumb. Danish farming has accepted and adapted the technology of the machine. It has become a modern machine industry. The economies of cooperation are understood and applied by a vast majority of the farmers. The problems of transit and delivery are handled as in few other machine industries, so that Danish butter can be marketed even in Ireland in normal times, not to mention such items as £25,000 worth of Danish butter sold in Belfast every year in the winter months. "The land in Jutland is very poor — bog land — but the farmers seem to be making the most of their land," testifies

a British veterinarian, "For it is very interesting to notice the cattle on the land. They are tethered, and as they eat up the grass they are passed a little further along on to fresh grass, and so on until they get the whole field mown down and they can proceed again." This intensive grazing is a symbol of the mechanical principle in Danish farming. "Efficiency," implying the use of the best means toward producing for profit, is a hackneyed word, but it is the only word that describes the rigid principle by which the Danes have succeeded.

BUTTER

No such degree of "efficiency" is to be found in Ireland. We have seen the figures of Irish agricultural export compared with Danish agricultural export, and the discrepancy is monstrous. It is not in the state of Denmark that something is now shown to be rotten. The minority report of the Irish railway commissioners minimized the question of high rates but it quite fairly indicated the backwardness of agriculture, and its insistence on faulty methods has its healthy astringency. The problem of winter dairying alone has turned the hair of many agricultural reformers white, so stubborn and immovable are the Irish farmers. Trying to make the farmers "efficient" is like trying to curl limp hair. Even Sir Horace Plunkett has talked sadly of their defective characters and fallen back on the psychological formulas of the sewing circle and the bible class.

Let us contemplate butter. The Irish milk commission of 1911 was another of those excellent commissions appointed by Lord Aberdeen to trace facts to their lairs among the people, and to capture those

facts for the administrators' zoölogical garden. Diverging from milk to butter the report of the commission went into agricultural history to this effect, "Fundamentally the change that has taken place in the butter making industry in Ireland has been the conversion of what used practically to be a retail trade into a wholesale trade. The old method, universal up to 1880, was that each farmer made butter at home, gradually filling his firkins with layers of butter produced under all sorts of different conditions and continually varying in texture and flavour. These firkins he sold in the nearest market, direct to local customers, or to middlemen who sometimes attempted to obtain an approximately average quality by blending the contents of a number of firkins together and sometimes merely exported the butter without even this attempt to remove the chief commercial objection to butter made this way, i. e., complete lack of uniformity in flavour, colour, texture or package. Each dairy-farmer under this system was in very much the same commercial situation as, for instance, a hand-loom weaver; and in the old days the Irish butter trade was a very great national asset, just as the hand-woven linens and woollens were.

"From 1880 foreign competition began, first from Denmark then from other countries, not only in the British, but actually in the Irish market. The prices obtainable for Irish butter produced under the old conditions were so unprofitable that a large number of dairy-farmers went out of the business altogether and resorted to dry stock. The trade appeared to be doomed to destruction. There was only one way to meet the competition from abroad

and that was to adopt the methods of our competitors, install the latest modern machinery, and put upon the market butter of a higher and more uniform quality. Hence the introduction of the creamery system. At first, most of the creameries started were proprietary concerns, i. e., profits earned by the creamery belonged to the individual or company who owned it. But by a fortunate coincidence, the co-operative movement was founded in time to deal with the new situation, and the vast majority of creameries in Ireland are now owned by the dairy-farmers themselves, who retain all the profits earned in their business. In this way the Irish butter trade was saved, and the dairy industry was retained in Ireland."

THE REAL DETERRENT

So far, so good. With no extraordinary help from the government, with economic leadership from Sir Horace Plunkett, the dairy-farmers managed in time (with some unfortunate consequences to the poor local baby) to keep pace with the modern machine. But why do they not take the next step and adopt winter dairying? "It is not too much to say that the national health and the national prosperity would be immensely improved in consequence." There are two sides to it, of course. "At present the farmer declares that winter dairying cannot be made to pay; that owing to the price of feeding stuffs and the scarcity of labour, the receipts from butter-making or the price paid by creameries is unremunerative; that people are unwilling to pay a remunerative price for retail milk, and that there is less profit on winter milk at 3d a quart than on summer milk

at 2d a quart. The chief deterrents, however, seem to be the alleged difficulty of obtaining suitable labour, and a belief, based rather on tradition than on actual experience of suitable modern methods, that winter dairying cannot be made to pay."

There is a significance in this traditionality of the farmers that goes beyond winter dairying and the butter industry. Whatever was accomplished in the way of cooperation, the thick crust of custom remains unbroken, and will remain unbroken, barring a volcanic eruption in Ireland, until the root of the matter is seized by the statesmanship of the country.

The root, of course, is purposeful education. The railways may exploit Ireland and emigration may weaken it, but to deprive it of proper training for its vocations is to deprive it of the one remedial principle, the qualitative element which corrects quantitative loss. The uneducated citizen is so handicapped in the modern community that he is confined to simple labor, the product of primitive untutored effort. Compound labor is the opportunity opened to the educated citizen. By training he is enabled to manipulate more than his personal resources, he is enabled to coordinate, to economize, to simplify. To deprive a citizen of education is to deprive a community of technology. It is to keep it backward, feeble, subservient. It is to send it bare-handed against industry's machine guns.

UNEDUCATED

This is the condition of the Irish people. The attitude of the farmers toward winter dairying is not a national attitude, it is a typical uneducated attitude. The Servians would take the same attitude in the

same circumstances. So would the farmers of Albania. In homogeneous countries like Denmark there was no privileged class to use the peasants like cattle, totally disregarding their capabilities. The people of Denmark had no absentee landlords, no bored and contemptuous House of Lords. It was a commonwealth in which the importance of education was magnificently realized and universally applied. The will of the whole people, it is true, promoted this development. The people were not a mere anvil to the government's hammer. But the essential lesson of Denmark is the national education back of its farming. No such farming is conceivable without such a system of education. The butter efficiency of Denmark is no more the product of Danish will-power churning superhumanly than the dancing of a trained Russian ballet is the product of a happy knack of dancing. There are those who decline to consider the mundane processes of character. They believe that results are achieved by being full of virtue, that self-perfection is purely a matter of taking thought. Such people can never be convinced that there is a great deal in character that is in no sense "innate"; that the least said about innateness, the soonest mended; that the thing to do with naughtiness is usually to give a worm-powder; that the government which sees poverty and uneducation in a community had better organize education before discussing national traits. There are limits even to education, as witness the supposed commercial inadaptability of the American Indian. But those limits are only to be accepted after fair and exhaustive trial. To proclaim them beforehand is to greet the devil with suspicious cordiality.

"There is £35,000,000 worth of imported goods that should be produced in Ireland," said Mr. T. P. Gill, secretary of the department of agriculture, testifying before the finance commission of 1911, "including a large proportion of agricultural produce, such as feeding-stuffs, and industries of a kind that are more or less related to agriculture."

Said Mr. Plender to Mr. Gill, with the usual aplomb of the Englishman, "I suppose it is due to some extent to physical indolence on the part of the people, is it not?"

"I do not think it could be put in that way," Mr. Gill answered. "The people no doubt, to a very great extent, have lost what they once had to a greater extent—an industrial spirit. Many causes have contributed to that—very largely amongst those causes has been the bad management of the country on the part of government."

The national ghost seemed about to walk, but Mr. Plender appeased him. "I asked that question merely because you stated that there was nothing to prevent the butter industry being maintained throughout the year, but that it was dropped during the winter, and there was evidently a lack of enterprise which led to foreign competitors getting the advantage of Ireland in the markets. The conclusion I formed from that lack of effort during the winter was that probably the people engaged in that employment were less industrious than the people in other countries."

The explanation of inherent vice did not recommend itself to Mr. Gill. "That is not so," he explained. "The making of butter in the winter is a modern thing. The whole system everywhere had

been to have butter made during the summer months of the year, and then for the supply to go short in the winter. The other countries, like Denmark and France, have in their recent progressive development begun to make butter all the year round; but that is an improvement which they have introduced into their agriculture only in recent times. We have not yet introduced that improvement into Ireland, but it is one of the things we are endeavoring to do. The fact that butter is not made in the winter is not due to laziness on the part of the people, but is due to lack of knowledge, to a long-depressed agricultural spirit, and to backwardness in industrial development. That is one of the things we have to correct, and it is being steadily corrected."

THE SHYNESS OF CAPITAL

"If Ireland had the capital"—that is a constant refrain in this connection. Capital is on the side of the big battalions. In recent years a considerable number of the Irish bourgeoisie — prospering farmers and traders — have begun to invest in Irish railways and industrial securities, but the entrenched wealth of Ireland is anti-national and unionist. "There never was a Liberal on the board of the Bank of Ireland in my time," the Right Hon. Lawrence Waldron of the Dublin Stock Exchange told the finance commission.

The Unionists, as Mr. Waldron made clear, "had all the land and there was no other property in Ireland, because these banks and other concerns gradually arose out of the improvement of the land. They found themselves from historical causes in

possession of wealth and power, and like everybody else, they tried to retain it."

"They clung to it, naturally," the Catholic bishop of Ross soliloquized.

"And small blame to them," confessed the stock-broker.

The stockbroker's attitude toward privileged wealth in Ireland did not keep him from defining its habit and its habitat.

"Historically," the resolute Nationalist bishop asked him, "that class has come to consider the government of Ireland as their own peculiar perquisite?"

"I quite agree," answered Mr. Waldron.

"And the offices in the country," persisted the bishop, "and the posts in the High Courts of Justice, were all staffed with men of that particular class?"

"I quite agree," answered Mr. Waldron, a little uncomfortably.

"All the government offices in Dublin and all over the country?" the bishop concluded.

"Although I agree," Mr. Waldron at last remonstrated, "I think it is only fair to say in answer to that, that they came from a class which for years had the government of England in their hands. It must be admitted by a Nationalist and Catholic like myself that the Protestants were better educated; and really, this question roughly divides into Catholics and Protestants, under whatever specious disguise it may be presented. But I think Protestants have been slow to notice the change of conditions; like all other classes in possession of power, they have clung to it, as, speaking for myself and those

who share my views, I am perfectly certain we should ourselves have done in similar circumstances."

Did Mr. Waldron mean the Catholic hierarchy when he spoke of "other classes in possession of power"? Education, at any rate, is a form of capital that Mr. Waldron agreed with Mr. Gill about; and he left no doubt that education still gave the Unionist the huge preponderance of power. "The management of the great commercial concerns is nearly all in the hands of Unionists, and so is a great proportion of the capital of all the great enterprises of Ireland, the great railways and the banks, other than certain national banks — the National, the Munster and Leinster, and the Hibernian Banks, which have a majority of the popular party I would say; but it is as I say with regard to all the great railways and the Bank of Ireland, which is the most important financial institution in Ireland."

It is unnecessary to press this point further. Capital is nervous and sensitive. Capital is Unionist. "There exists an old distrust of Ireland," wrote a shrewd Frenchman, Léonce de Lavergne, in 1855, "not soon to be eradicated. . . . [The English] fear the revival of jacqueries, and detest popery and the papists. Ask an Englishman to invest his capital in Ireland, promising him at the same time a return of eight or ten per cent., and it is much the same as proposing to a Frenchman to send him to Africa among the Arabs." This is not the least part of Ireland's economic legacy, the legacy of husks. Burying the past would be simpler, if the tepidity of capital were not so full of consequences, and if Ireland were not still so full of hideous object lessons.

THE HUMAN REFUSE HEAP

The city of Dublin provides one hideous economic object-lesson. With a population of 300,000, it offers so little opportunity to enterprise that the vast number of Dublin men cannot be included in such small manufactures as brewing, distilling, the making of soda water or biscuits. The consequence has been to convert this city of hapless industry into a viscid pool of unskilled workers, casual workers and non-workers. Hawkers, laborers, porters, paupers and their families numbered 103,081 in 1911, with a great many unemployed and unemployable included in this huge class. Coachmen, carpenters and van-men numbered 15,380. With skilled workers' wages only 79% of London wages and food 107% the price of London food (excepting meat), the condition of the unskilled may be easily inferred.

The best way to imagine it is to picture the housing conditions of Dublin. It is an old city, a fatal magnet to the rural districts. Unfortunate country-people still crowd up to it. Finding the poorest kind of casual labor, they swell the unemployed and the unemployable, coagulating in foul and unsuitable tenements such as disgrace no other city in the British Isles. In "houses unfit for human habitation and incapable of being rendered fit for human habitation" there were, in 1913, 22,701 persons. In "houses which are so decayed or so badly constructed as to be on or fast approaching the borderline of being unfit for human habitation," there were 37,552 persons. And in structurally sound tenements there were 27,052 persons. The 22,701 persons first mentioned were crowded into 1518 danger-

ous structures, anywhere up to 12 persons in one room, and in all Dublin 20,000 families out of 25,000 families in tenements having no more than one room.

12,296 living four in a room,
11,335 living five in a room,
8,928 living six in a room,
5,978 living seven in a room,
3,448 living eight in a room,
3,014 living nine in a room,
450 living ten in a room,
176 living eleven in a room,
60 living twelve in a room.

Where 6 families out of every thousand families in modern Belfast live in a single room, 339 families live this way in Dublin; and often the entire family sleeps in a single "bed." "Generally the only water-supply of the house," says the government report of 1914, "is furnished by a single water tap which is in the yard. . . . The closet accommodation is common, as the evidence shows, not only to the occupants of the house, but to anyone who likes to come in off the street, and is, of course, common to both sexes. Having visited a large number of these houses in all parts of the city, we have no hesitation in saying that it is no uncommon thing to find halls and landings, yards and closets of the houses in a filthy condition, and in nearly every case human excreta is to be found scattered about the yards and on the floors of the closets and in some cases even in the passages of the house itself. At the same time it is gratifying to find in a number of instances that in spite of the many drawbacks, an effort is made by the occupants to keep their rooms tidy and the

walls are often decorated with pictures and when making one of our inspections after Christmas we frequently noticed an attempt to decorate for the season of the year. . . . Having regard to the above conditions, we are prepared to accept Sir Charles Cameron's evidence, that the female inhabitants of the tenement houses seldom use the closets; indeed it would be hard to believe otherwise, as we cannot conceive how any self-respecting male or female could be expected to use accommodations such as we have seen."

The rental of the tenement houses amounts to £191,509 10. 0. Two-thirds of the families live on £1 a week or less — 4,000 earning not more than fifteen shillings.

In 1911 over 44% of the deaths among these people occurred in workhouses, hospitals, asylums and prisons. The death-rate among children of the well-to-do class in Dublin was .9. Among laborers' children, it was 12.7, fourteen times as great.

A number of these Dublin workers took part in the insurrection of 1916, well-drilled and desperate men under the leadership of James Connolly. They had no illusion whatever that the nauseating condition of Dublin was a fact of the "dim past." They knew that babies in the slums of Dublin had not half the chance of cattle. They knew that incest and prostitution and syphilis accompanied that Dublin slum-life, a life of indecencies so unmentionable that no one can fully quote the government reports. But when labor joined in the insurrection of 1916, Dublin capital represented by W. M. Murphy joined heartily in calling for "justice," which did not mean decency for Dublin but merely

James Connolly's blood. Dublin capital did not call in vain. In the fighting of Easter Week, James Connolly received a shattering leg-wound. He was condemned by a military tribunal for rising against the government of Ireland, and as soon as he was able to be removed from the hospital to the barrack yard he was supported to a chair and shot.

VII

THE POLITICAL LEGACY

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS

“FOR fifty years,” declared Ernest Barker in 1917, “both of our parties — each in its different way, and each according to its different lights — have sought to do justice to the grievances of Ireland; and here these hatreds of the buried past lift their menacing front and join their hands with the hatred of Germany.”

Mr. Barker is a fellow of New College, Oxford, and his conviction is that of a cultivated liberal. He knows Ireland’s unhappy history, but he is certain that since 1867 England has met Ireland in a new spirit. He proclaims the advent of self-government for Irishmen. He believes that self-government even above good government is the ideal of the British empire, and he welcomes Ireland on the threshold of the commonwealth, the true empire: “It is, to all whose eyes are not obscured by passion, a living home of divine freedom, in which the ends of the earth are knit together not for profit, and not for power, but in the name and the hope of self-government. Ireland has waited long — too long, indeed: and yet the difficulties (difficulties, many of them, within her own borders) have been many — for the day of the entering into the freedom of our common home. But the day of entering

is at hand: dawn stands poised on the horizon; and if there are still some clouds in the sky, there is also light, and the promise of light."

In this utterance Mr. Barker shows goodwill and fine feeling. I believe the effect of it on most impartial outsiders would be to persuade them that he is not only detached and disinterested but right. He is simple where Irishmen are often turgid. He is self-possessed where they are gusty. He is kind where their vindictiveness is too usual. Unless your prepossessions are already different, Mr. Barker's tone (even when he speaks of Germany and starts unreasoning processes) must seem admirable, and I am sure that the pamphlet from which I quote, *Ireland in the Last Fifty Years (1866-1916)*, steadied many questioning souls.

But suppose for a moment that it strikes an Irishman somewhat as the tone of open-shop employers strikes labor. "For fifty years we have sought to do justice to the grievances" of labor and so on. Every one is not bewildered, in that case, when labor brutally laughs.

Why does an Irishman laugh at such sincere claims as these? Mr. Barker is honest, he is instructed, he is liberal. Where is he at fault? I hope it will not be thought picayune if, before I refer to his main contention, I point out an initial Britticism, his idea of Irish grievances. I must confess I dislike the word grievances. Into it there is compressed a whole class attitude, an attitude of superiority. There is something of the nursery and something of the servants' hall about this feudal word, which is steeped in the atmosphere of complaint. When a man seeks justice in court he is undoubtedly called

either a complainant or plaintiff, both words preserving the wails and whimpers of the subject classes, but this terminology is a wrong terminology. What the Irish have addressed to England are accusations and charges, not grievances. They have spoken to England from the vantage point of their outraged rights. If might is right, grievance is the proper word to apply to Ireland's demand, but not otherwise. The word grievance has the notion of superior force latent in it. It is addressed from below, up. One does not speak of England's grievances against Andorra. And where rights are genuinely accepted the word is inapplicable. One scarcely says that the Jews gave Christ a grievance.

But there is more in Mr. Barker's tone than this quite unconscious adoption of a self-righteous word. There is his very assertion that the English parties have sought to do justice. This kind of argument is double-edged. What we must deal with, surely, is what England has done, not with what she sought to do. The intentions of modern political parties are almost impossible to estimate. If we are to believe Gladstone, England was practically the enemy of mankind under the leadership of Disraeli; and heaven knows what the Tories thought of England when they themselves were out of power. It is simpler in these matters to refrain from making sweeping claims that cannot possibly be substantiated, and to be candid about ascertained facts. If all the facts showed a steady good intention on the part of England, Mr. Barker should certainly claim it; but the object of such a claim is to foreclose the whole Irish question. It is to show that justice is obtainable under the existing arrangement, that it is unreason-

able of Irishmen to press their will, childish of them to be "lurid," wicked of them to criticize England when England is at war. In asserting England's justice, Mr. Barker stands a chance of rallying opinion against the rebellious Irishman, but only if Irish testimony is not interposed to counter his claim, to say what is "lurid" and what is not "lurid," to remind the reader of the actual conditions under which England has amended the state of Ireland.

JUSTICE UNDER DURESS

The main issue first. Did the home rule movement spring from the desires of either or both English parties to do justice? Mr. Barker has forgotten that home rule was introduced into English politics by the nasty method of forcible feeding, with Gladstone brave enough to take it easily but a large section of the Liberal party declaring and winning a hunger strike. Isaac Butt, the temporizing leader of Irish progressivism, meekly offered the issue of home rule to England. It was trampled underfoot. Then Parnell arrived, straight slim figure outlined against the chiaroscuro of famine and rebellion, dynamite, assassination, coercion. What did Parnell meet from Mr. Barker's famous parties?

"Few chapters of our history," says Lord Morley in his Recollections, "do us so little honour as the quarrel between England and Ireland in the five years from 1880." In 1885 the Tories saw a back-door opening away from justice. There was great hope among them that Irish tribalism would save them in 1885, that "the extension of the country franchise would not be unfavorable to the landlord interest." In his life of Gladstone Lord Morley

tells us to what extent the “deep conservatism of the peasantry” was revealed. In Cork the Tories polled 300 votes against nearly 10,000 for the Nationalists. In Mayo the Tories polled 200 against nearly 10,000 for the Nationalists. In Kildare, a landlord county, the Tory got 467 against 3169. In Kerry the Tory had 30 against 3,000. And in the House of Commons Parnell commanded that familiar British weapon, the balance of power. “Henceforth,” Mr. Barker rather naïvely admits, “the English party system was always profoundly disturbed at all times when neither of the two great parties had a majority independent of the Irish vote. This disturbance had been evident in 1885, when the union of the Irish with the Conservative vote had overthrown Gladstone: it is still more evident in 1886, when the union of the Irish with the Liberal vote overthrew Salisbury, and installed Gladstone once more in power for a few brief months. But the ways of an English party which depends on the Irish vote are generally hard; and Gladstone, abandoned by many of his old supporters, failed to carry the home rule bill of 1886 even in the House of Commons.”

Granting that Ireland’s criterion of justice—home rule—is not necessarily Mr. Barker’s, does this process seem like the process of sympathy? Everyone knows what brought the disestablishment of the Irish church into “the region of practical politics”—Parnell gave the whole credit to a Fenian dynamite outrage, and Gladstone never disguised that outrage had stimulated England into action. Everyone knows what Parnell’s obstructionism accomplished. To ignore these things, to paint Eng-

land as " seeking " to do justice since 1867, is to mis-read history. You might as well say in 1930 that the enfranchisement of women in 1917 proved that both parties had sought from 1890 to do justice to the grievances of the suffragettes. And there are liberal Englishmen who will certainly say it, when another " dawn stands poised on the horizon."

AMELIORATION

When you sponge away this sentimentality, there is more in recent legislation for Ireland than a series of galvanic responses to the shock of agitation. Many measures, indeed, were conciliatory in the Bismarckian sense. They were intended to kill home rule by kindness. Even so, there was a magnificent change from the totally indifferent or else hostile attitude which preceded the extension of the franchise. But before analyzing this amelioration one must explain in fairness to Mr. Barker that his attitude toward Ireland is largely legalistic. His is good stubborn pride of race. He disagrees with Burke that there was " oppression," for example: " All this," the plantations and the penal code, " was the result not of any deliberate policy of oppression, but of the prevalence of English law in a country where English conditions did not hold good." To speak of " prevalence " in this fashion is humorless, unless one takes a Germanic view of the sanction of force. And Mr. Barker inclines to prove too much, as when he sees little but nature in the great famine. " We can only attach blame to natural causes, which it is futile to blame." " Between 1816 and 1843," he says later, " Parliament had passed some thirty Acts in favor of landlords." He does not connect

this evil record with the famine to which it so obviously contributed. Still, ignoring such bias, the legislative accomplishment that inspires Mr. Barker is not to be disputed, and it is refreshing to turn to his summary of it.

It began with the Irish Church Act of 1869, allocating £16,000,000 of assets; £8,000,000 to the Episcopal church, £750,000 to the Presbyterians, £370,000 to the Catholics, and the residual £7,000,000 to advance purchase money to the church tenants, aid education and relieve distress. Was this charity? Certainly not. All of it was Irish money. England simply ceased to make a gift of it to a madly incongruous institution. The institution of feudal landlordism, almost equally incongruous, was similarly dispossessed. An Irishman would be a churl who did not recognize the substantial settlement of the landlord question and admire the uncompromising terms in which it was settled. Already £125,000,000 has been paid to the owners of Irish estates, £60,000,000 more being still required before the last of tenants' land will be relinquished by landlords. What was once paid as rent is now paid to the government as an instalment on purchase money: and within seventy years, by this exercise of state credit the common people of Ireland will, if the act goes undisturbed, be once more owners of Irish soil. At the same time, superlative as the benefit of this legislation is proving, it is historically inaccurate to regard it as having sprung in full dress clothes out of a British sense of justice. Decades before the idea was tolerated by Britons at large, it was passionately urged by Irishmen, sometimes by reformers like George Moore's father, sometimes by wild men

like James Fintan Lalor. Cobden and Bright and Mill received slim encouragement from the English parties to go to the root of Irish distress. When the issue was joined the junkers fought hard and ruthlessly. Legislation came after a cruel and bloody struggle, practically a revolution, with wholesale evictions going before it and coercion throttling the agitation whenever it disturbed the existing order. British statesmen sipped at their dosage reluctantly. The acts of 1870, 1881, 1885, 1891, 1896, 1903, 1906, 1907, 1909, do not suggest one heroic gulp. Now that the potion is down, however, there is an Etonian pride in the manfulness of the achievement, and the men who proffered the medicine are forgotten. It is a matter of no great importance, but before Englishmen arrogate to themselves the credit for Irish reforms, it would be wise of them to follow a noble example in acknowledging who initiated Irish reforms. "Without a single exception, so far as I know," said the Marquess of Crewe in 1913, "the various benefits conferred upon Ireland by the imperial parliament during the last half-century have all formed part of the nationalist programme and the nationalist propaganda."

Mr. Arthur Balfour's scheme for remedying the economic tuberculosis of the west of Ireland was a good scheme, even though the condition was a disgrace to England the world over, and had certainly been unspeakably neglected down to 1891. Similarly useful have been the acts for laborers' cottages and town tenants and evicted tenants' reinstatement and government credit to the occupiers of new holdings. These acts have not given Ireland agricultural welfare, but, with the upper house bullied into ac-

quiescence, they did clean up purulent landlordism.

But out of Westminster came more than this. Besides several futile efforts to have the home rule baby there was a useful local government act in 1898, deposing the landlords and establishing elective rural and county councils. This occurred, it must be said, after twelve local government bills had been killed from 1836 to 1893, with four others stillborn. In 1899, thanks to Sir Horace Plunkett's zeal, came the department of agriculture and technical instruction. The broader issue of higher education remained. It was tackled in 1908 by the establishment of a national university (Dublin, Cork, Galway) and a local university at Belfast. In 1908 old age pensions were enacted for Ireland. With the parliament act twilight descended on the Lords and in 1914, though one might not believe it, home rule became law, after the Lords were induced to their "twilight sleep."

This is a handsome record. What have the Irish to complain about? No wonder Mr. Barker believes that Irish criticism is lurid, that the country "doesn't know what it wants," as Punch said, "and won't be happy till it gets it."

But it is too easy to run away with the idea that state grants to Ireland are exceptional charity, that Ireland is a drain on the empire strongly and silently suffered, that there is nothing more in reason to be done. Everything depends, of course, where your observation is taken from. To the crated Malay prisoner, a cell in Sing Sing would be paradise. To the Sing Sing convict, the bare liberty to roam in Ireland would be joy. I am not viewing Ireland as a suppliant, or its freedom as a remittance of pun-

ishments. I am taking Mr. Barker's own conception, "a living home of divine freedom," with the power of self-determination fairly devised for Irishmen, and unequal burdens removed. It is only from this standpoint of the freeman that any state can be judged, unless one is frankly a tory. "It is our custom in Ireland," Mr. Bernard Shaw has cheerily confessed, "to denounce grievances which we share with all modern nations as intolerable and special outrages unknown beyond our shores and abhorrent to God and man." Englishmen relish this sort of general confession, but they forget both the pretensions of their own country and the hard comparative facts.

The bald issue of state aid is itself too readily misunderstood. When Mr. T. P. Gill appeared before the committee on Irish finance in 1911 he freely acknowledged the grants for agricultural instruction, but he showed how similar grants were the custom elsewhere, and how rapidly they increased; in Holland from £56,000 in 1894 to £262,000 in 1911; in Belgium from £112,000 to £224,000; in Switzerland from £150,000 to £219,000; in Hungary from £1,700,000 to £2,451,000; and in Denmark from £108,000 to £232,000. In Ireland the grants for technical instruction increased from £10,000 to £57,000 in the same period. These figures are suggestive in themselves; their main import is the unexceptional character of most Irish appropriations.

GALL AND WORMWOOD

The Ireland that Mr. Barker has written about from the calm of Oxford appears in a very different

light to the common Irish, the disadvantaged majority. It is not only the pernicious anaemia of their population that afflicts them — the death rate high, the birth rate on the level of France before the war. They have other disabilities besides disabilities of public education and commercial opportunity, unnational banking and railway management, bad housing in the municipalities and a generally shrivelled civic life. Despite all the work of liberalism in England, the *ancien régime* of Ireland is still twined into the state establishments. It is curled into the judiciary like a tropical germ. It has its tentacles in every nook of the Castle, living on large emoluments at the expense of popular need. The resident magistrates give one choice example of its tradition, the royal Irish constabulary give another. There is not only uneconomic organization in many departments of government, there is petty favoritism and anti-nationalism extending into civil life. The officers of the government do not, as a rule, regard themselves as servants of the people. They regard themselves as outside and above the aborigines, and they exhibit and nourish the aspect of a caste. This peculiarity of English government in Ireland has been responsible for a great part of the misunderstanding between England and Ireland. At every turn the governmental caste reminds Ireland of its history, the terms of its conquest, the perpetuation of that conquest. Nothing, not the police or the judiciary or the land commission or the local government board or the board of education or the centralized charities or the civil service, is free from the caste implication. It goes out beyond government, of course. The garrison has its own clubs,

its own games, its newspapers, its doctors, its ivied walls of ignorance and self-sufficiency; and the natives who pass those walls leave nationalism outside. Here you have the gall and wormwood of Ireland's conquest, surviving the land laws and the congested district board and the beneficent legislation of England. Here is one reason why ambition emigrates and despair sits heavily at home.

THE BAULKED DISPOSITION

The American can scarcely understand these imputations. They sound like the obscuring passion of which Mr. Barker speaks. A Jew, perhaps, would understand. When the Jew cries aloud of his "two thousand years of exile," he is thinking not only of Zion but of the ghetto, the exclusion that is the seal of exile. But the American does not know what it is to have the offices of government inaccessible to a majority of his people, because of their nationalism and race and religion. He is inclined to believe that such accusations come more from unrepleted office-seekers than from excluded groups and classes, and it is difficult for him even to grasp the realities of such genuinely excluded minorities as his own I. W. W. Though he accepts the idea of home rule, the status of the Irish people is not clear to him. He is content to favor home rule on the rough principle of self-government.

But the main reason that self-government is imperative is the impossibility of good government without it, if by government one means something more than law and order. The discontentment, subtle and poisonous, which ferments in men who are less than full men in their own community, may properly

be ascribed to what Mr. Graham Wallas terms "baulked disposition." It is easy, at this point, to provoke the sarcasm of a man like Mr. Balfour, with his sharp references to "the appetite for self-assertion." It is always easy to cast doubt on the aspiration of other men to govern themselves, to see in their restlessness a kicking against the pricks of duty and conscience. But so long as men are institutionally handicapped the fact of their unhappiness is eloquent. The very existence of an obscuring passion in Irishmen is, at the least, a sign that their conditions of government had better be scrutinized. It would be sentimental to say in advance that the only remedy possible is more self-government. It is enough at the moment to search for the political grounds of this baulked disposition, not to propose its remedy.

The accusatory note is struck by an Englishman. Speaking in 1913 in the House of Lords, close to the end of Mr. Barker's fifty remedial years, Lord Morley undertook to characterize the governance of Ireland. "I submit this to your Lordships," said this statesman of thirty years' Irish experience and fifty years' thinking on Ireland. "I have no desire to figure as an oracle of political wisdom, but there is nothing worse in the whole range of the political system than irresponsible power. Any one who has thought at all about these things in theory or observed them in practice will cheerfully admit that. The whole administrative system of Ireland is sealed, stamped and branded with irresponsibility from top to bottom, and my noble friend Lord Crewe did not go a bit too far when he said, speaking from his own experience, which is very much mine, that it was

really Crown Colony Government masked and disguised." These are strong words, uttered by a man who weighs his words. They are worthy to be the epitaph of the union.

The keynote of English administration in Ireland is one principle — distrust. Where the government is in the hands of a free people, administration may also be distrustful. It is in the nature of a populace to ask miracles of the governors and of governors to regard the populace as objects. But in Ireland the government has made administration in the spirit and image of distrust. Since the coming of Parnell the Irish bureaucracy has lost much of its close semblance to the bureaucracy of Russia: its impervious judiciary, its Cossacks, its secret service, its pogroms. The espousal of Ireland by Gladstone brought about a sufficient change in serfdom to end the unchecked tyranny of the bureaucrats. But the institution of those tyrants, their tortuous mechanism, remains. Ireland has left its cell, it still wears handcuffs. Those handcuffs keep its history alive. It has no freedom to spend its own money, to invest its own capital, to promote its own capital, to promote its own welfare. It has no freedom to unmake the administrator who does not suit it, or to advance the administrator who does. At every movement or gesture, distrust intervenes and represses Ireland. Distrust is the true king of Ireland.

The nominal ruler is the lord lieutenant, but the real ruler, the lord of misrule, is the chief secretary. He is the man who carries Irish administration under his hat. Through the bureaucracy of Dublin Castle, in some measure responsive to his bidding, he manages the people of Ireland. He is always, of course,

an Englishman or a Scotchman. In most cases he has been actively anti-nationalist. Where he has wished to respond to the people, the machinery has greatly handicapped him. But with brilliant and wholly admirable exceptions he has been content to accept a "wasteful, inefficient and demoralising system."

We have heard from several secretaries what it was like to sponsor Irish policy in a British cabinet — crying "Ireland," "Ireland," like a magpie. The Irish secretary has ever been a witch-doctor, a nuisance or a bore. While his colleagues have endured him and the Irish members at times cooperated with him, the task of being responsible for all the boards that govern Ireland has been like a buffoon's attempt to carry forty Christmas packages. The effort that has saved one has spilled another. Besides such obvious tasks as running his own office, the chief secretary has to be the deity of the local government board, the congested districts board, the royal Irish constabulary, the land commission, the department of agriculture and technical instruction, the estates commissioners, the board of national education, the board of intermediate education. There are, besides, the registrar of petty sessions clerks, the general prisons board, the office of inspectors of lunatic asylums, the Dublin metropolitan police, the office of reformatory and industrial schools, the public loan fund board, the registrar-general's office, the establishment of charitable donations and bequests. These are only a few of the twenty-six boards which, as Mr. G. F.-H. Berkeley summarizes them, are directly under the influence of the Castle, with salaries ranging from £45,000 for the lord lieutenant's

household, £28,000 for the chief secretary's, £67,000 for the local government board, down to innumerable clerkships at £80. There are Irish branches of the English board of trade, stationery office, civil service commission, post office, and so on, with sub-offices of the treasury, all of them irresponsible and most of them unnational or anti-national.

Lord Morley spelled out the meaning of Dublin Castle to his noble and learned friends, on and off the woolsack. "The chief secretary, the responsible minister in parliament, has to be most part of his time now, when sessions last from January to December, in London. How can he exercise direct supervision and control over his departments, and how can the departments keep themselves in touch with their chief, or, for that matter, with opinion in Ireland? What responsibility is there for finance in the Irish secretary? It is in the hands of the board of works, which is the British Treasury; and I would perfectly confidently appeal to any noble lord from Ireland, whether he comes from Ulster or elsewhere, whether there is any sense of responsibility for treasury money either in his own order or amongst humbler people. I confess I wish there was a little more sense of responsibility for the expenditure of public funds even in this country. There are those who find us here somewhat slack, and lavish in expenditure, but in Ireland there is not a spark of sensibility for the British treasury. It is a point of honor almost, if British Treasury money is going, to get as much as possible and on no account to let one single banknote or coin be given up. The result, of course, is wholly bad. Irresponsible power breeds irresponsible people." And he adds, "Who

is most likely to take the right measure of the resources of Ireland — the treasury here or people in Ireland? . . . You want somebody in Ireland feeling the whole atmosphere of Ireland around them."

IRELAND ON PAROLE

This is part of the colonists' crushing mortgage on Ireland. It may seem small to indict England for setting aside £45,000 of Irish money for the household of the lord lieutenant — much more than is given to the President of the United States. But that is only one dropsical appropriation. The salaries of the Irish judiciary are scandalously large, the lord chancellor absorbing £6,000 a year, the lord chief justice £5,000, the lords justices £4,000 each, the justices £3,500, and judicial commissioners of the land commission £3,500 and £3,000, the recorder £2,500, the county court judges £1,400 each. It may be that the Irish "like good law better than cheap law," but a reactionary judge is dear at any price and appointments are still dealt out as fat rewards to men of the right politics in Ireland. Legal talent puts on its incorruption at too great an expense to the public. The royal Irish constabulary is another monstrosity. It costs the Irish people £1,500,000 a year. "The constabulary," says a permanent under-secretary for Ireland, "is really an imperial force; it is employed not merely for the purposes of preserving the public peace, but for the maintenance of civil government in Ireland in its existing form. It is a semi-military force, and it may be almost considered as an army of occupation rather than as a police force." Useful duties are performed by the underworked police, such as collect-

ing data for the inland revenue office, the registrar-general's office, the census office; but the force is oppressive socially as well as financially. Nothing in England's system of governing Ireland has given the lie to goodwill so completely as this standing army. All through the country the poorhouses and the police barracks compete with each other as monuments to British government. Considering their function the constables are remarkably kind and human, but they offer an insuperable obstacle to Irish confidence in England. Their presence indicates to Ireland that England's dagger is always hanging at its hand, ready to be unsheathed tomorrow as it was unsheathed yesterday, a perpetual intimidation and a perpetual goad. I do not mean that the constabulary is truculent. If there were any excuse for it there would be every excuse for it. Its offence is not its conduct but its existence. It proclaims that the whole Irish nation is simply on parole. There is absolutely nothing in Ireland's criminal statistics to justify this situation. The police is a political police, "for the maintenance of civil government in Ireland in its existing form."

THE OLD GUARD

But the parole is not confined to the police. When Lord Morley went to Ireland the second time, in 1892, he confronted "the paradox of a magistracy mainly Protestant in a country predominantly Catholic." Shrewdly protecting himself from his nationalist advisers, he began appointing Catholic magistrates. "We appointed 637 county justices over the heads of the lieutenants of counties: 554 of them Catholics, 83 Protestants. But consider the

state of things after our felonious operation was over. We reduced the old Protestant ascendancy from between 3 and 4 to 1, to a proportion of rather more than 2 to 1. Add that the majority of 2 to 1 on the bench represents a minority of 1 to 3 in population. For this we were severely criticized as introducing the poison germ of the spoils system into the virgin purity of Irish public life."

Now we begin to close in on the realities of Ireland. Remembering that Catholic means autochthonous and Protestant means colonist, (though the colonist is sometimes the better democrat and the better nationalist), we find that the governing class still rides its fences carefully, and mends its palisades. Between English and Irish, in Mr. Balfour's view, "there is no sharp division of race at all"; but before accepting this bland utterance, it is well to look at the south of Ireland in the year 1914, and make one's own inferences.

On July 19-20, 1914, two quarterly meetings were held in Kilkenny — one a meeting of the county United Irish League, the other a meeting of the county grand jury. Side by side, the first twenty names of each list is worth contrasting, to see the difference, if any, between the men selected as delegates by a home organization, and the men selected by a foreign government. They were selected from over exactly the same area, at the same time, and with the idea of representation in mind:

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE	GRAND JURY
Henry J. Meagher	Richard Henry Prior Wandesforde
Thomas Long	Edward K. B. Tighe
John Bryan	Major James H. Connellan

UNITED IRISH

LEAGUE

Richard Nolan
 Peter Barret
 Nicholas Maher
 Thomas Lyster
 P. Lennon
 John Walton
 Richard Kerwin
 Richard Kinahan
 Andrew Dillon
 James Murphy
 Daniel Roberts
 Edward Corr
 Denis Lennon
 Nicholas Cruit
 Thomas Lambert
 John Buggy
 Patrick Wall

GRAND JURY

Gen'l Sir Hugh McCalmont
 Major Robert T. H. Hanford
 Raymond de la Poer
 Stanislaus T. Eyre
 Lieut. Col. Walter Lindsay
 Sir William Blunden
 Col. Charles Butler-Kearney
 Mervyn de Montmorency
 Major Lindsey Knox
 John Butler
 John T. Seigne
 Capt. John de Montmorency
 Major John J. E. Poe
 Charles S. Purdon, M.D.
 William T. Pilsworth
 Paul Hunt
 James Smithwick

Among the United Irish Leaguers the ethnologist will undoubtedly see a large proportion of Anglic names. Kilkenny is an Anglicized county. But the distinction is not ethnological, it is social. On the one side is the Catholic, the bourgeois, and the farmer, on the other side is the Protestant, the petty aristocrat and the landowner. Four Catholics had penetrated into the grand jury in 1914. The Catholics are 95% in Kilkenny. Not more than one Protestant has penetrated into the United Irish League. The compartments are almost, though not absolutely, water-tight.

But it is better to supplement this illustration of caste rigidity from a national board. At the risk of boring the reader I give the contrast in the same year between the popularly-selected chairmen of the

county councils in Catholic Ireland, and the oligarchic custodes rotulorum or deputy lieutenants:

COUNTY COUNCIL	LIEUTENANTS
W. McM. Kavanagh	Lord Rathdonnel
P. J. O'Neill	Earl of Meath
Matthew J. Minch	Sir A. Weldon
John Butler	Marquess of Ormonde
John Dooly	Earl of Rosse
John Phillips	Earl of Longford
Peter Hughes	Sir H. Bellingham
Thomas Halligan	Sir N. T. Everard
Patrick A. Meehan	Sir Algernon Coote
Joseph P. O'Dowdall	Lord Castlemaine
John Bolger	Viscount Stopford
Edward P. Kelly	Viscount Powerscourt
James O'Regan	Sir Michael O'Loghlen
William M. Donald	Earl of Bandon
D. M. Moriarty	Earl of Kenmare
W. R. Gubbins	Earl of Dunraven
Michael Slattery	Lord Dunalley
Patrick O'Gorman	Count de la Poer
Thomas G. Griffin	Lord Clonbrock
Thomas Fallon	Lord Harlech
James McGarry	Earl of Lucan
John FitzGibbon	The O'Conor Don
John O'Dowd	Major Charles Kean O'Hara

These lists mark with tolerable clearness the lusty survival of a distinct Anglo-Irish class in Ireland. The men chosen by the people are of the people. They could not say, as the Earl of Wicklow had just said, "We are very proud of being Irishmen, but we are, I think, immeasurably more proud of being able also to call ourselves English, or perhaps I ought to say British." They could not say, with the same gentleman, "We are not ashamed to be

called the English garrison in Ireland. There have been English garrisons in many parts of the world, and I do not know that any member of such a garrison ever had cause to feel anything but proud of his position." These Murphys and Dillons and Lennons and Nolans were the garrisoned rather than the garrison, so far as full political freedom is concerned.

THE GARRISONED

The point is not a legal one, exactly. Even if there are fifty hired governmental magistrates in Ireland, even if the clerks of the crown and peace are usually in ascendancy, even if juries in crucial times have been packed, the real disadvantage is not so immediately tangible. The real disadvantage is the affirmation of ascendancy, the social and political barrage. Nothing is more precious in society than the free play of personality, the right of unguarded being and doing. There is not a county in Ireland where the inferiority of native Irishmen is not protested by some instrument of the ascendancy, whether it is their magisterial office or their assertion of Englishness or their eight-foot stone walls. Canon Hannay wrote in 1911 that this embittered feeling is going. "I left the English schools at which I received the earlier part of my education when I was seventeen," he says. "Since then I have lived entirely in Ireland — in the north, in Dublin, and in the west. I can look back on twenty-eight years during which I have been familiar with Irish social life. I have seen a great change take place. When I was a young man intercourse between Irish Protestants and Irish Roman Catholics was rare in

every rank of society. We lived apart from each other. We very seldom met. We never talked about anything that mattered. This condition of things has absolutely passed away. There is now far freer intercourse, far more social intermingling in all classes. We are beginning to know each other. This change has taken place in spite of the warnings and exhortations of the clergy of all kinds. From their own point of view the clergy were right in their objection to the gradual breaking down of the wall of division. The inevitable happened. Young men and young women who danced together, played together, perhaps debated together, came to want to marry each other. Then the trouble began."

Canon Hannay knows Ireland too well not to be quoted and I regret I cannot agree with him. The political incrustations of ascendancy are tough incrustations, the rewards of ascendancy are still positive. One reason of this is not so much the unionism of Irishmen as the unionism of Englishmen, and the doctrine of military necessity.

DIRA NECESSITAS

It has never been a secret in militarist circles that home rule is undesirable. If the foible of nationalists is chewing the bitter past, they share it with Lord Ellenborough and Earl Percy and even the unmilitant elect of the Round Table. The "ruinous heritage of ancient wrong" is deplored by The Commonwealth of Nations, but one of its appendices is that strange document in separatism, Wolfe Tone's pamphlet advocating Irish neutrality in 1790. This foolish preoccupation with Ireland's military position is not confined to the hunters of political linseed bags.

Lord Ellenborough avowed in 1913 that there would be no difficulty about giving Ireland home rule if Ireland were thousands of miles away. "Even if the Irish government remained loyal," this statesman ventured, "there would be the disadvantage of a divided authority, or of having two civil governments in time of war. If during war the civil authorities do not guard railways, tunnels and bridges, in an efficient manner, they may be blown up." Someone said in 1688, "Without the subjugation of Ireland England cannot flourish, and perhaps not subsist." Lord Ellenborough comments, "every word is as true now as it was 225 years ago. . . . Autonomy has been a success in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and it may yet be a success in South Africa. But these countries are thousands of miles away. Ireland is only 12 miles distant, and is far more intimately connected with naval strategy. . . . If home rule is granted, a three-power standard, instead of a two-power standard, must be kept up."

The mainstay of such alarmed statesmen is the late Admiral Mahan. "It is impossible," the admiral said, "for a military man or a statesman with appreciation of military conditions, to look at the map and not perceive that the ambition of the Irish separatists, realized, would be even more threatening to the national life than the secession of the South was to that of the American Union."

This is the spinal column of Earl Percy's argument. Writing in 1912, he made no attempt to conceal his belief in the coming war with Germany. "Many of those best qualified to judge are of opinion that Germany is only waiting to free herself of

an embarrassing situation, until the power of the Triple Entente is for the time being too much occupied to intervene in a Continental struggle. . . . In Europe the nations have set out on the march to Armageddon, and there is no staying the progress of their armaments." Therefore home rule is impossible. Before the war Earl Percy believed in forcing conscription on Ireland out of hand. Acknowledging it impossible, he candidly declared that "if the passing of home rule should require the retention of a single extra soldier in Ireland, it is perfectly certain that nothing could justify the adoption of such measure," and "even if home rule could be shown to be an act of justice due to a wronged people who have proved themselves capable of self-government, even then it could not be justified in the present crisis abroad."

This is admirably honest, but, I think, hateful. It is simply the English variety of the worst German ideals. It is precisely the argument of General von Bissing in relation to Belgium. He speaks of "the 'dira necessitas,' or rather the sacred duty, that we should retain Belgium for our influence and sphere of power, and in the interests of German security that we should not give Belgium up." As Earl Percy speaks of Irish horses and man-power, so von Bissing speaks of Belgian factories. "A neutral Belgium, or an independent Belgium based upon treaties of a different kind, will succumb to the disastrous influence of England and France, and to the effort of America to exploit Belgian resources. Against all this our only weapon is the policy of power, and this policy must see to it that the Belgian population, now still hostile to us, shall adapt itself

and subordinate itself, if only gradually, to the German domination. It is also necessary that, by a peace which will secure the linking up of Belgium with Germany, we shall be able to give the necessary protection to the Germans who have settled in the country."

THE MORAL

No sane American can believe in von Bissing's policy. Yet, in all its moods and tenses, even to the protection of German "unionists," it has the same ethics as Earl Percy's policy. In one case it is Germany first. In the other case it is Britain first. Aside from its baseness, its notion of human psychology seems to be foolish, no less in the English case than in the German. But my point is its influence on the government of Ireland. It is the worst influence operating against the Irish people at present — honestly revealed by these junkers I have quoted, half-revealed by men in and around the cabinet.

Is this Mr. Ernest Barker's notion of "the living home of divine freedom"? Twelve thousand policemen haunting the streets and byeroads of Ireland do not suggest divine freedom. There is little freedom in a colonized judiciary, a reckless treasury, an irresponsible educational board, a country planted throughout with the moated castles of antipathetic officialdom. The forty-two cliques of Dublin Castle, alienated when not prejudiced, repress the activity of every local council in the country. Those councils, baulked in other directions, deviate into political manifesto. One may agree with Mr. Barker that the difficulties of Ireland are largely within the borders of Ireland. But what does this prove? When

a man is riddled with disease, the difficulty is all too seriously within him. If the British empire is in truth a commonwealth, let the notions of common-weal be applied to Ireland for its sanity. Let the first principles of liberty be allowed to touch it, and the tide of national vigor released.

VIII

THE NATIONAL LEGACY

WHY NATIONALISM?

IT is not because one is infatuated with the Irish people that their nationalistic struggle is seen primarily as a human cause. The disabilities of Catholic Irishmen are important not because they are Irish or because they are Catholic but because they have disabilities. It is this that gives democratic sanction to the emphasis on their nationhood. There is another emphasis on nationhood, the cultural, which intrudes patent difficulties into the sphere of the state. This is so much the case that disabilities take the attention of many nationalists only because their culture and their peculiarity are affected. With such partisans there is frequently no middle way. Their differentiation becomes as sacred, exclusive and imperious as it dares. Such arrogance, however, inheres in all differentiation. It is often necessary to penalize it, and a pleasure to do so, but you cannot get rid of it by crushing it, only by directing it. Most of statecraft, indeed, unless it be leviathan or stone-age statecraft, consists in harnessing these barbarous and obnoxious varieties of the will to power.

When you think of nationalism merely as group particularism it seems wholly unworthy of political science; and political scientists as a rule shy away

from sanctioning nationalism. In some respects, I am afraid, the modern political scientist is not unlike the political economist of fifty years ago. He much prefers to deal with issues uncontaminated by human nature. The war has changed many things and the war may have changed this, but throughout discussions of government and the state one is still constantly aware of intense unwillingness to see good systematic thinking deranged by unmalleable conglomerates of fact. I have in mind, as I write, the kind of federalist who simply closes his eyes to existing social and economic partitions, partitions which need to be removed, which nationalism proposes to remove, which federalism blandly and inhumanly accepts. If there were no established class to monopolize government, nationalism would be a wild political incursion. But nationalism fairly enters politics as a protestant if not a constructive factor. At least to the degree that government bears upon members of a national group they are bound, united by their particularism, to assert themselves in regard to government. If one opposes this tendency, while failing to liberate government itself from the undue influence of an established class, the result is to create that very injustice which it is the pretension of political science to cancel. Hence political science really begins, or ought to begin, with bringing government to a nationalistic state of grace.

THE NATIONAL LEADERS

The main difficulty in accommodating Irish government to Irish nationalism has been the fallen estate of the nationalist claimants. There has been

at once no greater proof of this statement and no greater testimonial to human nature than the constituency of Irish leadership. One of the greatest leaders was a Catholic, O'Connell, but with his exception the vast majority of political leaders have been Protestants. The luminaries of Grattan's parliament were necessarily Protestant. It was not till 1793 that a Catholic was permitted to be a citizen or to aspire to education at an Irish university. But it was not merely Flood and Grattan who fought for Ireland, or, in earlier days, Swift and Molyneux. Wolfe Tone was a Protestant, so were Robert Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. After Catholic emancipation and the tithe war and the repeal movement came Young Ireland, with Protestants like Thomas Davis and Smith O'Brien and Ulster Presbyterians like John Mitchel to take up the fight for the people. Fenianism was largely Catholic, but the home rule movement was half Protestant and Orange to begin with, led by an Ulster Protestant, Isaac Butt. Parnell was a Protestant landlord. One may make the inference, if one likes, that Catholic Irishmen need a Protestant chieftain. Or one may make the inference that between Catholic and Protestant there is no such invincible prejudice as Ulster supposes. What really stands proved, it seems to me, is the inexorable claim on common humanity that was made on these Protestants by the lamentable state of Ireland.

With their own eyes these men saw the violation of democratic principle at every turn, and, whatever their heredity, they revolted, as Englishmen in England had similarly revolted, against English misrule. Gladstone and Morley, in this sense, were

Irish leaders too; but the poignancy of Ireland, the tragic import of her claims, could only be felt by men who had dipped their bread in the salt of ostracism. Parnell's hatred of England was unintelligible to John Bright. Bright repudiated home rule because of it. But Parnell had seen death in the eyes of landlarded peasants. The empire he beheld was not the great institution that Bright criticized as an engineer might criticize a beloved engine. Parnell saw the empire as juggernaut, huge, self-considering, beyond appeal. When Gladstone unjustly imprisoned him he was not surprised. He was not surprised when Mr. Balfour denigrated Irish political prisoners, forced them to clean out water-closets. The zebra clothes with which the nationalist convicts were clad symbolized to Parnell the thing he hated in the union, England's impunity. That impunity was only too actual when he himself was "thrown to the wolves." His Protestantism was his inheritance, Ireland his experience. His experience convinced him that between strong and weak the weak must suspect the strong, must pursue Goliath relentlessly. Only heroism can save David. England's comfortable righteousness he ridiculed, and the righteousness was not a myth. It could jail him in 1880 for agitating a reform that the Unionists unctuously adopted in 1903.

A GIANT'S TASK

If Parnell was feared by England, O'Connell was loathed and despised. It is amusing now to recall the note of the London Times on O'Connell's consultation with the lord lieutenant Mulgrave. "It has been proved beyond a doubt that Lord Mulgrave

has actually invited to dinner that rancorous and foul-mouthed ruffian, O'Connell." But this truculence of the strong to the weak was more than calculated political insult. Lord Morley has included in his life of Richard Cobden a letter that sadly illustrates the division of the two peoples. "I found the populace of Ireland represented in the House by a body of men, with O'Connell at their head, with whom I could feel no more sympathy or identity than with people whose language I did not understand." So he wrote in 1848, looking back seven years. "In fact," he continued, "*morally* I felt a complete antagonism and repulsion toward them. O'Connell always treated me with friendly attention, but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity; and as for trusting him on any public question where his vanity or passions might interpose, I should have as soon thought of an alliance with an Ashantee chief." It is interesting to turn from this to Morley's own opinion, fifty years after. "Goldwin Smith," he says, "hints that I am for home rule because I am ignorant of Ireland. His own personal knowledge of Ireland seems to have been acquired in a very short visit to a Unionist circle here thirty years ago! What can be more shallow and ill-considered than to dismiss O'Connell 'as an agitator, not a statesman.' O'Connell's noble resolution, insight, persistency in lifting up his Catholic countrymen, in giving them some confidence in themselves, in preaching the grand doctrine of union among Irishmen, and of toleration between the two creeds, in extorting justice from England and the English almost at the

point of the bayonet — all this stamps O'Connell as a statesman and a patriot of the first order."

Is it irrelevant that Richard Cobden says of himself, " [I] had frequently been in that country (I had a cousin, a rector of the Church of England in Tipperary) "?

O'Connell's task was gigantic, " lifting up his Catholic countrymen." A hundred years before he came, England had organized their degradation and Mr. Bagwell quotes Petty as to their condition at that time. " Of the inhabited houses 16,000 had more than one chimney, 24,000 had only one, leaving 160,000 without any. Three-fourths of the land and five-sixths of the houses belonged to British Protestants, and ' three-fourths of the native Irish lived in a brutish, nasty condition, as in cabins, with neither chimney, door, stairs, nor window, fed chiefly upon milk and potatoes.' " When Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland in O'Connell's hour, 1825, there was astonishingly little change. The " heart of the stranger was sickened by such widespread manifestations of the wanton and reckless profligacy of human mismanagement, the withering curse of feuds and factions, and the tyrannous selfishness of absenteeism." Carlyle was to come later with his ironic ejaculation over their squalor and misery, " Black-lead them and put them over with the niggers." This was the clay that O'Connell modelled, to be duly transferred to Parnell.

THE MORAL BOG HOE

Did the world see cause and effect in the condition of Irishmen, or did they infer from Irishmen's

degradation an innate barbarity and worthlessness? I shall only stop to cite those well-known passages in *Walden* relating to John Field. When Thoreau wrote *Walden* in 1845-1847 the Irish were the most degraded poor in America. Thousands of them were employed in railroad construction, and they were crowded in railroad shanties, "human beings living in sties." So closely were they associated with digging in the dirt, that Thoreau could not think of the hated railroad without thinking of "a million Irish, starting up from all the shanties in the land." "We do not ride on the railroad," said this New England Diogenes, "it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you." This, and the adumbration of native squalor that came with the immigrants, gave Thoreau his clue to Ireland.

With such presumptions, Thoreau entered the hovel of John Field. John made his living near *Walden* as a laboring man. "An honest, hard-working, but shiftless man plainly was John Field; and his wife, she too was brave to cook so many successive dinners in the recesses of that lofty stove; with round greasy face and bare breast, still thinking to improve her condition one day; with the never absent mop in one hand, and yet no effects of it visible anywhere." The picture is etched by a master. And then the master moralizes: "A man will not need to study history to find out what is best for his own culture. But alas! the culture of an

Irishman is an enterprise to be undertaken with a sort of moral bog hoe. . . . I suppose they still take life bravely, after their fashion, giving it tooth and nail, not having skill to split its massive columns with any fine entering wedge, and rout it in detail;—thinking to deal with it roughly, as one should handle a thistle. But they fight at an overwhelming disadvantage,—living, John Field, alas! without arithmetic, and failing so! ”

UP FROM SLAVERY

So far, excellent Thoreau. And then we come to the racial hypothesis. “ Before I had reached the pond some fresh impulse had brought out John Field, with altered mind, letting go ‘ bogging ’ ere this sunset. But he, poor man, disturbed only a couple of fins while I was catching a fair string, and he said it was his luck; but when we changed seats in the boat luck changed seats too. Poor John Field! — I trust he does not read this, unless he will improve by it,—thinking to live by derivative old country mode in this primitive new country,— to catch perch with shiners. It is good bait sometimes, I allow. With his horizon all his own, yet he a poor man, born to be poor, with his inherited Irish poverty or poor life, his Adam’s grandmother and boggy ways, not to rise in this world, he nor his posterity, till their wading webbed bog-trotting feet get talaria to their heels.”

There is more instruction in this threnody than in many a blue book. It goes a long way to suggest the depths of Irish slavery and the pitying pessimism that so often condescends to it. In the reaction from that slavery, still by no means com-

pleted, it is easy to see how Irish nationalism took excessive forms. Social and economic hardship did not turn every Irishman into a hero. The politicians from whom Cobden shrank, for example, were many of them known to be venal and loathsome. Outside the genuine patriots and rebels, outside the sterling conciliators, there were innumerable fustian orators, cringing and fawning blackguards, compromisers, buffoons, blusterers, louts, a scum of insolent and pretentious carpet-baggers, trading on Irish sorrows and capitalizing Irish wounds. This, apart from the sting of caustic, shows why Thackeray's delineation of Irish gentility made the genteel Irish hate him; why Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* touched a repressed feeling of inferiority. Nor were the excesses of nationalism always lowly. There was an excess in the exalted Gaelicism of the modern generation. There was a large element of passionate compensation for the past in the rebellion of 1916.

THE LANDLORD'S SIDE

But before one considers the reactions from slavery, one must look at the landlord's side of the case. Landlordism included all kinds of people, people in no way tyrannical, good bewildered people who never knew they were deemed blameworthy until they were walked out to the guillotine. In the way that many parsons under the established church were like Goldsmith's parson, as poor as church mice, so many landowners gave quite as much as they got under the miserable land system in Ireland.

The late Miss Violet Martin, one of the authors of *An Irish R.M.*, has left an illuminating

memoir of her brother, a Unionist “emergency man.” In that memoir (the first chapter of *Irish Memories*) one is shown the other side of tenant and landlord. There is a glimpse of her family’s beloved Connaught estate, carried on since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Not till 1872, the first home rule election, were the kindly intimacies altered. All through the famine and Fenian days Ross went untroubled. “The mutual dependence of landlord and tenant remained unshaken; it was a delicate relation, almost akin to matrimony, and like a happy marriage, it needed that both sides should be good fellows. The disestablishment of the Irish church came in 1869, a direct blow at Protestantism, and an equally direct tax upon landlords for the support of their church, but of this revolution the tenants appeared to be unaware. In 1870 came Gladstone’s land act, which by a system of fines shielded the tenant to a great extent from ‘capricious eviction.’ As evictions, capricious or otherwise, did not occur at Ross, this section of the act was not of epoch-making importance there; its other provisions, by which tenants became proprietors of their own improvements, was also something of a superfluity.”

Then, in 1872, the serpent of nationalism appeared in the Eden of feudalism. Miss Martin transcribes very distinctly the emotion of that first election. “It went without saying that my father gave his support to the Conservative, who was also a Galway man, and the son of a friend. Up to that time it was a matter of course that the Ross tenants voted with their landlord. . . . During the morning my father ranged through the crowd incredulously, asking for this or that tenant, unable to be-

lieve that they had deserted him. It was a futile search; with a few valiant exceptions the Ross tenants, following the example of the rest of the constituency, voted according to the orders of the church, and Captain Nolan was elected by a majority of four to one. It was a priest from another part of the diocese, who gave forth the mandate, with an extraordinary fury of hate against the landlord side; one need not blame the sheep who passed in a frightened huddle from one fold to another. When my father came home that afternoon, even the youngest child of the house could see how great had been the blow. It was not the political defeat, severe as that was, it was the personal wound, and it was incurable. . . . The ballot act followed in June, but these things could not soothe the wounded spirit of the men who had trusted in their tenants." Miss Martin's father never recovered.

Here you have kind and sympathetic feudalism, essentially aristocratic, yet essentially genial, extirpated at the same time as its intolerable companions. No one, I think, can fail to see Miss Martin's affection for the tenants; but the Ireland of the upstart tenant was a new Ireland to her, a questionable Ireland, and she sided against home rule to the last. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., told this gifted Irishwoman in her own idiom that home rule was not necessarily part and parcel with cold desertions and broken fealties. She could not quite believe him. "There was ploughing going on," narrated Miss Martin to her correspondent in 1912, "and all the good, quiet work that one longs to do, instead of brain-wringing inside four walls. I wondered deeply and sincerely whether home rule could increase the peacefulness,

or whether it will not be like upsetting a basket of snakes over the country? These people have bought their land. They manage their own local affairs. Must there be yet another upheaval for them? . . ." "Why snakes?" Captain Gwynn rejoined. "To my mind the present System *breeds* 'snakes' . . . For Gentlefolk (to use the old word) who want to live in the country, Ireland is going to be a better place to live in than it has been these thirty years — yes, or than before, for it is bad for people to be a caste. . . . Caste is at the bottom of nine-tenths of our trouble." But to caste, quite valorously, Miss Martin continued to cling.

THE GOOD SLAVEOWNER

No social institution, whether it is landlordism or the priesthood or the army or Dublin Castle or prostitution, can entirely subvert human kindness. The good man of the worst régime is always superior to the poor man of the best régime, and no two systems are so far apart that they do not partially overlap. It is this that makes confiscation so anti-social, and makes compromise so obligatory. But landlordism, for all the goodness that extenuated its badness, for all its fine exponents and hot character witnesses, was justly sentenced to sell out. Everything that can be said for chattel slavery by an ex-slaveholder can be urged for the old landlord system in Ireland — and a man would be a fool to deride the pragmatic evidence of men and women from the south of the United States. But some commonplaces of human aspiration are better not debated. Hatred of slavery is one of them. Men are committed to the infinitely complex and dangerous and universal

experiment of self-determination, and the superb theorem of Abraham Lincoln—"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent"—has something in it that surpasses the lonely Olympianism of Nietzsche. Obedience to the priest, as Miss Martin saw it, was no more self-determination than obedience to the landlord; but the history of land agitation shows that the tenants who bolted in 1872 were answering a deeper call than the call of clericalism. In point of fact, few priests favored home rule at the beginning. The tenants really deserted their landlord in 1872 because the root of nationalism was in them. The new phrase, "home rule," pulsated with promise for them, a promise of something much more stirring than federalism, something fundamental, something that opened wide arms to them. Landlords still forget this. They still delude themselves to the contrary. In 1913 Sir Reginald Pole-Carew confided to the House of Commons that "if you were to live as I do among farmers and go about and talk to them—I grant you singly, because if you get two together they dare not give an opinion—if you get them alone they tell you they are living now in fear and dread of getting home rule." What else, I wonder, did the farmers of Kilkenny tell that honorable and gallant gentleman? Did they tell him, by any chance, that they live in fear and dread of getting a bigger price for heifers?

NOT ALL BOLSHEVIKI

It would be wrong to suggest that Ireland was at a high pitch of nationalism at the time of which Sir Reginald Pole-Carew was speaking. Its nationalism

was not so flaccid as he wished to think, but until the executions of 1916 it did show many signs of being too thwarted to assert itself. From 1894 to 1914 the south of Ireland was tired of pugnacious nationalism. Here I think it may be ventured that the long repression of personality, the long disregard of will, had undoubtedly left effects on the native Irish. Superficially, at any rate, Ireland is a country with an undue proportion of mild, innocuous, charming people, easily swayed from their set purposes, disposed to say "yes" to the latest agreeable suggestion, rather unusually averse to the Puritan habit of moral bookkeeping, twice as pleasant for casual acquaintance on that account, but prevented by this characteristic from attaining the valuable results that are won by the resolute and the self-preserving. The main difference between the Englishman and the Irishman is probably this difference in steady volition, this difference as to what is admired as "perseverance." A serious lack in the business of life, it is a quality inevitably cultivated where men have the habit of property and the political conviction of self-help. The absence of perseverance by no means justifies the hideous morbid introspection that underlies the melancholy of Ireland. Nor is it a characteristic peculiar to Ireland. Closely connected with lonely agriculturalism, it is much more desperate both in kind and degree in the genius of the politically retarded Russians. One finds it less frequently in the United States, where prosperity ameliorates rural life to some slight degree. In New England, however, there is the morbidity that one finds in the south of Ireland — less dreamy, but not less intractable, and leading to the same helpless

depression. It is, in fact, a sort of childishness, which takes the struggle of life with too intense a seriousness, and centres on itself, and becomes paralyzed. Many of the early plays of the Abbey Theatre bear witness to the depth of Irish neurasthenia. The re-birth of Irish culture was genuine but the baby was a bluish baby.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

In the average Englishman one less often finds this depression. One finds a heightened instinct, an orderly art, of self-preservation. By this I do not mean that the more prosperous are more selfish. We are all selfish, all except saints and fools. But prosperous selfishness is calculative, practical, compromising. It is very pretty, of course, to think that your mild, impressible Irishman is a model of unselfishness, that he is superior to mundane considerations. But marry one of them, and you'll see. In her memoirs Ellen Terry remarks that she likes the "hard woman." It is the same species of instinct that made Turgeniev love Bazarov, and that made George Meredith bestow Diana on the sober Englishman. Ellen Terry and Turgeniev and Meredith knew infantilism in themselves. They knew what it was to break their hearts crying for the moon. And when they found a decent human being who wasn't a lunatic, they made him a hero.

The Bible of the Englishman is not Don Quixote. It is Robinson Crusoe. Robinson Crusoe is the epic of common sense. Most novels deal with the mating instinct. Here is the most successful of novels, and nothing mates in it except the edible. Food and shelter are its goals. It cele-

brates, from first to last, the instinct of self-preservation. Its motto is Sinn Fein, self-help. It is a glorious record of the kind of individualism that never questions its own validity. Had Crusoe been brought up in the habit of self-distrust, he might easily have died of self-pity, murmuring "it's the will o' God!" But while Crusoe was almost offensively pious, he had a most prodigious sense of his importance. This was eminently clear when Friday came along. Crusoe annexed him without a shadow of doubt. It was instinctive imperialism. There was nothing democratic about it — no communism, no manhood suffrage, no liberty, equality and fraternity. It was up to Friday to make terms, but Crusoe had the advantage of knowing his own mind, and while he wanted Friday to trust him, he never felt inclined for one moment to adopt the amiable Irish euphemism, "I'll leave it to yourself." Odious results come from this habit of self-preference. Crusoe was on an island where there was no workhouse, no trade union, no employment agency. So he developed the unfortunate habit of Sinn Fein.

THE PLIANT IRISH

In Catholic Ireland, where the atmosphere is still somewhat feudal and aristocratic, Don Quixote is much more of a person than Robinson Crusoe. Chivalry is still the code, or the dream. As in Russia or the Southern United States, material backwardness is considered of less importance than "ideals," and a great deal of sarcastic wit plays about the gentleman who helps himself. In an aristocracy, of course, you belittle yourself if you help yourself. If you do a thing because you have to, you are one

of the common herd. If you do it without having to, you are a "gentleman." You can haul manure without degradation in Ireland, if only the country-people think you are well-off. But if it appears that you need money, then "he's the same as ourselves," a degradation almost unmentionable.

Out of this pliant stuff a vigorous nationalism is not obviously made, and it was no wonder that the Irish unionists continually expected the farmers to go back on home rule. But this taint of ascendancy has usually proved itself superficial, and it acted as a positive irritant on middle-class Ireland.

To understand Irish politics one must ignore the farmer for a moment and look to that epochal event in Irish history, the intermediate education act of 1878. Up to 1878 the secondary education of Catholic boys and girls was in a poor way. The Christian Brothers' schools had solid worth, but they were primary, and the convents and polite boarding schools cared for too few pupils. Up to 1908 higher education for Catholics was practically non-existent. But the investment of £1,000,000 in 1878 provided for a national system of annual examinations—the bread pudding of instruction being loaded with plums for the scholars and succulent result-fees for the teachers. As a pedagogical system it was atrocious. The teachers treated the pupils as the New York poultry-dealers treat chickens, cramming them for weight with an adroit mixture of food and good ponderable sand. But there was a certain value in it. From 1878 on, six or seven thousand middle-class youths pushed farther out of illiteracy than ever before. Few decent careers opened for them, but they were the nucleus for the

later developments of nationalism — Sinn Fein and the Gaelic League. Anyone who examines the newspapers of that period will discover that Cork, Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Athlone, Galway, Ennis, Wexford, were feeding hot nationalism to a flood of romantic, eager youth. The land agitation, Parnellism, the Split, were landmarks to the graduates of the intermediate. It made no difference that Irish history was sterilized by the intermediate board. It made no difference that Parnell was anathema in many Catholic households after his downfall. In his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Mr. James Joyce has revealed how the nationalist schism was malignant even during Christmas dinners. But soon a new voice was in the land, the voice of Gaelic. Young Ireland re-discovered old Ireland. Dillon and Redmond were flogging the tired parliamentarian horse, but after Parnellism the rest was silence. The play continued, but all Ireland had spoken with Horatio, "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince. . . ." The youth of Ireland flung itself into the Gaelic revival.

THE REDMOND ERA

This subtraction of young vitality from the politicians misled intelligent Englishmen. "Home rule," mused Lord Ribblesdale in 1913, "has become a comparatively sober affair. To quote Lord Rosebery again, the Cerberus of Irish discontent has become a comparatively mild-mannered creature. Then another statement was that the age of romance seems over in Ireland. I think that exists now only in the excellent school of young Irish poets, No

greater contrast, I think, can be imagined than the contrast between such men as Swift and Flood and Grattan, O'Connell and Parnell, and the two Mr. Redmonds. The earlier men were cast in the heroic mould; the later in the municipal. I do not say they are the worse for that; indeed, to that extent they are much better to deal with." This is the champagne of malice, but not quite so good a vintage as Lord Ribblesdale may have imagined. Mr. John Redmond was no more municipal than Campbell-Bannerman. Captain W. A. Redmond did not die municipally. And yet Lord Ribblesdale discerned the reality. He saw that romance had ascended to the poets.

But before the poets, the parliamentarians. Mr. Redmond and his colleagues did make one fatal error after the Liberals resumed office in 1905. They completely failed to dramatize for Ireland the attack on the House of Lords. It was, in a definite sense, Ireland's campaign. If the Nationalists were over-numerous in the House of Commons they were as scarce as Hindus in the citadel of privilege. Popular Ireland had no more chance of converting the upper house than a Negro has of being senator from Alabama. This rigidity ended home rule. The moment the Commons joined issues with the Lords, Ireland's prospects brightened, and it was for the parliamentarians to dramatize this process. The task was beyond them. So long as Moses was parting the waves the chosen people kept excited. The long journey through the desert of constitutionalism was tedious. An occasional flurry of agrarian warfare relieved the tedium, but it requires miracles — burning bushes, rods eating up

other rods, dry passage between cliffs of water — to keep the promised land before exiles. And John Redmond had no genius for miracles.

It would be wrong to underestimate John Redmond.¹ He was, in a large sense, a man with style. He was the kind of a speaker who brought to public address something more than the weight of argument. He gave argument the weight of personality. It was not an aroused and pungent personality, it had none of the blue steel of Parnell, but it was serious and responsible, it had a peculiar depth of dignity. Only an Irishman, perhaps, who knew well what it was to listen to excruciating national orators could entirely enjoy the grave and melodious utterance of John Redmond. He had a proud, imperious profile, the profile of a senator, and there was something lofty and senatorial in the public style he matured. He thought justly. He spoke fastidiously. He never condescended to slang or the platform humor which is the spiritual equivalent of slang, and he never came much nearer to comedy than sarcasm. Yet the organ-tone in which he spoke did not belie his seriousness, his marshalling intelligence, his fortified convictions, his formidable honesty. The style truly became the character.

The great proof of Redmond's character was, of course, the leadership of the Irish parliamentary party since 1900. Those on the inside know what this leadership required, but any American may fairly surmise that the management of eighty nationalists in the British parliament was in no sense a

¹ The rest of this chapter previously appeared in the *New Republic*.

sinecure. Even eighty nationalists do not necessarily agree. The main body of nationalists had deposed their great captain Parnell just ten years before, and Redmond himself had led the passionate minority that took Gladstone as their Bismarck and Parnellism as their Alsace-Lorraine. Not until the Boer war was the futility of this division acknowledged and a reconciliation put through. There were centrifugal forces in the party even then, T. M. Healy and William O'Brien representing them, but it was not long before Healy and O'Brien were safely segregated and the rest of the party effectively organized. The interminable Liberal régime from 1905 must have had a good deal to do with Redmond's security. With the introduction of a new home rule bill he was indispensable. His party settled into the harness and he toolled them easily. But the very ease with which he was acknowledged "leader of the Irish race at home and abroad" disguised the realities of Irish political feeling, as distinguished from those realities of which he was master, Irish party organization.

It was the parti-educated youth that were significant, and Mr. Redmond's parliamentarians left them out in the cold. During the decade that followed the death of Parnell in 1891 the deadly internecine warfare of Healyites and O'Brienites and Dillonites and Redmonites monopolized the parliamentarians' energy, and they sacrificed the young idea. The youth of Ireland received about the same inspiration from the Irish parliamentary party at that time that a young American received from the regular Republicans since 1908. Even less. But they had to go somewhere. They flowed away from politics,

flowed into the Gaelic language movement and the self-help movement, the latter covering everything from the passive resistance of early Sinn Fein to the self-help of the literary theatre and national letters and the nonpolitical self-help of agricultural co-operation and radical labor. All these activities seemed rather unimportant to the men at Westminster. No member of parliament got it into his head that the energy of the nation was being seriously diverted from constitutional interests.

A fighting captain like Parnell would have arrested this. The clash of his steel would have stirred young Irish blood. But when John Redmond became leader of the united party the constitutional movement did not become a national inspiration for young Ireland. Redmond was the leader of a party, not the leader of a people.

REDMOND'S LIMITATION

To put home rule on the statute books was no ignoble destiny for an Irish parliamentarian. It meant that he resisted every English attempt to substitute a council for a parliament, had kept the party free from those obligations which are incurred through taking personal favors, had retained intact and unanimous the demand of the voters outside Orange Ulster for a measure of national self-government. Horace Plunkett was content with the Union at that time, and blandly minimized home rule. His position in this respect gave many nationalists an unfortunate idea of the cooperative movement. Lord Dunraven and other rectified junkers tried hard to win the landlords to the people, and wanted the people to qualify their hopes for the sake of achiev-

ing this object. The northern Unionists remained adamant. In spite of these subversive and corrosive forces, Redmond held to his principle and drove ahead. The fact that home rule won, even on paper, was a gigantic parliamentary achievement. It meant that the liberalism of Englishmen had nominally triumphed, that an empire had recognized a nationalism, that a victim of might had received a measure of formal restitution.

But it was only on paper, and there Redmond had failed. A man of legal mind, he had been content to throw the onus of carrying home rule on the British government. He had left the sources of popular opinion to take care of themselves. In this he proved himself the parliamentarian as against the popular leader, the man of an established order as against the creator, the man of decrees as against the man of positive will.

REDMOND AND PARNEll

This was the difference between Redmond and Parnell. Parnell knew that his whole strength lay in focussing the will of Ireland, and he organized that will at the source. When he spoke to England, Ireland spoke to England, and when England rejected him, England rejected a whole people. At times Parnell was guilty of neglecting his duty, and at times he treated his party like dogs. But what held the party together was a leadership that had the people back of it, that estimated with ruthless clarity the sovereign rights of the people and asserted those rights regardless of every solemn and sacred British pretension. What had Parnell to fear from Eng-

land? He knew the moral pretensions of the British empire as well as any one, but he had an eye for facts, he saw perfectly clearly the wretched state of the Irish people, the economic impossibility of landlordism, the fatuity of governing Ireland from Westminster, the unutilized solidarity of Ireland. He handled Ireland like a wheelwright, found the hub for it, fitted the spokes of it, hooped it with durable iron. He judged the moral hospitality of Gladstone as a general would judge terrain. The established British order meant nothing to him. He strove to get Ireland back of him, and then he was able to talk constitutionality to the British House of Commons.

With this characteristic, Ulster could never have deterred Parnell. Parnell had known Sir Edward Carson from the time he was a member of the National Liberal Club. He had known him when he began to "devil" for "Peter the Packer" and hunt the tenant hare with the Castle hounds. There is no doubt in my mind that long before Sir Edward Carson got his rifles from Germany Parnell would have carried the war into Orange Ulster. Parnell would have gone through Edward Carson as steel goes through paper. He would have grappled with the real Orangeman where he lives. The fate of Ireland would not have been left to meddlesome duchesses, retired army colonels, junkers in the defeated House of Lords, political climbers like F. E. Smith, who happened to be in the opposition, the "to-hell-with-the-pope" idealists, the Belfast chamber of commerce. The people of Ireland would have been made completely and dangerously alive to their

liberties during those years that Sir Edward Carson was playing the game of British toryism and Northcliffe irresponsibility in Ireland. It was not for nothing that Parnell had studied Ulster in the days of Randolph Churchill. He was fair to Ulster and respected it, but the guns were not made that could have entered Ulster with immunity in Parnell's reign. Parnell knew warfare when he saw it. And there would have been an answer to the Ulster banks in the south of Ireland, to the Ulster manufacturer and the British manufacturer, which liberal England and unionist Ireland would equally clearly have understood.

Had John Redmond given a full and free channel to Irish popular will, he might have seen home rule established before he died, and fathered the first home rule parliament. The real reason for lamenting this failure is the subsequent diffusion of Irish purpose. Rebellion is sometimes an attractive escape from life, but Parnell understood that the best place to utilize the rebellious impulse was inside the British constitution, and nothing but his downfall would have driven young Irishmen to Sinn Fein. It is the tragedy of John Redmond's career that he allowed constitutionalism to impose on him, to dictate his method, to hamper his will. He was, for an Irish leader, prematurely conservative. A man of courage and faith and rectitude, he made the one mistake of an agitator. He accepted the established code before the order which he strove for was established.

Before John Redmond died he knew the deepest bitterness a moderate man can know, the bitterness of having his restraint taken as weakness and his

concessions manipulated. This in itself warned Irishmen to beware of restraint and concessions. It pointed to extremes.

IX

THE INSURRECTION IN 1916

THE "OLD STOCK"

IN the year 1912 nearly half a million Irishmen signed a pledge to stand together in opposing home rule. "Signing the pledge" is not keeping the pledge, but when 471,414 human beings affirm a political conviction, it establishes that conviction as politically important. In the supercilious language of Mr. Balfour, in another connection, "statesmen must act as if the dream were fact."

Ulster, of course, was the backbone of this covenant, but outside Ulster, as Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and the Earl of Wicklow have indicated, there has always been a minority to support the Ulstermen. The sentiment of this minority after 1912 is worth recalling.

First, because of its charming simplicity, let me quote the view of an American girl who returned to her own country in 1913 from five weeks' hunting in the County Cork. "Nobody seems to want home rule in the south of Ireland," said this lady, "but if Ulster fights, my hunting friends in the south will join Ulster. They say they don't want to be stabbed in their beds."

No normal person wants to be stabbed in, or even out of, his bed. To avoid such an unpleasantness,

one might easily elect to fight for Ulster against home rule. But the sporting gentry that the American had been visiting have never as a class wanted home rule. It annoys them. It offends their sense of values. It runs counter to their aptitudes and their taste. They cannot imagine that anyone could seriously desire an innovation so risky, so provincial and so plebeian. Moreover, they chat with "friends" of theirs among the farmers, and they quite easily conclude that the farmers are politically satiated and content. For personal charm these Anglo-Irish are inestimable. Politically, they are infantile. When they came together at the Dublin horse show and at Punchestown races during this period, they settled their scores with the Liberal government by receiving the Liberal lord lieutenant in stony silence. They cut him! This dreadful application of the boycott had been maintained for years. When the horse-worshippers went home, they forgot politics until Ulster asked for sympathy. Then a few hundred of them would motor in to some Castle ballroom, and behind closed doors pass stern resolutions against home rule. The only hitch to such proceedings would possibly be the refusal of the local nationalist brewery to lend the Marquis the barrels for his unionist platform, Sharman Crawford's brewery and Captain Craig's distillery being too far away for this service. But the hitch would never be fatal. The rival nationalist brewery would prove obliging and lend his lordship the necessary barrels.

So long as it has had one penny to put on another, the Irish country house has subsisted on fox, grouse, partridge, bridge, golf and horse. Apart from its duties as magistrate and squire, and its connection

with the army and the services and the House of Lords, it has had no centrifugal impulses. When one of the County learned that her friend Lady Gregory had turned to writing comedies, for example, she revealed her class's large comprehension of the exigencies of life by sympathetically remarking: "She's gettin' too old to hunt, isn't she?" Sometimes beloved by the people and nearly always amicably received, this section of the unionist aristocracy has remained astonishingly separate, aloof, sinfully trivial and emptily superior. George Russell has delivered the just verdict on them. "They as a class, though not all of them, were scornful or neglectful of the workers in the industry by which they profited, and to many who knew them in their pride of place, and thought them all-powerful, they are already becoming a memory, the good disappearing together with the bad."

THE SERIOUS UNIONIST

Passing over the horse-worshippers, there comes the more serious Unionist attitude. This may be put down as concerned imperialism, in the good and the bad sense. The reactionary imperialist preserves a feudal view of the Irish caitiff. Observing Irish debility, he ascribes it to the inherent defects of the papist, his ignorance, indolence and poverty. To be put on a level with a people so poor, ignorant and indolent (or, as it is usually expressed, to be "placed under the heel of a parliament in Dublin") seems to this urbane gentleman an injustice too deep and obvious for discussion. In addition, he believes that the Irish nationalist does not appreciate the empire, and that, therefore, the only way to deal with

him is patiently to continue remedial government from Westminster and, with this degree of responsibility, let him master his native defects. Moreover, this unionist genuinely discounts any hope of good government on representative principles from a people so patently loyal to the Roman Catholic church.

The progressive element among unionists is much nearer to home rule. At the head of this group have been landlords and business men with their fortunes willingly staked in the country. The spokesmen have been persons of public spirit like Sir Horace Plunkett and Lord Dunraven. Sir Horace Plunkett deserves extremely well of Ireland. Before the collapse of Parnellism, he developed his cooperative programme for farmers, and later on during the Unionist régime, he got Catholic and Protestant together on the recess committee, out of which splendid creative conference came the department of agriculture. With George Russell to interpret the movement and penetrate it with his literary genius, co-operation has proved a genuine though rather limited success. It has been handicapped by two things,—the middleman and trader antagonism of the Nationalist members of parliament and Sir Horace Plunkett's own political creed. This creed was enunciated in a thoroughly well-meaning book, *Ireland in the New Century*. In this book, dedicated to the memory of the Unionist, W. E. H. Lecky, the author iterated his "continued opposition to home rule." He pressed hard the conviction that "if the material conditions of the great body of our countrymen were advanced, if they were encouraged in industrial enterprises, and were provided with practical education in proportion to their natural intelli-

gence, they would see that a political development on lines similar to those adopted in England, was, considering the necessary relations between the two countries, best for Ireland, and then they would cease to desire what is ordinarily understood as home rule." This conviction was accompanied by much criticism of the parliamentarians and the Catholic church and a free assertion of the moral timidity of Irish character and the weakness of Irish fibre, with many mugwumpish strictures such as "in the main," "within certain limits," "if not always with," "not in any marked degree," "if, however, in some cases."

Sir Horace assured his readers of the Irish Nationalist politicians' "want of political and economic foresight." "The influence of the Irish political leaders has neither advanced the nation's march through the wilderness nor taught the people how to dispense with manna from above when they reach the Promised Land." He contrasted the Irish unfavorably with the Scotch-Irish, lamented the reputation of the Irish in America, pointed out the number of Catholic Irish girls who became prostitutes in America, said that at home the Catholic Irish were "apathetic, thriftless, and almost non-industrial, and that they especially require the exercise of strengthening influence on their moral fibre." "The home of the strictly civic virtues and efficiencies is in Protestant Ireland." "In the last analysis the problem of Irish ineffectiveness at home is in the main a problem of character — and of Irish character."

Sir Horace Plunkett's attitude seems irreproachable to the good imperialist. To the nationalist it recalls the ancient ditty,

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs?

The moral cowards and spineless jellyfish did not cotton to Sir Horace's book. John Redmond, who had sat on the recess committee, declared his own feelings. "I myself, indeed, at one time, entertained some belief in the good intentions of Sir Horace Plunkett and his friends, but recent events have entirely undeceived me; and Sir Horace Plunkett's recent book, full as it is of undisguised contempt for the Irish race, makes it plain to me that the real object of the movement in question is to undermine the National Party and divert the minds of our people from home rule, which is the only thing which can ever lead to a real revival of Irish industries." This was an extremely natural conclusion on the part of a political leader, considering Sir Horace's hope that his own movement would lead Irishmen "to cease to desire what is ordinarily understood by home rule." But the notion that Sir Horace Plunkett was "insidious" betrayed a certain animus.

A more thoroughly unfortunate book than Sir Horace's could hardly be imagined. It seriously misunderstood the Parnell movement. It showed a shocking tepidity about Irish history. With the best intention in the world it took exactly the wrong tone, the jarring pedagogic tone. When you have finally succeeded in impressing on a man that his moral fibre is weak and that his character is feeble, what have you done toward personal rehabilitation? You have convinced him that he does not possess within himself the necessary autonomic gift, that he has no

spiritual capital, that every failure is a proof of inherent deficiency, that nothing can possibly cure such deficiency, and that each failure is a sign that effort must always be unavailing in the case of a material so shoddy. Of course, Sir Horace had no desire to criticize destructively but that was his effect. To call him "insidious" on such evidence is to call a sledge-hammer insidious. The trouble was, Sir Horace Plunkett employed this sledge-hammer for trepanning a head full of nationalism, and was then blandly astonished at parliamentarian fury. But whatever criticism there was to be made of Sir Horace Plunkett, no one could deny that he saw Ireland as a unit and that, when he interpreted his country abroad, he declared "unbounded faith in the latent capacities" of his countrymen.

THE ULSTER BRAND

Quite different from this was the Dublin lawyer, Sir Edward Carson. The clue to Sir Edward Carson is not stern northern Calvinism. He is a southern Unionist. The clue to him is British as well as Irish. It is his identification with the frustrated Tories of the House of Lords as well as with Belfast business men. But the home rule situation requires above everything an understanding of the facts about Belfast.

To judge Belfast fairly, one must have perfectly clear standards. Belfast is a typical capitalistic community. Its success or failure must be measured accordingly. Being entirely different from a city like Dublin, a direct comparison is fatuous. One is the home of productivity, the other largely a distributive agent. But the fact that Dublin obviously

cannot live by distribution does not add a cubit to Belfast's stature. The vices of Belfast cannot enhance Dublin, neither can the foulness of Dublin give Belfast glory. The vice of sectionalism is the vice of all jealousy — we resent our rival's virtue as an indictment of our own inadequacy. We fear, and therefore advert to, competition. The point about Belfast is this: it is, for reasons not under discussion, an industrial community. Dublin and Belfast symbolize the two entirely different problems that confront Irish economists — Belfast, boasting of its wealth, still offers a typical case of "the inhumanity and waste of modern industry." Dublin, on the contrary, is pre-capitalistic, presenting industry in the haphazard and unorganized form,— an economic anomaly. Its inhumanity and waste are not so deliberate as Belfast's, but they are fifty times as inevitable. In the one case, a practical instrument is used badly. In another case, an impracticable instrument is used badly. The evils of Belfast are like the choking of a canal through carelessness, the evils of Dublin like the silting of a meandering river. To correct the evils of Dublin involves not merely clearing the silt, but making the river a canal. Belfast has already canalized.

Like all wealthy communities that are called "young" because they have risen rapidly to power, Belfast is intensely human in its local pride — the Chicago of Ireland, it attributes its eminence to its own native virtue. It surpasses Dublin as Chicago surpasses New Orleans, and it revels in comparison. "Belfast has no natural advantages. It was founded on a mud swamp. It had no deep broad river. The Lough was open to every storm and

was too shallow for large ships to approach the city. Yet despite all these disadvantages, it has become the largest, most industrious and wealthiest city in Ireland. Why?"

WHO'S WHO IN ULSTER

Proud of its size, its valuation, its shipyards, its Tobacco King, its municipal hospitals, its municipal gas, Belfast reproduces the exact idiom of Chicago. It tells you that it has "the largest ropeworks in the world." It tells you it has "the largest distillery in the world." Like a schoolboy with biceps, it exhibits itself for the awe and admiration of all. Mr. Thomas Sinclair, an Ulster leader, speaks of Ulster energy, enterprise and industry. The Marquis of Londonderry speaks of the energy, application, clearheadedness and hard work that have given Belfast its proud position in the industrial and shipping world. And admiration it exacts from the impartial. "The city of his idolatry," says Mr. Sydney Brooks, "is unquestionably the emblem of a magnificent conquest over inconceivable odds. The splendid energy, fearlessness, force and tenacity which have made Belfast what it is, a city of inexhaustible industrial marvels, are qualities not to be gainsaid. Perhaps nowhere in the world do 350,000 people produce so much wealth as in Belfast. Their shipyards and linen-mills, their tobacco factories and distilleries, their printing-works and rope factories, make up a great and indisputable record of industrial achievement."

With such achievement to its credit, with the firmness and self-reliance that achievement breeds, elderly Belfast resents with hatred and scorn the

thought of association with what it considers lazy, slatternly, dreamy southern Ireland. It does not actually know the south of Ireland, of course. In July, 1907, for example, the Great Northern railway booked 42 passengers from all its stations to Cork and Killarney, in the height of the tourist season. Nor does elderly Belfast dwell on the fact that the rateable value of Belfast was only £1,599,-603, as against £1,136,969 for Dublin; and that Dublin with its suburbs has practically the same population and precisely the same rateable value. These haughty competitive statistics never condescend to all the humble facts.

Nor when Belfast boasts of "its energy, fearlessness, force and tenacity" does it take pains to add that cheap labor is its principal asset, with all the consequent evils. In giving evidence before the committee on Irish finance, Mr. J. Milne Barbour, whose mills employ about 1,500 men and 3,000 women, maintained that the standard of living has been raised in Belfast. "I can remember very well seeing the workpeople going with bare feet and bare legs to and from their work; it is the exception to see that now." But when he was asked about the insurance bill he made a significant admission: "I think the weekly levy is going to be very heavy, and it is going to hit Belfast especially hard, because the rate of wages ruling in Belfast is low and, consequently, the employers' contribution will be higher there probably than in England." Mr. Barbour, of course, was opposed to home rule. He could not help believing it might disturb the feeling of confidence of the London financial houses. "In the North of Ireland we are dependent very largely

on London for our credits." The London financial houses are against home rule.

These large facts as to labor in Belfast are a matter of government record. Of the 71,161 persons in the linen and hemp industry, the average annual wage was thirty pounds. The net output was sixty-one pounds per person employed. And the flax, of course, no longer came mainly from Ulster farmers. Before the war, 80% of it was imported from Russia and Belgium. St. John Ervine, "a native of Belfast and a member of a Protestant family, the majority of whom either were or are connected with the Orange institution," pointed out some years ago that "it has been established beyond doubt by a government committee of inquiry that there is an enormous amount of sweated labor in Belfast. . . . The hours of labor in Belfast mills are, as a rule, from 6:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. The bulk of the women working in these mills are permanently unhealthy. They suffer from anæmia, debility, and ulcerated stomachs. . . . I may add that the conditions of employment make health absolutely impossible for these women."

Still "the whore of Babylon, the kirk malignant" is always a good battle-cry in Belfast, where quarter of the population is the underselling labor of Catholics. And when the parliament act took away the last barricade of the Unionists against home rule, the House of Lords naturally adjourned to Ulster to raise troops. These, not the Nationalist Irish, were Germany's primary allies in the British Isles. Cannon, machine guns and rifles were shipped to Ireland. Every possible descendant of the implanted settlers of Ireland was rallied.

Large numbers were openly recruited and armed. The Ulster leaders pleaded they were loyal but they insisted that the Liberals of England did not and could not speak for the empire. They were just like the Nationalists in so far as the only English authority they recognized was an authority like-minded to themselves. Lord Northcliffe joined with Lord Londonderry and Lord Abercorn and Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Roberts and Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law and F. E. Smith to advise and stimulate rebellion. Some British generals in the regular army, to the delight of Germany, were definitely available as leaders. A provisional government, with Carson as its premier, was arranged for in 1911. The Unionist and Orange organizations pledged themselves that under no conditions would they acknowledge a home rule government or obey its decrees. In 1912 the Solemn Covenanters pledged themselves "to refuse to recognize its authority." Later on, £1,000,000 was raised for ambulance and army insurance. During this period the government shifted from one foot to the other, but took no action. There were no nationalists under arms.

THE SOLEMN COVENANT

I have examined with great interest the figures published by Sir Edward Carson in connection with the Solemn League and Covenant. In Ulster alone, according to Sir Edward, 447,205 men and women signed this earnest pledge. The enrollment began in September, 1912, and the figures were issued in 1913.

Scattered over the nine counties in Ulster, there

are 840,000 Presbyterians, Episcopilians and Methodists. It is fair to assume that it was from these, and not from the Catholics, that the Solemn League and Covenanters were recruited. But not all of this number was eligible to sign. One may assume that Sir Edward excluded the senile and infantile. Taking, then, every single male and female between 17 and 70 years in Protestant Ulster, we find a total of 525,065 persons. Out of this total, according to Sir Edward, 447,204 signed the Solemn League and Covenant.

Without subtracting a single criminal, illiterate, lunatic, invalid or Protestant Liberal, you find that 90% of the Protestant males between 17 and 70 pledges themselves to "use all means" to defeat home rule, and 80% of the women associated themselves with the men.

I do not suppose that in the history of the world such a claim as this has ever been made before. I do not suppose that mice would petition against cats in such proportion. At the last general election in Ulster there were at least four counties where 20% of the rural Unionists did not go to the polls, yet this Solemn League and Covenant reached four times as many persons as the total enfranchised Unionist vote. I hope the document will be one day enshrined in the British Museum — with a note to the astounding effect that out of 447,204 alleged Covenanters, less than 10% (about 40,000) volunteered up to 1916 to save the empire which they so passionately loved in times of peace. This fact shows that the loyalties of Ulster were organized not for the empire at all but for a strictly local prejudice.

The conviction which this particular pledge affirmed is that home rule would prove financially disastrous, religiously subversive, civilly destructive and imperially perilous for Ulstermen. It was a serious belief and I think it would be wrong to belittle it. A profound conviction abides in Presbyterian Ulster and the men of Presbyterian Ulster gave it a body and a voice. They proved to the world that they have a will of their own, that they know their own will, and that they will always take good care to make the world know it. Organized will is an immense power in constitutional countries. Ulster possessed a definitely organized will. Its cool disregard of restrictions as to arms drew a parallel between themselves and the previous revolutionist of the South. In a world of hard facts, the Ulstermen proved that they knew how many beans make five.

“Success confers every right in this enlightened age; wherein for the first time, it has come to be admitted and proclaimed in set terms, that Success is Right, and Defeat is Wrong.” So said the preface of the *Jail Journal*. But John Mitchel would have given ten more years as a convict to have carried treasonable intimidation to the lengths that Belfast went since 1912. An Ulsterman himself, he would have admired the skill with which Ulster imposed on flabby Liberalism.

The home rule bill comprises, among other things, a symposium of reassurance to Ulster. It chains Ireland up to the noblest principles of civic and religious freedom, Imperial supremacy and fiscal impotence. “Not worth the paper they are written on,” growls Ulster. It believes the morals of Eng-

lish Liberals to be the morals of Bethmann-Hollweg.

There is a good deal of nonsense in the Solemn Covenant. This was not important to the angry and humorless men who signed it, nor does the precise language of any pledge repay a purist's scrutiny. A Solemn Covenant is underwritten in the same trusting spirit as an express contract or a lease. We sign it if it suits our necessity. But, while it is an acceptable instrument of organized will, it may well be examined for what Mr. Graham Wallas calls "organized thought." As organized thought it reveals an astonishing degree of irreverence and dishonesty. It pretends that God is closely identified with the Belfast Chamber of Commerce. It says nothing about its business judgment as to the inadvisability of home rule, but is convinced "in conscience" that it will be disastrous to the well-being of Ulster. Under all the flummery, however, there is a genuine determination and it is with this, not with "the sure confidence that God will defend the right," that the democratic Irishman is concerned.

The essence of the determination is that the native Irish be given no chance to retaliate on Ulster. The minority of Ulstermen — St. John Ervine and Robert Lynd testify for them — repudiate that fear. Speaking in London in 1912, an Ulsterman, Canon A. L. Lilley, pointed out that there was no practical reason for retaliation. He said to his fellow Ulstermen: "You know that in all these counties the Protestants and Catholics live side by side with one another; that, except in the towns, and especially in the city of Belfast, there is no segregation of the members of the rival religious communities in

separate districts. And you know, too, that, with the same exception, they are all alike members of the same social class, and engaged in the same industries. . . . I think I have shown that the opportunities for indirect pressure upon a discrimination against the Protestant population of Ulster are so remote that the fears grounded upon their supposed existence may be described as in the last degree chimerical. . . . The truth is that Ulster is haggarded by the prejudices of a bygone time. It does not quite realize that we are living in the twentieth century. It lives with the prejudices and self-suggested fears derived from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the wars of religion. The greatest blessing to which we can look forward in a self-governing Ireland is that those fears will be finally allayed and those prejudices finally eradicated by the mutual understanding and tolerance which only the partnership of all in the work of National regeneration is at all likely to procure." For all Canon Lilley, the fear was and is potent, and it is Sir Edward Carson's stock-in-trade.

"Ulster," says Sir Edward, "sees in Irish nationalism a dark conspiracy, buttressed upon crime and inciting to outrage, maintained by ignorance and pandering to superstition."

REBELLION IN ULMSTER

The solid backing behind the Solemn League and Covenant, however, was the junker and unionist high command of the British army. In March, 1914, came the crisis. The London Times sent a correspondent to Ulster. "In almost every house which the writer visited he found rifles and pistols."

"The proclamation which forbids the importation of arms," he said, "is considered in Ulster to be ultra vires and its legality will be shortly tested in the courts." The importation of arms from Germany and Italy had gone on unimpeded by the government. On March 20, 1914, Sir Edward Carson, made a speech in England before departing for Ulster. Mr. Churchill, he declared, "has told us that the government have said their last word in the offers they have made, and he was backed up by that superb member from West Belfast [Mr. Devlin], at his Sunday meeting. We have it now from the prime minister that this is the last word. Very well, if it is the last word, then I tell him to read the first lord's speech in which he said that I and others were guilty of treasonable conspiracy, and let them come and try conclusions with us. The government have been up to this time on this question a government of cowards. They have not had the courage to deal with what the first lord of the admiralty now says was a treasonable conspiracy. What right had they to let it go on for two years?"

On March 25, 1914, it was reported in the London Times that General Gough, in the presence of Lord Roberts, had confronted General French with a written guarantee engaging that the troops of the Irish command should not be used against Ulster. General French, the report said, signed this guarantee. Twelve days before, on March 13, at the Ritz Hotel, a dinner of a hundred Unionists greeted Sir Edward, and he was given an inscribed sword. The sword, an infantry fighting sword, said, "Presented to Edward Carson by friends of Ulster in sure confidence that God will defend

the right." God, Sir Edward and the Ritz!

In Belfast Sir Edward Carson was met by a regiment of volunteers. On March 21, the volunteers were reported to be mobilized.

In spite of this defiance the government refused to abandon the home rule measure and in April, 1914, Mr. Asquith promised to vindicate the law. The government actually started troops to Ulster. Then opposition intensified. Mr. Balfour inveighed against the proposal to use troops. The army consulted with Carson. Generals French and Ewart resigned.

About this period, with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Birrell failing to put England's pledges to the proof, the National Volunteers in the south were being organized at last. Mr. Asquith temporized further. At his behest John Redmond peremptorily assumed control of the Volunteers. Their selected leader was Professor MacNeill, a foremost spirit in the non-political Gaelic revival. There was formal harmony until the European war was declared, when Mr. Redmond sought to utilize the National Volunteers for recruiting. This move made definite the purely national purposes of the Irish Volunteers.

Four events occurred in rapid succession to destroy the Irish Volunteers' confidence in English authority. These were decisive events and yet events over which the Irish Volunteers could have no control.

On July 10th, 1914, armed Ulster Volunteers marched through Belfast and Sir Edward Carson held the first meeting of his provisional government.

On July 26th, 1914, the British troops killed three persons and wounded sixty persons because

rowdies had thrown stones at them in Dublin, subsequent to their futile attempt to intercept the landing of Irish Volunteer arms, from a ship at Howth.

On September 19, 1914, the home rule bill was signed, but its operation indefinitely suspended.

In May, 1915, Sir Edward Carson became a member of the British cabinet.

The two flagrant events in this list of four were Sir Edward Carson's appointment to the cabinet, in sheer contempt of nationalist Ireland, and the slaughter of Dublin citizens by British soldiers. The radical Irish papers had seen British soldiers kill Dublin citizens on the eve of the world war, and they did not conceal their passionate anger. "So ends the story," said the weekly paper *Sinn Fein* after the inquest. "Three of the unarmed mere Irish were shot dead in cold blood and nobody is going to suffer for it." "The victims of Sunday's massacre," said *An Claidheamh Soluis*, "were murdered because they dared to express their anger and indignation at the action of the regiment known as the King's Own Scottish Borderers in attempting to disarm the Volunteers. The armed cowards who fled before the stand of the Dublin Volunteers at Clontarf, shot down the unarmed crowd in their panic-stricken retreat through the city. . . . In November last, when Eoin MacNeill and Padraig MacPiarais [Pearse] advocated in *An Claidheamh* the arming of Irishmen, some timid friends rebuked us for voicing a policy of 'blood and thunder.' Today the right to bear arms has been won, and Ireland is not only a nation, but she counts as a nation in the councils of Europe." "Let

the 26th of July be noted in the Calendar of the Irish Nation," said Irish Freedom, "for on that day the Volunteer Movement was formally and effectively baptized, baptized in the blood of the Volunteers — blood also of British Soldiery. For the first time since Fenianism . . ." and so on. "It is a great thing and a heartening thing, to bring the arms safe into Dublin City. The thought of arms and the touch of arms have made Ireland into the thing we dreamed of. And the dawn is very near now."

REBELLION IN LEINSTER

Yet the Insurrection of 1916 came as incredible to most Irishmen. Clear though these warnings that heralded it, widespread though the arrests that followed it, and drastic the overhauling of Irish homes from coast to coast, it was a sharp surprise to the majority of the inhabitants. It was too much out of their ordinary calculations to seem believable. Its sources, concealed from the general run of observers, were sufficiently remote to have appeared unimportant to persons so well acquainted with Irish sentiment as Mr. Redmond, or so well acquainted with official reports as Mr. Birrell. That there could be so much resolute spirit in Dublin, that there was such energy to liberate in physical flame and spiritual incandescence, was a mystery to others than the authorities. There was ample excuse for any man to disbelieve that a rebellion could actually happen. If the fact of insurrection were not patent, men might still look over anaemic Ireland and proclaim it impossible. If you had said it was im-

possible early in 1916 there would have been Irish-men everywhere, all of them calling themselves Nationalists, to agree.

Calling a rebellion a "riot" is one way to soothe people's nerves. Immediately after the outbreak in 1916 there was an attempt to minimize it. This came from the simple human impulse to subdue facts to one's own designs. Men in parliament like John Redmond and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Birrell who had worked hard to preserve the Irish programme still worked hard to preserve Irish appearances. Those appearances, however, could not be saved by words. They were shot to pieces in the streets of Dublin. It was convenient at the time to speak of "rioters," to compare the Dublin insurrection to the Sidney street scuffle. But men who scuffle with authority do not bring the bloodiest of vengeance on their heads. It was not the action of the Irish rebels that sealed their seriousness but the action of the British and Irish authorities. Rioters do not drive a great and stable government to extreme measures. The exigent killing of a score of Irish leaders, the deportation of hundreds of citizens from far and near, the thrusting of law into the hands of the military, conclusively affirmed whether the outbreak was a rebellion or a riot. To call it anything but a rebellion is to attempt a tedious lie.

The leaders of the rebellion, it was said, were not substantial nor representative men and their followers were plainly "dupes." On a point such as this it is hard to be fair. It is seldom likely that men who conspire against an established government will have previously, under that established govern-

ment, become eminent in estate or repute. The history of Russian revolutions illustrates this truism. These particular rebels were not well-off. Aside from this, however, they were men of reputation in their city. They were not rabble-leaders or members of a rabble themselves. The loss of civilian life caused intense bitterness and it was freely declared that the first occupation of the rebels was the callous slaughter of unarmed British soldiers who happened to be on furlough in Dublin. This, it was confidentially reported to the United States, was the real crime of the leaders and the real reason they were executed. It was an empty slander. The street-fighting made pitiful and irreparable mistakes. So did the attempt to suppress it. The fact remains that the rebellion was not the work of a mob and had strangely few incidents of outrage. The mistakes on the rebel side might have been more insisted upon, however, but for the killing of three unarmed and guiltless journalists at the command of an officer. With a cynical disregard of justice and international honor this man was set free after a few months' confinement as a "lunatic." No case so clear as his was ever brought forward against the rebels.

In one sense, the rebellion was not national. It did not engage the bourgeois political organizations. It did not enlist the multitude of the farmers. It enrolled at best a small numerical proportion of the people. At the height of it the country was neither aflame nor paralyzed. It was still eating its regular meals and holding its fairs and milking its cows. The rebellion did not halt the streams or disturb the ploughboy's sleep. But in another sense

it was vitally national. It was national in its genesis and its object. It had more than physical significance. It sprang from deep and wide convictions. It replenished those convictions in countless hearts with many living sacrifices. By their collision with the British government the rebels put one conception of nationalism to the test, and renewed every other conception of it. It is with the irrevocable and staggering fact of their armed revolt, indeed, that new considerations of Ireland are now bound to start.

THE EXECUTIONS

What identified all of Ireland with the rebellion was the cold slaughters by the military tribunal in Dublin. Against the background of the European war the revolt demanded of British statesmanship that it should be held up as a tiny spurt of insanity. John Redmond had proved on the instant that he was ready to detach his Ireland from the rebellion. He called the Sinn Fein rebels his enemies. He denounced them as misguided and insane. But the military tribunal did the one thing that forced all Ireland to see the rebellion in the perspective of Irish history. It exacted its pound of flesh. Pearse, the passionate teacher of Gaelic; MacDonagh, introspective, overworked, scrupulous, the mild poet enwrapped for several years in the training of Volunteers; Plunkett, so ill that he was held back at Ellis Island the previous August; Connolly, the labor leader who was leaving a wife and eight children; Clark, the old Fenian tobacconist; Pearse's young brother the sculptor; O'Hanrahan, Daly, Major McBride; these were the insane and the wicked.

They were given to Ireland and to Irish history, the blood sacrifices of being national, when they were blindfolded by the soldiers and stood against a wall and shot dead.

They died proudly and gladly. They had a clear faith and they expected to die. "Do we not boast," wrote Pearse a few weeks before the rising, "of our loyalty and love for the Dear Dark Head? Is it fear that deters us from such an enterprise? Away with such fears. Cowards die many times, the brave only die once. It is admitted that nothing but a revolution can now save the historic Irish nation from becoming a mere appanage, a Crown Colony of the British Empire. We do not desire such a consummation of the Island of Saints and Scholars, the land of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, the land for which countless have suffered and died."

Those Saints and Scholars may not seem real but few can read Pearse's words without feeling his consecration to historic Ireland. The men in khaki who judged him could not understand this. They could not understand what the wise leaders in South Africa understood in dealing with De Wet. They could not see that vengeance was vindication. The entrenchment of Sir Edward Carson in the heart of privilege was too glaring. Only from the nationalists they took an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, but this made their justice an injustice. Only by a weapon of the spirit could they have encountered the claims of Pearse's spirit. They killed his body, but gave the precious part of him a national immortality.

Ireland to me is a sad, wet, empty country,—a country of frustrated natives and detached, patroniz-

ing, smart, unsympathetic English people. The English, or Anglo-Irish, are in Ireland but not of it. To submit to their slow and steady pressure is undesirable, but they pervade Ireland with their assurance, their monied superiority, their privilege. They stifle even the claims of Ireland. It is only a nature capable of ecstasy like Pearse's that can rise above these sodden commonplaces, and connect himself with "the O'Neills and the O'Donnells." To give the ecstasy a common habiliment he had to prove the English his nation's persecutor and to be shot down after a brief sacrificial hour.

For a few years, beyond doubt, Pearse and MacDonagh and Plunkett had drifted toward this rebellion. In a civilized country they would have found another ideal. They would have been busy thinking and writing on something beyond, or outside, a national plane. But in Ireland they had to choose between a subtle colonial subservience and a monstrous nationalism. They were too gallant not to choose the nationalism. Yeats and Hyde and George Russell set them a certain example. Those men could function, in spite of England. But Pearse and MacDonagh and Plunkett were intensely Catholic and thus close to the tradition of the people. It was part of their fierce loyalty not to find a way out, like Douglas Hyde's non-partisan Gaelic League or Yeats' non-partisan æstheticism or Russell's non-partisan cooperative ideal. They shared the disabilities of being nationalist in their own country too well to wish for a dispensation. It was easy for absentees like Shaw or Oscar Wilde to go to London to become detached and non-national. But cultivated young Catholics, shy and ascetic and

patriotic, had a somewhat different consciousness of the Irish people. Being Catholic, identified these aspiring youths with a mercilessly unremitting nationalism. It forced them, proud and isolated, to dwell with burning zeal on a history tragically their own.

CYCLOPS

The early days of the Irish Volunteer movement must have been an extraordinary revelation to these young men. No one suspected the latent spirit of militarism in the Catholic part of Ireland. It was unpredictable. But nothing, not the Gaelic League in its most ardent days, brought young Irishmen together so spontaneously and happily as the chance to drill and to train. Under MacNeill, the Belfast vice-president of the Gaelic League, the Volunteers imbibed a real spirit. But the instinct for arms was the marvel. One thinks of the opportunity that Daniel O'Connell, hater of the French Revolution, refused to consider.

Sir Roger Casement, more romantic than Cunningham-Graham, came into the later organizing. But the first work was done by these younger men. Carson was largely a joke in 1913 in the south of Ireland. Only Catholics who had lived in Belfast could take the Northerns seriously. And never was there acrimony between the Irish and the Ulster Volunteers. It was England, in the end, that figured in the Dubliners' imaginations. They saw that England had shamefully evaded the home rule settlement. Carson had defied the Liberals, Asquith and Loreburn and Churchill had trimmed. Then the war came. After all the trimming, Unionist

and Liberal both looked hungrily at Ireland's manpower. How to take it! The Volunteers saw conscription in the eyes of the politicians. They distrusted Redmond. They came near hating him, better known around Westminster than around the South Circular Road or Rathgar. Conscription more than the war came to decide the rebels' calculations. The formation of the coalition cabinet had a definite effect on their outlook. It seemed to them like the death-knell of home rule, the tocsin of a British unity against Ireland. It had much to do with their desperate resolution to act. The government, in addition, showed that it suspected the Irish Volunteers from the beginning. It hovered over them, waiting to suppress them. What was really a traditional ferment of nationalism until the government discriminated against nationalist gun-running, became, under provocation, a logical acceptance of death.

When you think of Pearse with his fine school, all his mother's money in it; MacDonagh, father of two young children by whom he was enthralled; Plunkett, with his two young brothers and ambitious to run the Irish Review; Connolly, working at the labor problem for unorganized Dublin — the personal cost of insurrection is seen to have been limitless. But they planned it coolly and deliberately, in every infinite detail. Spied on continually, under the eyes of police and military, they had invaluable aid from girls and women who did much necessary plotting while they and their followers went about their work. The experiences of Garibaldi was one of the models they studied most closely, but they dug out and printed the best of insurrectionary lore. They in-

tended, prayed for, hoped for, a paralyzing blow at the established government. They spared no pains to perfect their machine.

English government, put to the test, no more understood them than a Cyclopean giant. It beheld them as utterly mad, dangerous, malignant. It could not forgive them, especially in the week of Kut-el-Amara. It went through all the correct forms of field general court-martial, and made haste to shed their blood. One may suppose they were dazed at the despatch of it, the shocking assassin-secrecy. But, whatever their horror, they had bargained for it and they entered with tense wills into a tradition that was sacred in their souls. After Ulster, one may scarcely say that they had no right to distrust English government, but one may blame them for being desperate. One may think of them as dreamers and visionaries. One may wonder if they saw both sides of their alliance with black destruction and death. They took with them hundreds of trusting youths. They sacrificed innocent people. They led out Enniscorthy and Clonmel and Galway to a hopeless attempt to unite. But with all there is to be said against them, there is this to be said for them: they loved Ireland. They knew she was being stifled. They had kept the spark in her alive. They were willing to be human torches in her night.

X

UNEDUCATED IRELAND

THE POWER OF THE PRIESTS

“THE last great fight,” a Socialist leader once said to me, “will be between the Blacks and the Reds.” This was Victor Berger’s way of putting his belief that social democracy and the Catholic religion are in fundamental conflict.

The rumors of this conflict are often discussed among the Catholics themselves. In Ireland, which for the most part knows about the world at third hand, one used to hear the darkest accounts of France and Italy. When I was a boy the name of Garibaldi was synonymous with everything wicked and disgusting. I remember the unction with which we were told how the lounging porters in Limerick spat down on Italian sailors who sang of Garibaldi as they unloaded their freight. But it was more common to hear how France had attacked Mother Church, and had “fallen away from the faith.” Everything evil that befell France was construed as a visitation from Providence, to be paralleled with the fate of that infamous Cromwellian whose arm was instantly withered as he raised it to smite the Cross over St. Canice’s.

These convictions as to the sacrilegious character of any interference with the church were carried into

our own native life. When we bestowed on the child of an alien religion the pleasant title of Proddy-Woddy-Green-Gut, we were only a step from believing that the priest could turn a Parnellite into a goat. In the secret lore which children transmit from one set to another, this belief may still survive in a different form. And I am sure they are still telling about the French atheist who mutilated the sacramental wafer, and had to send for a priest to stop its bleeding.

Among a people whose partisanship has been sanctified by oppression, it is inevitable that little sympathy should be felt for the countries that set themselves against the church in politics. In Ireland disloyalty to the church is regarded as a base disaffection, a betrayal of the noblest traditions of the race. When the people were outcast on the hillsides, the priests were their friends. In 1798, Father Murphy led the boys of Wexford "to burst in twain the galling chain, and free our native land." In the agrarian war there was always a Father Casey to be heralded as the savior "who found us serfs, and left us freemen and owners of the soil." The tenderness which the common Irish feel for the priests is a deep and heartfelt tenderness. It was conceived in the mutual experience of the Penal Laws. It throbs through the novels of men like Kickham and Griffin who were close to the country people and knew their hearts, and it was riveted again through the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Famine years. All the functions that a democratic government might usefully assume — the functions, for example, that give Tammany Hall its opportunity and its power in New York city — have fallen to the priesthood in Ire-

land. The priesthood volunteered its paternal care to men who found nature niggardly, the landlord either remote or arbitrary, and the government inimical. Even today it is the priest who stands between the estates commissioner and the mystified tenant. It is the priest who negotiates the loan for a hay-barn. The greater the dependence of the country people, the more enormous the obligation to the one apparently disinterested and enlightened man in the entire isolated community.

A PEASANT ARISTOCRACY

But even where isolation is removed, the priest remains as a power in the community. The priesthood is the aristocracy of the Irish peasant. Crude and lumpish as the young curate may sometimes appear to the outer world, there is one woman to whom that crude and lumpish man is a veritable miracle. The romance of every farmer's wife in Catholic Ireland is realized in that curate. The mother of a Prime Minister has no more joy in her son than the mother of an Irish priest. No one in the world, not her husband nor her own mother, can dispute his place in her household. The trepidation with which the priest's mother regards the fruit of her womb is singular among the emotions of maternity. She regards him as assured of that salvation for which the rest of the world is anxiously striving. Everyone else is on probation, but no matter how dull he seems to the mundane observer, to her he is God's Anointed, a thing consummated and immune. This most powerful emotion may be experienced by only a few of the half million mothers in Ireland, but it is her supreme attainment and anything that attacks

the priesthood touches this maternal instinct at its core.

Besides this jealous maternal phalanx, the priesthood is protected by its own inherent power. Recruited from the farmers of Ireland, the priests are not only the chosen of their kind, but they constitute their class's representatives. In the mere matter of income, the average priest is frequently more stable and sometimes more affluent than his father. One of his extra-ecclesiastical activities is to look out for his own clan. Sometimes this is done by the eager use of influence in popular elections. When a man is seeking office in the country districts of Ireland, his first move is to invoke the aid of his cousin Father Mat or his brother Father Toby. The county councils and the boards of guardians are decidedly responsive to priestly electioneering, and that candidate is esteemed lucky who wants the coronership in a community where he has the backing of the priests. Even in business this support is highly important, and there are few professional men, doctors or dentists or solicitors or veterinary surgeons, whose fate is not largely in the hands of the clergy. In addition to the power they wield in this direction, the priests and bishops are zealous in forwarding the private fortunes of their own families. Their liberality is proverbial. Many a young lady in Ireland has been educated at the expense of her ecclesiastical uncle. Fathers, brothers, sisters, cousins, nieces, nephews will consult at the priest's house over ways and means, and the lame dog knows who will help him over the stile.

By these subterranean powers and activities, the priesthood of Ireland has strengthened its grip

on the country through a process natural and inevitable. As a body of men, they are by far the most formidable and dominant in social life. This dominance and formidability is evident in their personal appearance. Where the young lad on the farms is often anaemic and slack-jawed, there is nothing anaemic about the celibate clergy. Most of them born to the plough, accustomed to the hardships of the farm, muscular and hearty, they emerge from the diocesan seminary without any visible diminution of their vigor. In later life, they are often rather gross. I remember a splendid old Chicago Irishman who came back from a tour of his native country and France with an exalted sense of the ascetic French abbé but a disillusioned conviction that "there are too many fat parish priests." One is sorry for the parochial steed that has to dray them to and fro. But they are clearly men of authority, position and substance, stout pillars of a stout institution.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD

From the standpoint of ecclesiastical policy, and its pliancy in Ireland, it is unfortunate that so many of the priests come to the sacristy so straight from the ploughed field. There is no Celtic melancholy about the Irish farmers who have produced the red-necked New York policeman, the lusty Third Avenue saloon-keeper, the Tammany precinct captain. The priests of Ireland are from the same tough stock. Many of them become wise and lovable pastors, strong of body, mind and will, large-hearted and essentially good. In the reports of the provincial newspapers one is constantly thrilled by the sincerity and magnanimity of their espousal of the "human

cause." But apart from these good men there is a proportion of the clergy who retain the craft and the ignorance of the isolated farm, and support their insularity in truculence. These develop into powerful demagogues of conservatism and reaction. Transformed neither by Maynooth nor their Holy Office, they are apostles of intimidation, unreason and ill-will. Their nationalism is a consecration of low methods to the attainment of specious and bigoted ends. It is hard to blame them, because they have neither traveled nor inquired nor read. They are cocks on their native dungheaps. But the practical disadvantage is that they provide a medium for germinating those squalid policies that depend on stubbornness and prejudice for perpetuation. They push their way to the front in local and national issues, and are unfailingly enlisted by the jobbers and gombeen men of their parishes.

The Irish hierarchy contains its quota of such men. To balance them there are several bishops who are genuine statesmen, anxious to forward the best interests of the country that they know and love. The Catholic hierarchy naturally devotes its power to ecclesiastical ends. Its interest in the Irish people is the same as an old-fashioned mother's interest in her obedient daughter. So long as the daughter is at home at sundown, and at hand to do what she is told, the mother does not care if the house is stuffy and the entertainment rather scant. She conducts her affairs at large without consulting her child, and in those affairs she is principally concerned that her menage will in no way be disturbed. She is about as revolutionary as a hen.

CHURCH AND STATE

With the Church so constituted, the question as to the relations between democracy and Papal religion becomes extremely significant, even though the facts reveal a feral condition among the country people.

Under Pope Pius X the church certainly did not mince matters as to the primacy of church authority. In the decree of October 9, 1911, the vatican issued its ordinance concerning the freedom of Catholics to exercise their legal rights as against priests, and it declared "that any person who without permission from an ecclesiastical authority summons before a lay court of justice any ecclesiastical person in any case, civil or criminal, incurs instant excommunication. The excommunication takes place automatically and absolution is reserved to the Pope himself."

Not being a theologian, I cannot say whether this decree has theological validity. It is possible, as Cardinal Newman showed, to combine obedience in matters of faith and morals with a strong independence as to ecclesiastical pronouncements. But, on the face of it, this decree affirms the right of the church to order all of its members to forego certain powers conferred by the modern state. It takes out of the layman's hands the instrument of justice put there at the instance of democracy. It deprives a citizen of his freedom in a matter, not of faith or of morals, but of civil and criminal administration. It actually compels the Catholic to give legal immunity to a criminal priest, unless a non-Catholic act in his stead, or unless an ecclesiastical authority allow him to proceed. If he is forbidden

to proceed, he is prohibited by his church, under the severest penalty it can inflict, from bringing the criminal to justice.

If this Papal ordinance is valid, it proves beyond doubt that the Catholic church is nakedly opposed to the free exercise of civic rights.

Perhaps the church has the right to fix any ecclesiastical punishment it likes for a serious breach of discipline. But excommunication deprives a Catholic of the sacraments. It is a religious penalty. That the church should inflict such a penalty for an act which has nothing to do with faith, and breaks no moral law, merely emphasizes the conclusion that the Catholic religion, as such, can oblige its adherents to forego their civic rights. This conclusion destroys full community between Catholic and non-Catholic citizens, and so violates a primary requisite of democracy.

The Catholic priest comes to citizenship under a special disadvantage. Solicitous before everything about the faith of his people, his interest in the people is not primarily democratic. It is primarily theocratic. He is bound in the nature of things to look upon the state as an instrument for ecclesiastical rather than social ends. That this creates not only a formal, but a real conflict of interests is written large on the history of Europe and the United States. It accounts for the extreme jealousy with which democrats everywhere inspect the activity of the church in politics. It justifies the democrats' belief that churchmen will subvert the state to further their religion, and will forever strive to turn government into an ecclesiastical annex.

THE PROTECTION IN A DEMOCRACY

What weapon has democracy against this willingness of the churchmen to subvert the state?

In a country largely Catholic, it has no defence if such decrees as the one quoted are valid. Democracy is impossible in a country where men give their primary allegiance to a subversive religion.

The significant fact about the statesmen of the Catholic religion, however, is that they have one policy in regard to one state, and another policy in a different state. In those countries where democratic principles are well understood, and where public opinion is mature and mobile, the leaders of the Catholic church do not publicly try to castrate citizenship. The loophole, therefore, for Catholics who believe in the full exercise of civic rights is to keep the priest strictly where he belongs, attending to faith and morals.

It is perfectly true, of course, that the priest has a direct concern in the faith and morality of his parishioners, and is constrained to work for faith and morality by every means in his power. But in the domain of social, as distinguished from religious, fatherhood, the one chance for democracy is to have the priest remain a plain citizen, no more and no less. No matter what the history of the country where he abides, his standing as a priest entitles him to no authority beyond his standing as a man. He has no more right to impose his will upon his fellow-citizens because he wears a soutane, than a woman voter would have a right to impose her wishes because she wears a skirt. Privileged in his character as an ecclesiastic, the priest becomes a layman the

minute he leaves the parish house, unless he is on his way to act as a chaplain. Professionally concerned though he may be in keeping his parishioners faithful and moral, he is entitled to no special concessions from the state in this respect; and the state that gives him special concessions does so at its own peril. The priest off duty should stand on the same civic plane as the solicitor off duty or the army officer off duty. If his life be consecrated to the spiritual welfare of the people, it does not follow that he is therefore equipped to order their social welfare. On the contrary, he is, as was said before, under the disadvantage of not being completely disinterested.

Since social organization is an ordering of conflicting interests as well as an attempt at impartiality, there is no logical reason why the clergy of any church should not be active in politics. There are but two great dangers. One is that the clergy will always be powerfully tempted to aggrandize their church, and to do so with that unscrupulousness which men seem to regard as almost creditable when they can absolve themselves from personal, as against institutional, hunger. The other is the danger that clerical leaders will use their immense power to inflict religious and social penalties on men who act contrary to their wishes.

THE NEED FOR DEMOCRACY

The Catholic church in Ireland resembles Tammany Hall very closely in the manner in which it tries to penalize the independent man. It is said by Sir Horace Plunkett and others that the Catholic Irishman is dreadfully lacking in moral courage. But it

takes an extraordinary brand of courage to fight an organization that has its allies, its dependents, its nurslings, in every hole and corner, that has its fingers on the economic pipe-line, and that can punish disobedience by cutting off education from your children, friendship from your household, religious exercise from your soul, and food and drink and revenue and office from our own isolated self. These punishments cannot be inflicted on the man who has one foot in Dublin and the other, so to speak, in London. They cannot be inflicted on anyone but the man whose prospects and goodwill are invested among the Irish commonalty. But there they can be inflicted, and are inflicted, with a cruel will; and it is only where a few independent men make common cause against such underhand and maleficent tyranny that any assertion of individual will is possible. The instances of this social tyranny, supplied by pure and good men as well as by bigots and adulterers and cranks and scoundrels, fill many indisputable volumes. The countryside is full of them. The public sermon, no less than the secret cabal, has served the priesthood in its brazen campaign against the men of backbone. If it were not for the reasons that endear the church to Ireland, and intertwine Irish mothers and fathers with the religion they adore, this tyranny could not long persist.

Were the sins of the priests physical rather than sociological, Ireland would long ago have awakened to their power. But the clergy's immaculate reputation for chastity has franked them in their lust for power.

Since it is almost impossible for Protestants, not to say Catholics, to carry out a helpful policy in Ire-

land "without permission from an ecclesiastical authority," it is idle to ignore the fact that the church is a highly organized political, and in many ways undemocratic, machine. The British government recognizes it as such, and uses it as such, when possible. Meanwhile, Ireland is edified by lectures on moral courage, and remains some distance behind the countries that are without such extreme benefit of clergy.

UNEDUCATED

One condition of Irish life that has favored the ultramontane clergy to an inordinate degree has been the deficiency of higher education for Catholics. Until quite recently the Catholic priesthood itself has had a notoriously narrow training, but the layman has had nothing acceptable in the way of a university at all. It does not seem credible. It does not seem as if a white community of three million persons within the British empire could have come down to 1908 without anything faintly resembling a popular university. Such has been the plight of Ireland. The absence of a popular university has reacted on popular teaching in the lower grades all through the country. Religious orders trained on the continent have conducted boarding schools for the Catholic bourgeoisie, the boys faring much better than the girls. But the effect of the policy of the church at large has combined with the effect of the policy of the government to keep the Irish Catholic ignorant. No one factor in Irish history is more important or more pitiable than this.

Everyone grants what education means in the unfolding of human power. Everyone grants what it

means in the experiment of personality and the consecration of group achievement and the direction of public will. The aristocratic tradition of English education has sorely confined it, yet one has only to mention Oxford or Cambridge to have the sense of a deep and exquisite process, a process as friendly to the human spirit as the airs of Kerry are friendly to the arbutus. The tradition of the university of Paris is carried through the world as the breath of a mighty being, and the name of sturdy Scottish education is like the name of a strong buckler or a flashing glaive. It was not for nothing that the eyes of New England narrowed to intense concentration on the ideal of education or that this ideal was borne all over the United States by the descendants of New England. Education is a word that holds within itself the rein and the spur of every human impulse, the leadership or discipleship of everything from the atom to the star. And yet the Irish Catholic, asking where his Oxford or Paris or Vienna or Bologna or Moscow was to be found, had to go back to the days of King Alfred, to the parched honeycombs of Clonmacnoise. We know that Catholic boyhood tried to steal a little wild honey in the eighteenth century. The word "hedge-school" preserves that persecuted age. But the Latin of shepherd-boys and the lore of wandering scholars is a flitting wraith of educational tradition for an eager and responsive people. It is the only one they have had. Trinity College, Dublin, is nominally the aristocrat of Irish education. Actually it is a denationalized institution marked off from the country that has supported its existence, a glum cousin of Oxford and Cambridge. It was chartered by Queen Elizabeth, "founded not

simply to spread learning," as a frank United States Bulletin of 1917 puts it, "but to strengthen the Established Irish (Protestant Episcopal) Church and to Anglicize the Irish nation." When it was proposed in 1907 by Lord Bryce, then Mr. Bryce, that Trinity forget this task of being Svengali to the Irish Trilby and come into a new Irish university, to include a college for Catholics, a "defence committee" of 5000 "argued that the ideals of Trinity were incompatible with the principles of authority and of scientific theory as expressed in the 'Index.'" Its own "ideals" included another Index, but this Trinity could not see. It has never quite emancipated its spirit or stepped out from the shadow of ulterior motive. About one-sixth of the students since 1871 have been Catholics. Nationalists like John Redmond and Douglas Hyde have graduated from it, with a slow tendency on the part of some of its fellows to see Ireland as something other than a fallen sister. But Trinity could never forget that it was "planted as a bulwark of English and Protestant influences," and, despite such liberality as its admission of women in 1904 and such glories as the names of Burke and Berkeley, its teachers have remained exclusively Protestant and almost uniformly anti-Nationalist — with Sir Edward Carson as one of its two Unionist M.Ps. Thus, in the centre of Dublin, stands a lump of ascendancy, lapped vainly by the stream of national life.

THE FALLEN SISTER

I have spoken of the fallen-sister idea of Ireland. It has been the fashion of English and Scotch educationalists to approach the Irish system in this spirit,

commiseration linking with superiority. Mr. Graham Balfour gives a perfect example of the attitude in his book on primary education in 1899. "Last comes Ireland," he murmured, "poor and in subjection, passionately attached to her faith; lovable and unreliable and helpless, the child among nations; the Celtic genius, mysterious and impractical, 'always bound nowhere under full sail,' abandoned to obsolete methods and inadequate in their aim, because reform means the calling up of many quarrels." The quarrels are indubitable, but there was something back of the whole difficulty, from kindergarten to college, besides this "mysterious and impractical Celtic genius." As Trinity College demonstrates, the idea of educating Ireland was steadily subordinated. The prime idea was to Anglicize Ireland. The obstacle of Catholicism came in the way of every educational system, and England never faced that obstacle until the proportion of Englishmen to Irishmen has risen from two to one to nine to one. The Catholic church, incidentally, sacrificed Ireland in its desire for dominance. But the only impracticality in the situation was Ireland's being Irish instead of English, the only mystery the eternal mystery, that round pegs will not fit into square holes.

Englishmen like Matthew Arnold blamed Liberalism for the conflict. Just as Arnold had declared in the midst of Gladstone's fascinating legerdemain that "tenant-right was better than nothing, but ownership is better still," so he attacked the nonconformist attitude on Ireland's higher education. He knew that a vast number of good Protestants fanatically believed that "the English state did recognize as a fundamental duty to give an active and exclusive support

to a certain religion." So Gladstone had argued in 1838. But this did not repress the persistent apostle of culture. "When the Irish ask to have public schools and universities suited to Catholics," he said, "as England has public schools and universities suited to Anglicans, and Scotland such as are suited to Presbyterians, you fall back in embarrassment upon your formula of pedants, 'The Liberal party has emphatically condemned religious endowment,' then you give to the advocates of separation a new lease of power and influence. You enable them still to keep saying with truth, that they have 'the forces of nature, the forces of nationality, and the forces of patriotism,' on their side."

SEVENTY YEARS OF EVASION

After 70 years of dodging the fundamental fact that Irish Catholics must have a university "suited to them," the English government at last braced itself to the enormous effort of devising a national institution that was something more than an annex to the royal Irish constabulary. On the other side, after holding out against the "godless colleges" since 1850, the Catholic bishops braced themselves to the equally enormous effort of accepting a non-sectarian establishment. Meanwhile the Catholic youth of Ireland, the football of church and state, had had two generations of intellectual twilight. The great nonconformist English Liberals had never considered the alternative to their undenominational precept. It was denominational ignorance. That ignorance was accepted by the Catholic bishops in preference to "godless" education, though the cost to Ireland of ignorance was hardly to be calculated and never to be

corrected. A political student would have to search a long time before he could find a better example of the selfishness of church and state. What the unendowed bishops required was a fair run for Irish university money — a chance to make themselves felt, that is, in a well-endowed institution. What the state wanted was an ecclesiastical capitulation at the price of a university. Both results have been fairly well ensured by the government's ceasing to play the bishops' game by gagging Catholicism and by devising a representative governing body at the same time. But the Irish people had to wait centuries for this maceration of prejudice.

The circumstances of the deadlock are not obscure. Nothing was easier for Cobden or Bright than to see the evils of landlordism. That was a kind of privilege, a source of authority, that they could heartily declare war on. But when it came to helping the Irish Catholics *qua* Catholics something sickened inside them. "With my whole soul I am convinced," said Gladstone in 1850, "that if the Roman system is incapable of being powerfully modified in spirit, it never can be the instrument of the work of God among us; the faults and the virtues of England are alike against it." This was said when the Tractarian tide was rolling in, and Newman had sailed out to Rome with colors flying and many boats were straining at anchor. The increase of the grant to Catholic Maynooth in 1845 had put Gladstone's principles to the test. Bright wrote of it hotly and contemptuously. "The object of this bill is to tame down those agitators — it is a sop given to the priests. It is hush-money, given that they may not proclaim to the whole country, to Europe, and to

the world the sufferings of the population to whom they administer the rights and the consolations of religion."

NOT UNTIL 1908!

In course of time Gladstone was to change, but before he did so there were to be several futile efforts to solve higher education in Ireland. The first was Peel's attempt to establish a "godless" university, to meet the needs of all three denominations. It is significant of the hard accent on religion that all three denominations — the Catholic bishops by a majority of one — pronounced against the Queen's university. Thereupon, in 1854, the forlorn Newman strove to found a Catholic university in Dublin, a college and a school of medicine, but his failure to get money, even state money, left his institution a skeleton. After nearly twenty years Gladstone responded to continued agitation by elaborating a scheme of his own. He made up his mind to federate Trinity, the Queen's university, the Presbyterian Magee College, and this Catholic university. With every resource of his high-minded craftiness he devised it so that, though the scheme was to be Liberal and non-sectarian, and though "controversial" studies were to be barred, the first steps of the Catholics on to this plank of his platform would dislodge a small state endowment and flip it into their sectarian lap. It was an exceedingly pretty device for endowing the non-endowable. Unfortunately, the sum involved was rather tiny and the ultramontane Catholic cardinal refused to spring the trap. Disraeli came along later to make one of his gestures of statesmanship. He established a decree-confer-

ring body in 1880, providing fellowships for Catholics and Presbyterians, and he called it the Royal university. It was not till 1908 that this savage aridity was remedied.

In 1908 the Royal university was dissolved and a National university chartered, to include Queen's College, Cork; Queen's College, Galway; University College, Dublin; and the Cecilia Street Medical School. A Queen's university of Belfast was chartered under the same act. All religious tests were prohibited and religious bias in teaching provided against, in both establishments, but no "gagging clauses" even on theology. The state endowment amounted to about £100,000 a year. In 1914-15 there were 545 students at Belfast, 110 at Galway, 407 at Cork, 787 at Dublin. At Belfast 95% of the students were non-Catholic, at Cork 20%, at Dublin and Galway 2%. Yet the non-sectarian principle of the National university came out in the election of senators in 1914, when a Jesuit professor, two Protestant professors and five Catholic laymen were chosen. When one remembers that in 1902 only 170 Catholics were attending Galway, Cork and Belfast put together, this new establishment is exhibited as a national success. Its very success, however, is likely to make Irishmen think hardly of that ruinous educational vista behind it. Meanwhile elementary and secondary education are hopelessly constricted by the bureaucracy in command of it.

THE ELEMENTARY SYSTEM

In 1913 a viceregal committee was appointed to treat the system for its convulsions without being permitted to go into all the details. Out of a heart

too full of repression, however, the committee's final report exceeded its instructions and exclaimed, "The system is essentially bureaucratic and centralized, and subject to no regular popular control, whether local or parliamentary." An unpaid board of twenty appointed in the closets of the government in equal proportions of Catholic and Protestant, has casual and intermittent contact with the affairs of elementary education in Ireland, but the Tsar is the resident commissioner. A deplorable suggestion of the real condition of affairs is to be pieced together from the remarks of the resident commissioner himself, W. J. M. Starkie, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D. Dr. Starkie unconsciously betrayed the system. "Between the government, which appointed me for certain purposes and then deserted me because they turned out to be unpopular, and the teachers, whose growing indiscipline and resistance to recognized authority have been fostered by Ministers and other politicians, possibly innocently, possibly for ulterior ends, my task as an administrator has been harder than most men could bear. I am aware that the path I tread leads neither to honor nor preferment; but I have fought the good fight and I am not without my consolations." It is the very accent of Tsardom. "I am the true friend of merit wherever I find it. That I am capable of doing any one a deliberate injustice . . . is a ridiculous charge, which recoils upon the heads of the wicked men that have made it."

During several bad administrative storms that raged before this inquiry of 1913 practically all the board supported their commissioner. "The irresponsible rule of English and Irish Treasury and Castle clerks" was the common enemy. "We are a

very unpopular body," the commissioner wildly declared, "but we know perfectly well that . . . if anybody attempted to put his hand on us his fate would be that of the person who put his hand on the ark." Yet the fact remained that warfare between the teachers and their inspectors was passionate. "Every appeal, small or great," the commissioner boasted, came to his hands. But the multiplication of appeals demanded this special inquiry.

The justification of this particular commissioner may be sought in the reforms between 1900 and 1913. When Mr. Balfour wrote in 1899 he painted a black picture. "The study of agriculture, the only practical subject which has received attention," Mr. Balfour asserted, "has fluctuated between ruinous extravagance and a mechanical study of textbooks. The great inadequacy and insufficiency of the education given [in Ireland] during nine-tenths of the last century can hardly be exaggerated. More teachers, all fully qualified, well paid and well pensioned; a raising after school age; no half-time; better attendance; better buildings; provision for transfer to higher education." So said Mr. Balfour in 1899. Dr. Starkie ascribed any failure to carry out these reforms to "the apathy of the executive and the opposition of the treasury." The worst behavior of the treasury and the Castle, apparently, was to hold up plans for new schools, for six years. But when the government and the teachers and the inspectors had all been blamed, and full credit allowed for the introduction of kindergarten and object-lessons and elementary science and the increase of pay from £52 and £43 in 1877 to £112 and £90 in 1910 (for men and women teachers respectively), the fact

remained that the local managers of the schools — almost always the clergymen — appoint and dismiss the teachers without any local consultation, and that the attendance only reached 73%. The 15,704 employees of the school board could be as great a civilizing influence as the Danish school teachers or the American school teachers. As it is, they are seething with unhappiness.

The problem of sectarianism is subsiding. "The first fifty years of the national board," said the resident commissioner, "were spent in quarrelling over the meaning of the word undenominational. . . . At first the Catholics were the only people who approved of the system. The church of Ireland did not accept it for a very long time, and some of their schools are coming in only now. The Presbyterians went so far as to found gun clubs to shoot the inspectors. In the north of Ireland. The great question with the Presbyterians in those days (and there is a strange re-crudescence of it in the last week or two) was whether it was right, as they put it, 'to edit the Holy Ghost.' " But the ferment caused by an uncontrolled board, an uncontrolled commissioner, an uncontrolled treasury, has retarded primary education in every part of the country, Belfast not less than Clonmel. This goes back to the utter distrust of the people, the attempt to placate sectarianism by giving the schools to clerical management, under one scheme or another. It is a striking and indeed terrible example of the evil result of British government in Ireland. Education, high and low, has been cruelly sacrificed to the suspicion and intolerance of remote and blind authority. This is one great reason for self-government. The nation itself must force its

admission to the government of the national school system and the problems of the teacher. The salvation of the country depends almost entirely on education. It cannot continue to be a mere bone of contention between church and state.

XI

THE IRISH IDYL

SORDID !

“**C**ALL the Irish imaginative ! ” Lady Waterford exclaimed to Lord Morley. “ So they are on one side, or on the surface ; in substance they are not imaginative at all ; they are sordid and prosaic. Look at marriage — love no part in it, 'tis an affair of so many cows ; sentiment, not a spark of it ! The woods in the park open for the public on summer evenings — do you ever see lads and lasses in lovers' pairs ? Never, never. They are actors, and they all know they are actors ; and each man knows that the man to whom he is talking is not only playing a part, but knows that he knows that he is playing a part. They cannot help lying, and they have no shame, not merely in being found out, but in being known to be lying as the words come fresh from their lips. Man, woman, and child, they are soaked and saturated in insincerity.”

Lord Morley's comment was silence. He saw that the lady was without heat or anger or contempt. The terrible picture was to her a complete picture. “ I listened,” writes Lord Morley, “ with the patience required by manners.”

Nothing is more gratifying, I think, than to sum up racial character in the manner of the old

geographies. But it is difficult, even with plain facts in front of you, to make a sound inference unless, of course, you are infallible. What would Lady Waterford have thought of the cabman who tied a shoe lace for Mrs. Martin, reported in Somerville and Ross's *Irish Memories*. "She thanked him with her usual and special skill in such matters, and, as she slowly moved away, she was pleased to hear her cabman remark to a fellow:

"'That's a dam pleshtant owld heifer!'"

If you were sufficiently literal, any such remark would be grossly "sordid and prosaic." It delighted Mrs. Martin. The difficulty is that patriotism compels a great many Irishmen to deny the half-truth that is back of Lady Waterford's harsh observation, and to insist that the genuine Ireland is idyllic.

This idyl is largely false.

There is nothing idyllic, in honest fact, about the loveless marriages that are so often arranged over two pints of stout in the smelly parlor of a public-house, a counterpart of the property-marriages of royal families. Neither is there anything elegiac about the funerals that are one of the few occasions for conviviality in the remoter districts in Ireland. A few years ago a friend took me to the funeral of one of his customers—a woman publican—in a village in the hills on the borders of Kilkenny, Waterford and Tipperary. I shall never forget the "mourners" who came in a steady procession into the back-parlor of the public house, to receive, with a minimum of conversation, what was evidently welcomed as a drink free of charge. The host, collarless and coatless, but wearing a

hat, served these drinks without more than a perfunctory greeting. The drinks were swallowed with business-like despatch, and the satisfied "mourner" gave place to the next thirsty soul, usually without a thank you. If he left any of his port in the tumbler, back it was slipped into the bottle, to be poured out for the next guest. I never saw anything more squalid in darkest Chicago. The publican was, in this case, a nephew of the woman who had died. He was a crafty, sibillant, underhanded hound, who whispered assets and liabilities with the brewer, with a callousness worthy of lower Broadway. Here was no idyl of an innocent countryside, but a cesspool for which the only cure would be a whole system of drainage.

UNCONTAMINATED!

But it is a mistake, it seems to me, to let one's "exasperation with human life" concentrate on native incidents like this. Hundreds of these incidents, each at variance with the Irish idyl, might be collected in a week, but "all these problems," as George Russell recently said to a grumbler, "piled one on the top of another lay too heavy a burden upon our mortality. One at a time we might possibly deal with. But what is really the matter is that the whole social structure has grown up haphazard, that no brains have been put into Irish education, that as a consequence our popular instructors write down to a low level and we have everywhere a low level of knowledge."

In London, I understand, there is a distinguished clique which still points with admiration to Ireland's mediævalism. They think of England as a

blind materialistic giant floundering his way through the slough while pure and simple Ireland has moved forward toward the goal with poetic clairvoyance. They contrast the fair hills of Ireland with the squalid Cockney mews. They talk raptly of a peasant proprietary. Dreamy and unpractical Ireland has worked out its salvation without socialism or syndicalism, eugenics, biometrics, economics. Science, the godless illusion, has passed Ireland by. Saved from class war, serene in her possession of the eternal verities, Ireland has never lost herself in the mazes of intellectualism. She has preserved that simplicity of soul which the Reformation and capitalism combined to destroy. A lily on the modern ash-heap, she perfumes the world of sweatshops and slums with the ineffable aroma of another world. The Cinderella among sordid capitalistic jades, she looks with starry eyes at their Lesbian lusts, and turns away from them to tell her rosary.

With all this admiration for inviolate mediævalism, very few of these gentlemen have left the worldliness which they deplore to perch on a fair hill in Ireland. One of them did leave, only to report priggishness, dullness and bad cooking. (Cinderella thought him horrid.) And the only soul he discovered that outshone the ecclesiastical candles was that of the humorous poet, George Russell, who took so fierce an interest in education and abattoirs, catch-crops and winter dairying. As for the other intellectuals, they use Ireland as a stick with which to beat the Behemoth that they really love, the Cockney Behemoth that dominates them.

With the intellectual fad of mediævalism it is not important to deal, nor do I think that a slanderous

version of Ireland's mediæval slums and sewers, prejudices and dullnesses, is a retort worth elaborating. I am content to suggest the sheer vanity of pretending that Ireland is immunely naif, secure from the complexities of the modern capitalistic state.

In one respect Ireland is indeed inviolate. Where modern industrialism has left visible nature in other countries mutilated and reproachful, Ireland is still unspoiled and proud. Industry has not gashed the countryside. Nor has the vulgarity of Tono-Bungay billboards invaded her. The perverts who sell the beauty of their own landscape in order to make money enough to buy a ticket from Cook to see somebody else's landscape — these perverts have not yet discovered that the virtue of Irish nature is saleable. When they do, we may expect the worst. In recent years one sad step in that direction has been taken by the unenlightened, hard-pressed peasant proprietary. Along the country roads, one meets great wagons loaded with dismembered sections of giant oak and elm. This clearance means ready cash, and ready cash is more eloquent than afforestation or scenery. It is a choice, perhaps, between thinning the family or thinning the woods. But a country further denuded of trees will be a poor legacy from the present proprietors. And an ugly Ireland would be a dead Ireland. The beauty of Ireland has done a great deal to keep nationalism alive. One of the rewards for an Irish democracy will be a beautiful country where a man can actually keep body and soul together, and not have to save his body by starving his soul.

But it is exactly because Irishmen want to live out their lives in their own "four beautiful green

fields " that they must face the realities of modernism. It is impossible for Ireland to avoid these realities. We are of Adam; and we shall eat the apple. We may say "socialism" with a Maynooth sneer, but we might as well sneer at streptococci. It is the virgin race that succumbs to a new germ. The race that has suffered diseases survives diseases. Ireland may be mediæval, but it is the very mediævalism of her children that makes them easy victims when they enter the competitive life outside. And this competitive life is growing up in Ireland. If you were to guard the country tomorrow with walls of impregnable brass, the ideas of modernity would creep through the rivets.

This, however, is the abstract case of positive as against negative virtue. More actual is Ireland's definite concern with the complex modern capitalistic state. If you wish to discover how this complexity is inwoven with politics all you need to do is to study the financial clauses of the home rule act. There you will find the tentacles of capitalism clasping the future of Ireland with all the tenderness of a hungry octopus. Ireland is not succulent. She is worn with years and misadventure. But there is a little meat on her bones, and capitalism does not despise her.

THE PHILISTINE LET LOOSE

It would be pitiful if the accent of Ireland were wholly changed by its economic adjustment. There are other accents that do not sound so well in her midst. It was my fortune some years ago to be taken by an American through part of the south of Ireland. We reached Cappoquin, in Waterford, on an evening in September. We knew there was a

monastery at the top of a mountain, where visitors could spend the night, "regardless of class, creed or color." My American friend wanted to see everything, so we decided to take a side-car at Cappoquin, and drive up the mountain road to the monastery.

The young driver whom we had hired at the grocer's shop was silent without being taciturn. Finding him politely uncommunicative about the monks of Mount Melleray, I turned away from him to look at the country through which we were climbing. It was a soft, grey evening, an evening of empty peacefulness. For myself, I had had too much of empty peacefulness in Ireland. After ten years in American cities I had learned to desire a palpable response from the life about me, and in the placidity of the Irish midlands I had too often felt myself like a vegetable, a turnip planted in a row of turnips, expected to stay still forever. But after several days with my American friend, thirstily drinking up the Americanism which I had come to love, I now found myself able to turn back happily to Ireland. There she was, my enigmatic native land, spreading out her gifts for us under the silent sky, quite open and yet quite hidden. From my side the fields fell down into a ravine parallel with the road—a long, long ravine at the base of the opposite hills. From our high vantage point, it seemed like a bed of trees in the grey evening. In the groove of the valley the trees were so thickly green that there was no hint of the earth beneath; and the same thick greenness covered the shoulders of the hills beyond. You could imagine a goblin life under this sea of trees, in the sweet-smelling spaces beneath. Or you could imagine the crash with which

a giant of ages beyond might lie into a bed that seemed so beautifully plumed as this bed of a thousand tree-tops. There was nothing empty about this vision of myriad trees, and it was a wealth far different from that of an Adirondack valley. In some way deeply personal and primitive I felt intimate with this scene as I had never felt intimate with the Adirondacks. The strong horse trotted powerfully up the long slope. Each perch gave me a wider view around, and as the silent dignity of the valley possessed me — natural without savagery — I rejoiced in admitting to myself that here, without any effort, I felt the subtle enchantment of my own country.

Even as I write now, I recall with happiness that sea of trees, pouring down both sides, and flowing down the curving valley for miles. I recall the rich green of the leaves, and the damp of the evening softly penetrating everything. The night descends like the soft fall of snow. Ireland rests, if she who has urged so many errant souls on the eternal pilgrimage can ever be said to rest. Rather, she folds her arms, and is silent. And we turn to each other in the loneliness that this austere land creates in the child of Zion.

I wanted the New Yorker to love Ireland. When I turned to him I found him busy with his time-table.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” I asked.

“Yes, it certainly is wonderful, wonderful! Now, I guess I can make that connection, after all. Look here, it says I can reach Athlone tomorrow night. I want to see the Deserted Village, Goldsmith’s Deserted Village. Seems an awful waste of time,

though, doesn't it! Do you think there'll be any ruins there? I guess not. The railway superintendent didn't seem to think so. Damn, why did we miss that train yesterday, anyway. We had lots of time, too. I hate to miss a train, it seems so stoopid. Doesn't it make you *mad* to miss a train, though! Gee! Wish I could read what the guide book says about Athlone, it's getting darned dark. I ought to see the Deserted Village. I want to put it in my book. It has circulation value, everybody's heard about it. Of course I needn't really go there. It isn't the sort of thing you have to see to write about. But I do like to go over the ground, prevents your making a bad break. Say, wasn't that a Splendid Old Keep we saw today. Nine hundred years old! Think of it! It was fine, fine. Gee, I wish I'd brought another film. Do you suppose I can get a picture of one of the old monks digging his own grave? Wouldn't that be great? Don't suppose they'd let me, though, do you? Is it much farther? Will they give us tea when we get there? They do, eh? That'll be fine, fine. . . . I'm beginning to get sort of scared already, aren't you?"

This was the way the man was writing his "inspirational book" about Ireland. It reminded me of New York restaurants, publishers' lunches, perspiring waiters, call boys shouting, "Mister Ambrose, Mister Guggenheim, Mister Porter, Mister Amb—" It reminded me of the queer human breed that thinks you can go out and have valuable emotions to order. Is it the way to do it? Yes, if they only would report a single one of the real emotions they do have. But not if they pretend to be "inspirational."

"Look here," said I, across the well of the car, "I am going to write about you, 'Get-Ireland-Quick.' " He was delighted, and laughed uproariously at my compliment to his "efficiency"—"Go ahead. It'll be fine. I'll print it in my book."

THE HOME VARIETY

He was in the country about a week, and to my great regret I had only three days with him. During that time, however, we zigzagged far and wide. It was a flying trip, a triumph of transportation. We made a number of close connections in a most brilliant manner. And after I'd shouted goodbye to my brisk and cheerful companion as he waved to me from the Cork express, I felt as if the vital spark had died in my clay—I came back to my accustomed Ireland with a thud. When I returned to my native town everyone wanted to know about the handsome American. As I told them in the club of our dashing through three counties and of my companion's mental cinema, I could see they were amused. I pictured to them his alertness and "efficiency"—I told them how we'd done Lismore Castle in ten minutes, and driven twenty miles on a side-car to make up for a train we'd missed. And they laughed. They enjoyed the fantastic, brisk American. Then the subject was dropped, and the duties of the evening performed. These consisted of scrutinizing the winners in the paper that comes in on the 9:10 train; of drinking either a bottle of porter or a Power and soda; and of being a little bored by the oft-told tale of "goff." Clubs are the same everywhere. But in Ireland they are imprisonment. Miasmatic and dull, they make one homesick for

even the publisher's New York, the clear sun of New York that aërates the world and draws everyone and everything to the sky.

It is this philistinism within, a caricature of every idyl, which gives the outside philistinism so much sanction. The patriot does not admit the home variety. He compares the best at home to the worst abroad. The result is distortion, and for Ireland a serious distortion because it rejects healthy criticism, it confirms insularity and provincialism.

THE RETURNED "AMERICAN"

One of the regular tragi-comedies of Irish life, on this account, is the Returned "American." Fresh from Chicago or Boston, the prosperous visiting emigrant finds himself in a strange relation to the old familiar life. Still a child when he left home, humble, timid and inexperienced, he knew nothing beyond his native parish, and his life was hemmed and subdued. Without a penny of his own, he lived in obedience to his father, his schoolmaster and his priest; and his radius was the radius of the ass's cart. Flung into the medley of American life he was compelled to struggle with giants he had never even conceived, to fit his senses to the mad traffic of a metropolis, to become way-wise in the factory, to learn the methods of a harsh, crass, bristling civilization. He who had thought Leitrim or Limerick illimitable found himself engulfed in a whirlpool of sensations which no one could sort or describe. His own people laughed at him as a "greenhorn," and pushed him out for himself to sink or swim. For the first time he earned and spent real money. He ate and drank what he liked. He tasted a novel in-

dependence. If he had an aptitude for the new life, he lost some of his fears, took courage in his search for work, found his value in the market, earned higher wages, broadened out. A little swaggering before any new "greenhorn" was inevitable; and when his chance to visit the "old country" arrived, he resolved to show the heights he had attained, the vast distance he had travelled, the colossal difference between the "greenhorn" and the Yank.

The greatest surprise for the Returned American is the stationary life to which he comes home. He does not understand that he has himself been merely sucked into a whirlpool. He feels that it is he, not America, that has accomplished his experience; and he wonders that while he was so active, the people at home could stand still. The contrast between his own brilliant achievements and the unvarying routine he had forgotten fills him with an unbidden superiority. He sees in a new perspective the gods to whom he formerly bowed. The terrifying schoolmaster is a meek, slipshod, shabby old man. The priest is slow-moving, amiable, asthmatic, fat, and obviously inexperienced. And his mother is a respectful, blushing woman, who cannot help fingering his clothes. The subservience of his father to the tradespeople and the land agent strike a nerve that competition has made keen. He sees no reason for all this self-effacement. He longs to assert himself against all the powers to which his childhood had been enslaved. He grows loud, aggressive, crude. He jingles his sovereigns and cocks a belligerent hat. He swears more than is good for him, and doesn't give a damn who knows it. Something tells him he is out of joint with the world he knew. He criti-

cizes, to set himself right. People sneeringly whisper he thinks he's a great fellow. All he has seen, and been, and suffered, is locked from their eyes. The story of his life beyond is ignored, while yesterday's weather is discussed, and the bad year for hay. Three thousand miles of sea lie between himself and the men who say "hello." They feel he is proud of the contrast that his thick gold chain announces. He's "too good for them." The words that should be spoken are left unspoken, and both take refuge in idle, rasping talk. When he goes back to the Chicago car-barns, he feels a strange relief. He is, in a sad sense, going home.

But if the people in Ireland have utterly failed to appreciate the romance of the Returned American, the romance of his lonely and heroic struggle in a hard and unfriendly life, they, in turn, are acutely sensitive to the contrast he has taken pains to draw. He is no longer the modest, submissive boy they knew. He is purse-proud and vulgar. He has overlooked the improvements that meant labor and invention and pride. He has conveyed all too scornfully his desire to introduce changes, renovate, reform. They shudder at his impious hands. Things reverent from age and association have lost their value in his sharpened eyes. His religion is no longer the influence it was at home. New values, values in money and worldliness and will, have supplanted the previous truths of old. He has looked down on them as old-fashioned and behind the times. He has tried to force on them crazy ideas of class and power. The clash between generations has been accentuated by the clash between the New World and the Old. In the parish he is remembered as a

Yank; and conservatism is ironic about this latest disciple of Mammon, who has splashed his money about with such immoral recklessness, and so boldly invited the anger of the gods.

For my own part, I feel sympathy with the Old World in Ireland. I dread nothing for Ireland so much as machine-slavery, the homogeneity of vulgar living that is now the rule in the world and the economic rule in small Irish towns. But bitter as it is to risk Ireland's accent, I do not think that passionate provincialism either in regard to England or America, can save her without confirming a worse decay. Ireland must season its character in the world as it is, not shrink away from foreignness, or it is destined to succumb to the world.

PART IV

REMEDIES

“We are less children of this clime
Than of some nation yet unborn
Or empire in the womb of time.
We hold the Ireland in the heart
More than the land our eyes have seen,
And love the goal for which we start
More than the tale of what has been.”

A. E.

XII

HOLY POVERTY

ECONOMIC FITNESS

THE problem before Ireland today is, in short, the problem of survival; and the terms of survival are, first of all, *economic* fitness. Are the Irish economically fit to survive? Without economic fitness, the Irish will just as certainly perish off the face of Ireland as the Red Indian has perished off the face of Manhattan. Morally, this may seem unspeakable and indefensible. But many morally indefensible results have occurred upon this planet, the first law of which, neither moral nor immoral, is survival. He who neglects to survive may have a sound case against the planet; but the planet is deaf and dumb.

“To perish may also be a solution.” But if the Irish prefer survival to victimization, they must strive for economic fitness. In that strife they must search out those “institutional elements” of which Thorstein Veblen has spoken that are “at variance with the continued life-interests of the community.” By the “force of their instinctive insight” they must prevent “the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture,” whether those institutions are self-made, or church-made, or government-made. They must decline to work under institutions that are at variance with their proper interests. They must

break the “ bonds of custom, prescription, principles, precedent,” and achieve the means of fitness and survival.

Modern economic civilization is only beginning to learn that it must not kill its wounded. Until modern Germany applied itself to causes and effects and attacked the causes of poverty it was usually held that poverty was little better than crime. It was punished by ignorance, disease, contumely, slavery, extermination. For Ireland it was doubly serious, because the Irishman is unwillingly forced to compete with the Englishman, the worst equipped with the best equipped; and a vicious circle was established, in which the loss of an invalid sister or a dull brother was a relief as well as a tragedy in a warfare so deadly as the modern economic war. Hence, the modern critic bases his charges against the Irish on economic grounds. To drink whisky, it is pointed out, is an economic sin. So far as capacity is concerned, an Irishman is, so to speak, entitled to as much whisky as an Englishman. But for Irishmen to spend £15,000,000 a year on alcohol is a sin, not against Heaven, but against economic fitness. He has sinned against property! If he wishes to equal English extravagance in this direction, it is obviously his duty to increase his income. Beggars can’t be choosers. There is one morality for the rich, another for the poor.

Economic inferiority still entails the most far-reaching consequences. No one will venture to deny that there is one code of conduct for the poor, another for the rich. To discover this did not require the adventures of *Jude the Obscure*. With a guinea a Connemara laborer can pay his year’s rent.

That same guinea will give his landlord an opera ticket, or a luncheon, or a bottle of champagne. Were the laborer to buy a similar opera ticket — not a criminal indulgence in itself — he would be guilty of a monstrous and cruel selfishness. His “state in life” commits him to a life of self-denial — heroic, or dwarfing, as you choose to think. His opportunities not merely for pleasure — because our hypocrisy as to pleasure vitiates this plea — but for mental development and growth are hideously cramped by his poverty, unless he be a genius like St. Francis, one of the exceptions who can compensate out of his own illimitable powers for any limitation. That such geniuses exist among the poor in Ireland I do not for one instant deny. Like the mountain ash or the edelweiss, they seem to thrive on hardship. Nature has taught them to convert its most grudging materials into things of wondrous beauty. Their existence is a living testimony to the ingenuity of the human soul, to its supreme powers, to the resources and hidden treasures of human nature. Pressure has converted them into gleaming and flawless spirits. But this is not an incontrovertible argument for vicissitude. The bitter experience of humanity has taught us to avoid vicissitude ourselves, and to desire its avoidance for others — except those who, like the Trappists or the Poor Clares, seek the spiritual snow-clad heights. To believe in abnegation, for others, is not the mark of extreme spirituality: rather the reverse. Enforced vicissitude should generate in us what Veblen calls “the sentimental concern entertained by nearly all persons for the life and comfort of the community at large, and particularly for the community’s future

welfare." To close our eyes to the destructive abnegation which extreme poverty enforces is to live in a complacency that is spiritually not less denuded and cold.

THE ESCAPE FROM LIFE

That complacency, however, has an enormous hold on Ireland; and before its hold is broken Ireland may be destroyed.

"Irish character is to me, being a local patriot, a very precious and a most beautiful thing." It is a Catholic bishop talking. "The tenderness of Irish character, the purity, the chastity, the domestic virtues of that character, are for me the sovereign values of Irish nationality. I want to preserve them. I want to develop them. And so I ask for home rule. My ambition is that Ireland shall live in the midst of the nations, as it was at the beginning of its history, a people that places God first, a people that does not seek to be rich, arrogant and conquering, but devoted to beauty, consecrated to holiness, content with simple things. And this does not seem to me a wild or an unpractical ambition. Nature, indeed, has ordained that this shall be our destiny. We have little but our field and gardens to support us; our inclination is almost solely toward agriculture; we have little or no taste for the excitements and excesses of a civilization founded upon industrialism. We are a people who love family life and who believe earnestly and sincerely in the Christian religion.

"I love to dream that Ireland may live isolated and yet in the midst of those tumultuous nations who are abandoned to commercialism, a place where men

may come from other lands, as it were to a retreat — a place where they may refresh themselves with faith and establish in quiet the central touch of the soul with God. I love to think of Ireland peopled by a humble and satisfied humanity, the villages extending through the valleys, the towns never out of contact with the fields, the cities famous for learning and piety, the whole nation using life for its greatest end, its ultimate and eternal purpose. It would surely be a good thing for the British empire to have such a sanctuary at its heart. Might not such an Ireland be of service to England, if only in reminding your democracy that no wages can buy happiness? Are you not in some danger in this respect?

“Have I made you feel, have I convinced you, that the Irish question is a spiritual question, a religious question? Our movement in its soul is that, nothing but that. We do not believe in the strife of industrialism. We do not believe in the struggle for existence. We seek to disengage ourselves from all that strife and struggle, into which the union has dragged us, in order that we may follow our own way, which is quiet, simple, and modest. We are quite certain that materialism is wrong. What is more important, we are quite certain that idealism is right. We make the conscious choice of beauty and peace, rather than ugliness and contention. We deliberately elect for God, and as deliberately we reject Mammon.

“Under the union we are dragged against our will, we a poor and simple agricultural people, into the roaring machinery and the extravagant organization of a rich, complex and industrial civilization. The more you bear our burdens, the more your paralyze

our sense of responsibility. The more you advance along your difficult road, the more you drag us from our firesides and our fields. We do not desire a complex civilization. We do not want to be sophisticated. We dislike and we suspect the elaborate machinery of your social life. We say to you Set us free: leave us to pursue our own path, to fulfil our own destiny. . . .

“My dream is the aspiration of the Irish people.”

MAMMON

These precious words were absorbed by Mr. Harold Begbie, to be published as *The Bishop's Dream* in that well-meant contribution to Ireland's sorrows, *The Happy Irish*. The little Irish bishop, Mr. Begbie tells us, rolled out his mind in this manner after the housekeeper was sent to bed. We are given to see the little bishop's “red face wreathed with smiles, his small, deep-sunken eyes bright with animation, his large mouth cheerful with good-humour.” And we are informed that he is “a very remarkable Roman Catholic bishop,” brilliant, engaging and famous, who believes that “by its deliberate choice a nation may walk quietly towards God.”

If Irishwomen are chaste, Irishmen tender and pure, it is a superiority in which we are becomingly humble. Other nations may be “abandoned” to commercialism, rich, arrogant and conquering. The Irish seek to be “devoted to beauty, consecrated to holiness, content with simple things.” We cannot help it. It is our destiny. We are quite certain that materialism is wrong. We are quite certain that idealism is right. *We* elect for God. *We* reject

Mammon, "an old-fashioned people, following in the footsteps of its ancestors."

Nothing is more dangerous in Ireland than this adulation of Irishmen, this attempt to portray them as a consecrated people. It is, I know, the faith that inspired a number of the insurrectionists of 1916. "The Gael is, in the fullest sense of the word, an idealist." So Padraic Pearse declared as early as 1898. And, with an unconscious adoption of a corrosive phrase, he said, "The Gael is not like other men; the spade, and the loom, and the sword are not for him. But a destiny more glorious than that of Rome, more gloricus than that of Britain awaits him: to become the savior of idealism in modern intellectual and social life, the regenerator and rejuvenator of the literature of the world, the instructor of the nations, the preacher of the gospel of nature-worship, hero-worship, God-worship, such, Mr. Chairman, is the destiny of the Gael."

The explanation of this ideality is to be found, I believe, in the uninspired surroundings of Pearse's youth. "Who can look at our political and national life at the present moment, and continue to hope? The men whom we call our leaders are engaged in tearing out one another's vitals, and there is no prospect they will ever stop." But his gospel, none the less, was a gospel with peculiar danger in it, a gospel of escape from life.

In taking to the "sword," seventeen years later, Pearse did what he believed best to serve "all that is beautiful, noble, true." Rising magnificently out of a squalid epoch, the men of 1916 returned national aspiration to the people of Ireland. But, to be valid, national aspiration must do more than execrate

“the imbecile institutions” of life and culture. It must have institutions of its own, less imbecile, to carry on the nation. And it is here that the anti-materialist has failed his people. He has failed the people simply by not recognizing that, since poverty was and is the fundamental handicap of Ireland, Ireland is forced, first of all, to face the world-wide problem of abolishing poverty.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

Against this conclusion the priests, the politicians, the romantics and the idyllists have fought and are fighting hard. It is natural for the propertied classes everywhere to veil the hideous realism of poverty. But in Ireland there has been a nation-wide Irish conspiracy against economic emancipation. No man cares to acknowledge he has a deadly disease. No man cares to own he has a fatal weakness. A thousand excuses will be invented for postponing the diagnosis and the surgeon, the confession and the long up-hill fight. But it is absolutely useless to enamel sunken cheeks and brighten deadened eyes. For a hundred years Ireland has been rotting with poverty. It has every vice, every cowardice, every ignorance, every insularity, that poverty favors and condones. They talk about “the happy Irish.” Ireland has been insane with unhappiness. From the slums of Belfast to the agrarian slums of Kerry, from the inhospitable rocks of Donegal to the treeless forelands of Wexford, it has been calm with the heavy calmness of a sick-room and dreamy with the dreaminess of privation and decay. There are islands in its dead sea, springs in its desert. The European war has given it high prices for agricultural products and

much ready cash. But there is scarcely a farmhouse, and not one solitary southern or northern town, that has not had poverty as its silent, voracious guest for a hundred years. Poverty has been quartered on the people like a foreign soldiery. It has had the first claim on health, the first claim on vitality, the first claim on ambition, the first claim on income. Day by day it has conducted the finest sons to the emigration port. Day by day it has escorted the old to the poorhouse. The people fear it as they fear the plague. They starve themselves to keep from starving. They stint their growth, their comfort, their necessity. They contract loveless marriages, they endure tyrannical relatives, they accept and inflict indignities, to escape its skeleton embrace. Poverty has sat in sardonic censorship on art and literature and science. It has dwarfed art. It has thinned literature. It has precluded science. It has locked the nineteenth century out of Ireland. It has kept a beautiful country in wet and squalid rags. It has imprisoned Catholic Ireland in ugly and joyless homes. It has deprived humanity of a brilliant national contribution. It has greeted with slim laughter the maunderings of Daniel O'Connell about Repeal, and the frenzies of the Fenians about separation. The handsome landed gentry have kept quiet about their hungry ally. The fat Catholic church has said nothing about him. The pig-eyed publican has splashed a tear about poverty, and scraped £15,000,000 into his greasy till. The shrewd little solicitor has bemoaned him, and levied tribute. The gombeen man has not betrayed his silent partner, nor has the National school-teacher given away the taskmaster who makes him lean and

incompetent and dull. Inside Ireland itself, there is nothing to declare that Poverty is king. It is only when one returns from affluent lands that one walks the roads of Ireland to behold poverty. Sir Charles Cameron says that when he was a young man Dublin was hideous with the victims of small-pox. Today Ireland is hideous with poverty, pitted and scarred with it, repulsive with it, unclean with it, and, until poverty is abolished, that beautiful country will be peopled with the victims of poverty — scarred, repulsive and unclean.

MATERIALISM

I believe in materialism. I believe the one hope for Ireland is a healthy materialism. I believe in all the proceeds of a healthy materialism — good cooking, dry houses, dry feet, sewers, drain-pipes, hot water, baths, electric light, automobiles, good roads, bright streets, long vacations away from the village pump, new ideas, fast horses, swift conversation, theatres, operas, orchestras, bands — I believe, in short, in practically everything which (except the horses) is now the exclusive perquisite of the Anglo-Irish parasites. I believe in them all, *for everybody*. The man who dies without knowing these things may be as exquisite as a saint, and as rich as a poet; but it is in spite, not because, of his deprivation. The poets and saints have decried these things. They have revered the peasant bowed with honest toil. They have saluted the farmhouse madonna looking on her herded sheep with pure and starry eyes. But it has been my misfortune to see that same honest peasant drunk on fusil whisky, to see that same madonna spitting tuberculous blood. When the ma-

donna has a baby, there is a definite chance that she will feed the baby tea out of a milk-bottle, and there is almost a certainty that the milk-bottle will have a dirty nipple. Not many of your poets write poems about dirty milk-bottles. The Saints, for that matter, are adopted by the leisure class, for the simple reason that the other class cannot afford to label *their* saints. Materialism is, of course, denounced in the drawing-room. It is usual to hear ladies pause over terrapin to become rapturous about the Simple Life. But it is only a frost-bitten genius like Thoreau who really samples the Simple Life. (Thoreau died of tuberculosis at 44.) There is no necessity to make life any simpler than it has to be for a moderately honest man. The real thing is to complicate it — complicate it with refinement, sensitiveness, ascending effort and extending choice. For cows, even, life may be too simple. There is nothing simple about the environment of a £1000 cow. What is good for a cow is not too good for a child, woman or man. What I should like is to see the Irish people put on a plane within hailing distance of the plane of pedigree cattle. The ambition is too high, at present, but it is my wildest dream for the democracy of Ireland.

While there is no alliance between virtue and wealth, there is equally no alliance between virtue and poverty. Epictetus was a slave. Aurelius was an emperor. If commercialism were the only escape from poverty, I should prefer Ireland a slattern to Ireland a worldling. What confronts us, however, is no such academic alternative. The poverty of Ireland is today the very agent of commercialism. Commercialism does not despise the poor.

Commercialism gets far bigger profits out of the poor than out of the rich. Commercialism tenderly loves the poor. And the commercialism of England is at the present hour vulgarising Ireland from Dublin to Bundoran in the north and to Cahirciveen in the south. It is hard to contaminate springwater. The agricultural life is marvelously disinfectant. But the taste for novelty is insidious. A capitalized foreign culture, however inferior, can compete with a poor homespun culture, however lovely. Unless Ireland pays for its own culture, it will soon take what the poor get everywhere, the "seconds," the "thirds," of the culture concocted by Lord Northcliffe. Ireland will have to pay as well as England for Northcliffe's discovery that there is a large profit in a homogeneity of bad taste.

To make Ireland prosperous without making her meretricious — that is the first problem of Irish statesmanship.

THE SNN FEIN POLICY

It is here that the Catholic church, the Irish parliamentary party and the Sinn Feiners have failed to save Ireland and have played into the hands of Ulster. In 1905, it is perfectly true, Mr. Arthur Griffith enunciated an economic programme, "the 'Sinn Fein' policy," covering Irish education, Irish industries, Irish capital, the merchant marine, foreign trade, transit, banking. But the attack he made on English political economy in favor of Frederick List was sublimated by later Sinn Feiners into an attack on all political economy. "Political economy was invented, not by Adam Smith, but by the devil. Be certain that in political economy there is no Way

of Life either for a man or for a people. Life for both is a matter, not of conflicting tariffs, but of conflicting powers of good and evil; and what have Ricardo and Malthus and Stuart Mill to teach about this?" Here the escape from life was glorified by the cry, "Ye men and peoples, burn your books on rent theories and land values, and go back to your sagas." This was not at all what Arthur Griffith designed. He believed with List, "Only in the soil of general prosperity does the national spirit strike its root, produce fine blossoms and rich fruits — only from the unity of material interests does mental power arise and again from both of them national power." This was a frontal attack on the enormous problem, and had Britain been on a level with Austria, Ireland might have emulated Hungary. But the ingredient of battle in Arthur Griffith's composition was not as effectual as in Parnell's.

In the House of Commons Parnell had what Griffith lacked — a contact with the enemy. Where Parnell could injure, Griffith could only fulminate. It was indisputable that Great Britain's share of total trade was 98.3 to Ireland's 1.7, but the remedy of sending Irishmen to act as consuls in foreign countries was too heroic a remedy. It gave a nation without capital no fulcrum. The only fulcrum practicable in Ireland was the agricultural. What Denmark has done Ireland could do, and more. But Mr. Arthur Griffith had in him something of that lofty intransigence which declines to make terms with society as it is. The tragedy of Ireland had made him vengeful as well as sorrowful. His pride demanded a popular consecration, a spirit in regard to England that had in it the scorn of Swift, the stiff

neck of John Mitchel, the serpent wisdom of Nietzsche. When one thinks of the respectable English statesman — Campbell Bannerman, for instance — this pure rage seems like using hell-fire to boil a kettle. It was not in Mr. Griffith, as some might infer, to "hatch basilisk's eggs, and weave the spider's web." A more honorable being, as I conceive him, could not be discovered. But he loved his ideal of Sinn Fein jealously. He would not recognize in existing agricultural Ireland the fulcrum that was to be found there. He preferred to flash lightning from his heights. The result, ten years after the policy was enunciated, was by no means the splendid particularism that he had intended. Irish-American capital was no more captivated than before. The canals of Ireland were still sluggard. The consulates were still British. The Irish stock exchange was still a puny government agency. The merchant marine was still non-existent. Whatever improvements had come in university education had come by the aid of the state. But the shining anger of Arthur Griffith had fascinated the best youth of Ireland, and England had justified that anger in a hundred ways. Mr. Walter Long had filched the fees that were to reward the study of Gaelic. The Liberals had done their best to shelve the issue of home rule. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill and Lord Loreburn had trimmed and shilly-shallied. Backed by the army, Sir Edward Carson had woven himself in and out of "treasonable conspiracy" as if it were a matter for ingenious legalism, like introducing just the right proportion of smut into one of the fashionable divorce cases. The English political prima donnas had sung God Save Ireland

when the war came, but it was not long after Queenstown harbor had been boycotted by the Cunard line and it was only a fortnight after British troops had shot into a crowd of unarmed Dublin citizens, and gone free. The police official who had called out the military was, indeed, got rid of, but the government took him back elsewhere in a little while. And the police thereafter were kept on the heels of every critic of England. So shabby were the governmental evasions, the extenuations, so silly the attempts to beguile and to hoodwink, that the finest native Irishmen sickened of English government and had no stomach for the war. Sinn Fein became uncompromising by processes absolutely open to the casual eye. Drop by drop English mismanagement loaded the mixture for explosion. And explosion was all the more inevitable because the parliamentarians had never once dealt with the rich impulses back of separatistic Sinn Fein.

Except for James Connolly's contingent, the rebels of 1916 had little economic preoccupation. There was nothing in the lofty nationalism of the insurrection to show that poverty was regarded as a corroding national evil, or that a new attitude toward poverty is essential to national welfare.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS

It is important, in considering Arthur Griffith and the economic policy which he matured on paper, to realize that his antagonism to England is really a sort of individualist antagonism. Like Mitchel and Parnell, Arthur Griffith stands outside the movement of the whole people. The Irish patriot, John Mitchel, differed in idiom from the English repub-

lican, John Milton, but it was quite consistent with Milton's one-sidedness that in the end Mitchel should have been found upholding the slave-owners in the Civil War. John Mitchel did not wear God on his banner, but he was essentially a militant crusader. Born in Ireland, he resented the oligarchic pretensions of England, but he resented them as an encroachment upon his own conscience and character. He was an intense individualist, insusceptible to democratic moralism. He never shared the ordinary democratic conceptions of equality, justice and indulgence. He hated the ideas of centralization, compromise and "progress." He had the pride, the sophistication, the capacity for scorn and hatred that go with intense individualism, and he despised the flexibility and impartiality of men like Mazzini. Humanitarianism was for him an invertebrate and nerveless creed. Big-hearted and responsive, he invincibly resisted the deflection of his own elected purposes. In regard to these, he was a man of blood-and-steel, private-spirited rather than public-spirited, akin to the aristocrat and the conservative.

Similarly private-spirited was Parnell. It was absolutely consistent for Parnell to assert his personal passion against the will of the compact majority. Accident made him a parliamentarian, but he was a cold-blooded tactician, amenable to liberal considerations but utterly immune from liberal sympathies. The romantic notion of the "brotherhood of man" disgusted Parnell. He sought, like John Mitchel, to establish in Ireland a constitution that would give to his own nature its fullest possible scope. The indecency and indignity of personal

subjection rowelled Parnell like a spur with teeth in it. But if other men did not equally resent subjection, so much the worse for them. He was emphatically not his brother's keeper. Like Mitchel, he was magnanimous, and compassionate of the Irish barbarians. But when it came to a choice between those barbarians and the rights of his private spirit he renounced them as he would have renounced cattle. Of his own nature, Himself, he owed them nothing. For him, as for Mitchel, the struggle of life was essentially competitive. In the competition he went far enough out of himself to identify himself with his nation. But he neither aimed nor desired to transcend these limits, nor did he seek for one moment to alter the competitive struggle. He believed that Gladstone's aims were equally competitive, only emollient and sweet in method. He preferred to interpret him as a competitor working hypocritically to interpreting him as a cooperator working humanely. It was inconceivable to Parnell that one could submit any fundamental desire to the ratification of a conference. One might as well invite a committee to select one's wife.

So with Mr. Griffith. A voice crying in the wilderness, he has carried his wilderness with him. The economics of Ireland were secondary to his hatred of England, stones of wrath in a Ulysses battle against the Manchesterian Cyclops.

THE PARLIAMENTARIANS

The parliamentary party never had a genuine economic policy, outside land purchase. Its one ambition was to haggle for and to boast about state aid. It got very little state aid, all things considered, but

it made the most of it whenever it recounted its achievements. The party too often came back from Westminster as if returning from a foray on the treasury. It translated Irish politics into the language of the pork-barrel. This was the dominant element in its economic policy. Above and beyond there was nothing to lift up Ireland. It had no creative scheme.

“The *fifth* object of the Land and National Leagues,” says the 1915 report of the United Irish League, “was the development and the encouragement of the labor and industrial interests of Ireland. . . . In season and out of season, in parliament and in the country, the Irish party has been unceasing in its efforts to develop and to encourage Irish labor and industrial interests. . . . It has, by every means at its command, endeavored to encourage and to foster Irish arts, industries, and manufactures, to create a home market for Irish produce, and to facilitate in every way the development of Irish trade and commerce, both at home and abroad, and in this way it has laid the foundation for a great industrial future for our country under the fostering care of the new Irish parliament.”

There is not a great deal to be said about this eloquence.

When an Irishman goes afield he soon meets the ecstatic lady who asks: “Oh, do you *really* believe in fairies?” If he has eaten of the tree of knowledge, he regards her with an evil eye. It would be a strange thing if that same Irishman, sane and sceptical to the core, had found the fairies out merely to take the fakirs in. Instead of feeling credulity about the truly magic world, as befits an Irishman,

has he begun to invest with magic the things that are hollow and vain? He is no longer wistful about his crock of gold. Is he wistfulness itself about an imaginary act of a hypothetical parliament? The myths of the sun and stars are an empty tale. Are the myths of Westminster as gospel? Are the "good people" M.Ps with pot bellies?

If Irishmen are to know the real world, the world of cause and effect, they had better revive the faith in fairies. It is bad to repress myth-making in the fields if it is going to survive on the platforms.

WHY ULMSTER DOUBTS

But the attitude of Ulster, in this regard, is too ferociously unfriendly. Where the failure of the Irish parliamentary party has been principally due to its agrarian preoccupations, the Ulster manufacturer has set it down to wild and nefarious greed. A chorus of powerful protest arose in Ulster when the home rule bill was drafted. One vocal manufacturer assaulted the bill partly because "the provisions of the bill have been designed to enable the non-manufacturing interests to penalize and financially bleed the manufacturing interests of Ireland" and partly because "those sentimentally good people in Great Britain who want to force home rule upon us may have in their minds the idea that their own competitive business interests in Great Britain would gain by having the manufacturing industries of Ireland completely destroyed, and more especially the flourishing ones of Ulster; but, of course, on the other hand, there are those who find in Ireland, and in Ulster in particular, good customers for their wares."

These arguments deal with evil intentions rather than evil acts; they have their counterpart in the stout Republicanism of Pennsylvania discoursing on the hay-seediness of the Democrats from Jefferson down. The only possible answer is psychological. "I can conceive no task I should enter upon with greater confidence of success," said Sir Horace Plunkett in July, 1914, "than organizing a movement in agricultural Ireland for making the people understand the duty and wisdom of meeting every reasonable demand of the industrial classes for every facility and protection they need in the building up of their side of the national life."

Sir Horace Plunkett's answer is vitally important. No one, as I have shown, was less sentimentally illuded about the southern Irishman than he himself in his book in 1904. After ten years' further experience of rural Ireland and a full study of the co-operative movement and the department of agriculture he testified unreservedly in their favor in 1914. Of the department of agriculture he declared: "I do claim, and I believe every Ulsterman acquainted with its working will acknowledge, that this body, controlled in its working by a majority of Southern Irishmen, has behaved, on the whole, with justice and intelligence. Good feeling and good sense are the main qualities required to make home rule work, and to prevent damage to the business interests of any part of the country. The Southern Irish have displayed these qualities conspicuously in the management of the two great organizations covering the whole country; is there any reason to believe that they will not display them again if the opportunity is offered?"

Plain lack of acquaintanceship, unfortunately, has a good deal to do with Ulster's scepticism. In spite of the powerful bourgeois element in Belfast, the aristocratic idea of Paddie and Paddie's pig is still accepted in business circles; and business retains an impression, refreshed by the A. O. H., of political cliques that keep alive the old unrest of Fenianism and agrarian jacqueries.

Too many people have taken their idea of the Irish peasant proprietor from the Anglo-Irish landlord, the Anglo-Irish humorist, the London Times and Punch. Although Ulster does not know it, Paddie was largely the invention of a class that lived by the sweat of Paddie's brow. He is the landlord's Paddie, the Paddie of whom anecdotes are told in the country-house, the home of the Island Pharisees. When the "peasant" (delightful word) revolts against a love that is conditioned on submissiveness, he is reproached as insolent, impudent and impertinent. Those words are still on the lips of Irish gentlefolk. They are on the lips of the parvenus as well as the "old stock." They typify the expectations of the feudal. And they provoke in hot-blooded youth, emigrant or non-emigrant, a self-assertion which is the declaration of class-hatred and class-war. It is significant that government officials, professional men and sometimes priests — though these rarely — look for signs that a man "knows his place." One even hears of the squireen slashing the awkward fellow who does not get out of his way. The submissiveness of the people, as distinguished from their courtesy, is still apparent to anyone who has motored through the country. Hundreds of the country people salute the strangers who go rolling

by in this chariot of class. And yet there are "peasants" who writhe at servility. The County Clare is not servile. Neither, for that matter, is the long Anglicized Queen's County. By the Rock of Dunamase I once chatted with a spare, elderly man who had "travelled the world," and I asked him how he had liked working in murky Liverpool, compared with this beautiful domain. "I liked it well." "How so?" "Ah, there was no salaaming over there."

AN ECONOMIC PROGRAMME

In the cooperative movement rural Ireland has begun to apply a true programme of economic democracy, cleanly independent of the state, and the development of this programme is the one big hope of the future.

In capitalizing the Irish tenants, the government has abolished landlordism, but in substituting a big number of small proprietors for a small number of big landlords, it has not prevented the possibility of proprietorship turning into landlordism again. No one can deny that proprietorship tends to turn into landlordism. In the United States the number of tenants — though principally share tenants — is increasing. In the State of Ohio, for example, there were actually fewer farms operated by owners in 1910 than there were in 1880. But the number of tenants nearly doubled. It rose from 47,627 to 77,188. With this tendency, and its effect on democracy, the advocate of peasant proprietorship must be prepared to deal. It opens up, on a new side, the old problem of property and parasitism; and a parasitism, too, which has nothing to do with the

rightful dependence of very young and very old people, and people consecrated to non-lucrative activity.

But more immediate is the social effect of proprietorship on men who before had no stake in the commonwealth. It is now supposed that because this stake is a personal one, the peasant proprietary will become inordinately and sordidly conservative. Their lives were overshadowed before by the necessity of paying rent. If they failed in this respect, however, they lost no security. Now their annual obligation is personally serious. They are bound to their vocation by the clearest self-interest.

According to one kind of economist, self-interest is the foundation of all utility. But no one who has observed the pusillanimity of the Irish railroads can quite believe that. There is such a thing as capitalizing the worm in human nature, rewarding solvency at the expense of creativeness. Solvency is the aim of small proprietorship. There remains the question of creativeness.

With a peasant proprietary established, there is only one policy which saves it from narrow and grinding conservatism. That is the policy advocated and promoted by Sir Horace Plunkett, co-operation. Cooperation is creativeness. It is the one order of creativeness consistent with agricultural private property. It is the one social method that will keep the proprietors from becoming futile islanders, little custodians of self-interest living in a state of armed neutrality with the world. All the fine qualities that are submerged in men whose wealth consists in agricultural rather than human relations — defensive wealth, wealth ensuring parasitism —

have a chance in cooperation. Cooperation is the only alternative to predatory activity in agricultural Ireland. It is the only policy that brings to the peasant proprietor that emancipation of which ownership is a single element. It is the only policy that elicits his full citizenship. Otherwise, he will concentrate on the chances of jealously personal advantage. Preserving his insularity and ignorance, he will acquire money by those courses in which one is strengthened but also brutalized. He will achieve power, but it will be derived from things enslaved, not things enriched. And his only fraternal associates will be the dogs who don't eat dogs like himself.

There is nothing idyllic in cooperation, but out of it promises to come a civilized rural life; and with rural prosperity Ireland will doubly need this trellis-work of civilization. There are already thousands of Irish philistines to whom life offers no national sense whatever, and who find their heart's desire not in the poet's Isles of the Blest, but in the bank clerk's Isle of Man. Between the romanticism that employs trite and theatrical images, and the philistinism that has no images outside of moving pictures, there is an Ireland with as considerable an opportunity of civilization as any nation on earth. Harsh as the history of Ireland has been, vulgar or discouraged as much of its life is today, it remains a country with the finest possibilities of vital and noble existence. The word "noble" may, if you like, be taken as negligible rhetoric. But unless Ireland fortifies the institutions that safeguard nobility it is certain to become a squalid annex to commercialized England, a back

lot for raising English butcher's meat and army remounts, with a few "beauty spots" for the delectation of tripsters.

In Ireland itself there are hundreds of its cleverest men hurrying the country in this vulgarization and ineptitude. They are doing it unconsciously. They have caught the contagion of commercialism, and they succumb to it, as savages to whisky. To build a moral breakwater against such inundation is a futile proceeding. It is like the attempt of Vigilance Committees to keep the youth of Ireland pure by effort of the will. The salvation of Ireland cannot be effected just by moral propaganda. The country cannot be treated as a prostrate and inert mass, to be supported by props and cushions. By works as well as faith must it be saved, by organization that defeats profiteering and frees men from subjection to profiteers. And cooperation, as the north star of Ireland — George Russell — has so truly and invariably and pitilessly indicated, is the principle by which rural Ireland may hope to be immortally as well as mortally saved.

THE ENEMY OF IRELAND

The organized attack on poverty must be reckoned the first step in liberating Ireland. The evil of poverty is not hardship. In the life of a soldier, an explorer or even a captain of industry, there may be far greater hardships than afflict the poor. What makes poverty evil is the powerlessness to which its victims are subject. In a natural environment man is enslaved by weakness. Unless the weak man receives aid to compensate for his limitations, he is forced under, kept under, and destroyed.

The competitive habit selects strong and cunning men to dominate those who are less strong and less cunning, and to struggle among each other for the rewards of leadership. But in this penalization of weakness there is a crude natural justice. Where nature has already marked the weak for extermination, extermination does not vitiate the race.

But in an artificial environment poverty is a synonym for penalty. During the helplessness of infancy, the poor are not merely inflicted with hardship. They are marred for life. Compared with the child whose nurture is capitalized during the helpless years, the child of the poor is doomed. In spite of famous exceptions, the child of the poor is handicapped out of the race from the start. Coming potential from his mother's womb, he stands far less chance of actual survival. If he does survive, he survives with an inferior organism. Poverty has affected his powers of resistance, his stamina and his capacity. It has put him at the wrong end of the horn of plenty, from which he must extract what he needs with ferocious hands; but also it has taught him hopelessness and resignation, and given him a body to confirm the lesson.

According to the law of competition, this degraded human being must take his chances with the children of the capitalized. Here poverty is perpetuated. Against well-nurtured children, children whose families have at their command the resources of an artificial environment, the ill-nurtured children have not an equal chance. Neither group is immune from mistakes or self-destructive vice. But in the case of the capitalized, mistakes and self-indulgence are less

harmful because their class has the power to commute. If they fall, they fall into a protective net. If the poor fall, on the contrary, their class is infinitely less powerful to forestall the punishment of society. There is one law for the rich, another for the poor, only because property is able to qualify the law. Everyone who is poor or who knows the poor knows their tendency to succor, to console and to condone. But their organization is loose and ineffectual. Time, the time that allows for recuperation, is their enemy. Their defalcation is registered as soon as it is committed, their credit is morally short, their rate of interest high. Theirs is a narrow road where a false step means a loss, not of luxury and comfort, but raiment, shelter and food. Their margin demands a standard of conduct inversely proportioned to their income. If poverty ceases to be holy, it is branded vicious overnight. This is the reason why the poor make up the great majority of the criminal classes. They are huddled together on a restive island of needs, surrounded by a sea of temptations which is peopled by the sharks of the law.

It is not any special love of the poor that makes the democrat wish to see this changed. It is his hatred of the waste of life. Men talk of healthy competition. There is a competition that is unhealthy to the depths of infamy. Our life is possibly a mere journey from one eternal darkness to another. We may be mere spawn of the earth, and our religions a cosmic fable, but whether we adopt the material or the mystical version of experience, we surely unite in revolting against the factors that

defeat the will to live. Poverty is undesirable in proportion as it defeats this will to live; and it is evil in proportion as it is unnecessary. That it is unnecessary, more the result of culpable selfishness than culpable weakness, is the inspiration of all social reform.

The particularism of Ulster is one item in the fight on poverty. The particularism of the employer and the middleman is another. Irish labor is still an infant too weak to stand by itself, the victim of every provincialism and ignorance, the bullied servant of stupid urban life. When the dreamers of Ireland A Civilization give up the fight on poverty, the practical and immediate fight on it, they throw away the irreplaceable resources of Ireland. They pursue a mirage of independence, they leave their country open to the worst imperialist of all.

XIII

MANUMISSION

THE EMPIRE HAS FAILED

IT is bitter for the English to admit their continued failure in Ireland. Every art and craft that is known to patient and resourceful administrators has been utilized in dealing with the Irish, and time after time, when the administrators have attempted to rely on it, the structure has crumbled under their hands. Men from Oxford and Cambridge have been given preference in the constabulary, men who have succeeded in India have been imported to the Castle, the best kind of government servants have been made resident magistrates and commissioners and judges and yet the integrity and squareness and reticent dignity which have worked so well elsewhere have no principle of life in them for the Irish people. The English government has tried everything. Sometimes it has adopted the most enlightened methods, sometimes the most disgraceful. If bribery and corruption could advance Pitt's programme they were extravagantly employed. If compliance with the Catholic church seemed to promise a control over the people the Catholic church was sought in consultation. If the suppression of group action or the discarding of trial by jury or the simple expedient of deportation appeared to favor English purposes, the English government readily stooped to conquer.

There is nothing of Cossack severity, at one extreme, or of absurd yielding to strong local sentiment, at the other, that is not to be found in the last century of governmental record — the last four years, for that matter — and yet the outcome of all this pliancy and subtlety, accompanied by measures of legislation often wholly admirable, has been a continuous and even fatuous failure. The settlement of land tenure, local self-government, the national university and the popular department of agriculture do lift themselves above fatuity and offer a solid footing for mutual satisfaction. The rest is a moral quagmire. It has given England a notoriety throughout the world. The Germans try to lisp in Gaelic, for the edification of the disaffected Dubliner. Trotzky meets the good offices of Englishmen with a satiric inquiry, “How about Ireland?” The nationalistic Hindu does not forget it. Neither do thousands of detached observers who are no allies of Hindu or Russian or German. Whatever may be said to extenuate the failure or to fix the blame for it, the one thing undeniable is the moral insolvency of the empire in Ireland. “No, my Lords,” as the Marquess of Crewe told the upper house in 1913, “Ireland — by whose fault does not matter — has never become an integral part of Britain; her government has in essence remained a colonial government.”

This insolvency has been exposed to the world during the world war. In a struggle affecting the destiny of hundreds of millions it has obtruded itself continually. Because its importance is a moral one it has asserted itself even in the hour of Armenian massacre and Polish famine. And that importance could not be disguised by propagandists. When

conscription took up the people of Britain as a lion would lift its whelps by its teeth, not to maul them but to make them, it morally could not afford to touch the people of Ulster or the people of the south of Ireland. Union could not stand that elemental test. It is not that Irishmen would not be soldiers. Irishmen before had fought for the empire. At the very moment when hunger was stalking the poor peasantry of Ireland in 1844, the Delanys and the Kellys were at Meanee and Dubba with Sir Charles Napier, "magnificent Tipperary . . . Irishmen, strong in body, high-blooded, fierce, impetuous soldiers who saw nothing but victory before them, and counted not their enemies." Reluctance to shoulder arms did not hold the Irish people back from the world war. Over 90,000 Catholics did enlist in the beginning, and the Nationalist party did its best to prove that the people were "good Europeans." But there was a reason for the weakness of Irish response. It was the absence of union, the dearth of heart, between the rulers and the ruled. And Ireland did not look on the army of the empire as a force required for security to itself, thereby accepting conscription as a necessary evil. On whatever occasion the red coat had been seen in Ireland in the past, it was to protect a landlord or an employer or a clergyman collecting tithes, or else to shoot down mobs or destroy rebels. The invasion of Ireland was not sufficiently probable to frighten the Irish, and Germany was clever enough to understand this. The one thing that might have prepared Ireland for the war was true membership in an imperial society. But until that membership was honorable and voluntary, nationalist Ireland looked on England as Schles-

wig looks on her empire, or Bohemia on her empire, and the talk of empire, ("one throne, one flag, one citizenship") generally made it sick.

THE NATURE OF FAILURE

When Lord Milner says "one throne, one flag, one citizenship," it represents to him "communis patria," "all-round loyalty, the loyalty of each to all, of every member to the whole body." When an Irish nationalist hears the phrase it still means the shooting of stone-throwers, the hauteur of English government inspectors, the inequality and privilege of Dublin Castle, the ascendancy, the garrison. It means Mr. Austen Chamberlain preaching the gospel of Ireland industrially impotent ("communis patria"). It means Mr. Arthur Balfour sneering at Gaelic and the "bitter fiction" of Irish nationality ("communis patria"). It means Earl Percy and Lord Ellenborough talking foolishly of Ireland as Britain's military bondservant. It means giving up the group struggle against colonizers and imperialists. That is the native principle at odds with the principle of "loyalty." "Ireland has never become an integral part of the United Kingdom," to quote Lord Crewe again, "because the principle of Irish nationality has altogether refused to die."

How to deal with that principle has haunted the best British statesmen. From 1885 to 1893 it was the preoccupation of England. When the Irish people gave up Parnell at Gladstone's behest, the English Liberals did not disguise the immediate political debt that they had contracted with Ireland, and home rule became the formal token of direct moral satisfaction. But home rule is a vague phrase.

After the land legislation it seemed quite fair to many good Liberals to shelve Ireland. They thought they could escape the necessity of dealing directly with the Irish question. The very fact that the demand was largely a moral demand made its pressure diffuse and impalpable. To deny it, even, was a pleasant temptation. Mr. Asquith and his colleagues shambled very reluctantly to fight this affair of honor.

What the tepid Liberals hoped for, in the main, was a home rule settlement by default. It was all very well for the Unionists to contend in 1912 that Ireland had become insolvent "due to Lloyd Georgian finance," but Lloyd Georgian finance was a move in the direction of state socialism, and in that direction lay a municipal escape from home rule. The final riddance of home rule would be self-government all-round. If a scheme could be framed to give popular councils to Ulster and Scotland and Wales and nationalist Ireland, the invidious nationalism of Ireland could be avoided, and separatism deprived of its handle on Irish opinion. British Liberals, in point of fact, always had John Redmond in a dilemma as to separatism. If he said he was disloyal to the empire, he could not have their solemn constitutional assistance. If he said he was loyal to the empire, his nationalism could be quite fairly subordinated. This kind of logomachy kept British parliamentarians happy, the horizon always shimmering with the hope that a "moral" question is a fanciful question, that Irish prosperity would lap away Irish contentiousness, that the coils of discussion would chill the fervors of particularism.

UNDYING NATIONALITY

But it is not politic, even in a question of "more and less," to take too many advantages. Like every other living political desire, the desire of Irish nationalism is not a fixed quantity or quality. It varies from year to year, from group to group, from personality to personality. But the fact that it varies, that it is compatible with more than one constitution or constitutional arrangement, was no guarantee that it could be held on the politician's doorstep forever. Its very flexibility was an assurance that the longer it was edged away and discomfited the more exigent it would become. The reality of Ireland to Irishmen could not be treated as a theory. It sprang into full being with every Irish boy's and Irish girl's untutored initiation into national history and it renewed itself with every dubious phase of government. "We are told again and again," said Lord Crewe, "that in reality there is no Irish nation. . . . This fact of the undying nationality of Ireland is the first that emerges from any wide study of history." What its terms with the empire would have to be was a special question. To evade the question altogether was to drive Irishmen and Irishwomen to intransigence.

Take, for example, that cheap taunt of Mr. Balfour's, "the bitter fiction that Ireland was once a 'nation' whose national life has been destroyed by its more powerful neighbor." Against it the Irish youth sets everything he knows of England's attempt to sponsor this deft politician's "vital lie." Under the system of education bestowed on Ireland in this spirit the child's "history book mentioned Ireland

twice only — a place conquered by Henry II; and made into an English province by the union. The quotation ‘This is my own, my native land,’ was struck out of the reading-book as pernicious, and the Irish boy was taught to thank God for being ‘a happy English child.’” Mrs. John R. Green, from whom I quote, recalls for young Ireland what “undying nationality” really consists of, despite the suppressions of school books. “Amid contempt, persecution, proscription, death, the outcast Irish cherished their language and poetry, their history and law, with the old pride and devotion. In that supreme and unselfish loyalty to their race they found dignity in humiliation and patience in disaster, and have left, out of the depths of their poverty and sorrow, one of the noblest examples of history.” So much for the tradition. The destruction sneered at by Mr. Balfour is not unchronicled. “We may ask whether in the history of the world there was cast out of any country such genius, learning, and industry, as the English flung, as it were, into the sea. . . . Every vestige of their tradition was doomed — their religion was forbidden, and the staff of Patrick and Cross of Columcille destroyed, with every other national relic; their schools were scattered, their learned men hunted down, their books burned; native industries were abolished; the inauguration chairs of their chiefs were broken in pieces, and the law of the race torn up, codes of inheritance, of land tenure, of contract between neighbors or between lord and man. The very image of Justice which the race had fashioned for itself was shattered. Love of country and every attachment of race and history became a crime, and even Irish language and dress

were forbidden under penalty of outlawry or excommunication. ‘No more shall any laugh there,’ wrote the poet, ‘or children gambol; music is choked, the Irish language chained.’” It is dangerous, in the hour of Belgium, to deny that such things can happen or have happened. What is the anthology of native Irish poetry? Long before the historians discovered “nationality” for political purposes the heart of Irish poetry flamed and smouldered with one consuming love, the love of Ireland. That love enwrapped and consoled the people of Ireland and today it is merely necessary for England to smite the love of Ireland to flash loyalty to the powder-mine of an oppressed race’s memory. If this be “bitter fiction” to Mr. Balfour, it is the kind of bitter fiction for which men have come to die in France.

Nationality is not of itself incompatible with empire. A nation no more sympathetic than Bavaria is to Prussia could become a strong component of the German empire. It is possible for the sharpest particularism to defer so long as public safety quite clearly demands it, and economic welfare is not forfeit, and religious and national character are not denied. But the great principle of organizing peoples into commonwealths is never to be advanced as long as union is promoted by persons with a relentless vested interest. The principle of imperial or federal sentiment may be irrefutable but it is mere perfume on a cancer if the synonym of the imperialists is privilege.

This is the root of raw Irish discontent with the empire and it is the root of the failure of good administration. In dealing with Jamaican Negroes it is perfectly feasible to let the children gamble with

paper money and dress the part of citizenship. Jamaica is one of the triumphs of English administration, including a fully equipped toy legislature. But when men have an oppressive national responsibility like the Irish, and suffer with the neglect of the responsibility, the point comes where they must demand and insist upon the power which that responsibility implies. It is not in the nature of any European race (or any human race, I dare say) to do otherwise. And to take that power on sufferance, to take it while guaranteeing that it shall be used in some particular fashion, is not conceivable. It is not conceivable to say in advance, for example, what Ireland shall or shall not do in the future. As Parnell sensibly said, "We have never attempted to fix the *ne plus ultra* of Ireland's nationhood and we never shall"; and as he said again, "no man shall set a boundary on the onward march of a nation."

ABSOLUTE INDEPENDENCE

Those who understand nationality are not like to combat such assertions. The cry of "separatism," for example, has never dismayed the stronger intelligences in England. Opponents of home rule like Professor A. V. Dicey have taken honorable pains to do justice to the separatists' case for absolute independence. "The position they occupy," he once said, "is one of which no man has any cause to feel ashamed. The opinion that, considering the misery which has marked the connection between England and Ireland, the happiest thing for the weaker country would be complete separation from the United Kingdom, is one which in common with most Englishmen, and, it may be added, in common with the

wisest foreign observers, I do not share; but fairness requires the admission that it is an opinion which a man may hold and may act upon, without incurring the charge either of folly or of wickedness." Mark the words, "act upon." If he is caught, as Roger Casement was caught, he may be put in the tower instead of the cabinet, and he may be executed, but it will not be fair to charge him with folly or wickedness, or to demean the British empire, as official propagandists like Mr. Alfred Noyes and Captain Ian Hay Beith demeaned it in their partisanship, by circulating irrelevant sexual rumors after the man was dead — continuing the loathsome work that began while he was still on trial. Many nations have separated without unwholesome perpetuation of rancor, as for instance Norway and Sweden, Belgium and Holland, England and the United States. Separatism may lead to disintegration or it may lead to growth. There is no principle of union to cover every case.

The absolute independence of Ireland is undoubtedly open to several objections. Mr. Dicey has admirably summarized the English objections. "The national independence of Ireland entails three great evils — the deliberate surrender of the main object at which English statesmanship has aimed for centuries, together with all the moral loss and disgrace which such surrender entails; the loss of considerable material resources in money, and still more in men; the incalculable evil of the existence in the neighbourhood of Great Britain of a new, a foreign, and, possibly, a hostile state. For these evils there are, indeed, to be found two real though inadequate compensations — namely, the probability that loss of

territory might restore to England a unity and consistency of action equivalent to an increase in strength, and the possibility that separation might be the first step towards gaining the good will, and ultimately the alliance of Ireland. It is, however, hardly worth while to calculate what might be the extent of the possible deductions from evils which no English statesmen would knowingly bring on Great Britain. By men of all parties and of all views it is practically conceded that England neither will nor can, except under compulsion, assent to Irish independence."

It has been a signal defect in English policy, I think, not to envisage Irish independence and to observe its advantages. England has needed a statesman who could so conceive Irishmen as to respect their wishes and enter into a broad and sincere discussion of their extremest expression. It has needed a statesman who could think of Irishmen as the United States has thought of Filipinos. But before an English statesman could do this he had first to settle his scores with Anglo-Ireland, and that no English statesman has been quite able to do. The garrison has a claim on Ireland which it has declined to remit. It has a vested interest in the union, selfishly and narrowly insisted upon, and the highest flight of its patriotism to England or Ireland has never, since the infamy of the union, risen above timorous devotion or weak federalism. The "desertion" of the garrison is, beyond doubt, the clue to England's undertaking an alliance with Ireland. And so long as England sets the garrison above Ireland, the relation with Ireland is seriously perverted.

This, as I see it, is at the core of England's ad-

ministrative difficulty in Ireland. If England had been able to administer Ireland for Ireland's good, the Irish might now be coordinated; or if England had been able to show Ireland its better self, as it has shown Scotland its better self, the acquiescence in union might be cordial. But the toll demanded by Anglo-Ireland has always been so heavy, in patronage if not always in profit, that the native Irish could see little that is admirable or desirable in the empire. The "moral loss and disgrace" of which Mr. Dicey speaks has been entailed much more by holding Ireland for the parasites than it could have been by any deliberate surrender. It has been entailed by losing 4,000,000 discontented citizens through emigration in sixty years. This is the fact that men who are inured to an established church and landlordism and an aristocratic diplomacy and a wigged judiciary do not easily see. The "dunghill civilization" of Ireland seldom appears to them to have real possibilities outside its colonial possibilities. Their imaginations cannot seize on these Britannic incongruities in Ireland which are apparent to an Irishman. What is a benign excrescence in England, after all, may be an intolerable disorder to Ireland. This is where high conservatives like Mr. Dicey lack that intimate knowledge of "dunghill civilization" which would so improve a human judgment.

THE ULSTER DIFFICULTY

Absolute independence is open to several serious objections from Irishmen themselves. The principal of these objections arises from the unionist interest in Ireland.

A very strong force binds Ulster to Great Britain.

It is, as has been amplified, Belfast's industrialism. Seen from Belfast the union has been a reasonably successful union, in spite of educational and cultural deficiencies in Ulster. The homogeneity of the two Protestant nations, Britain and Ulster, has been accentuated by the sameness of industrial and commercial interests. Belfast has adopted machine technology and understood Britain's adoption of machine technology, and the success of Belfast has created a special mental and emotional norm in the north. That norm is felt by some Ulstermen to be identical with England's. Ulster, said Mr. Thomas Sinclair in 1912, "wishes to continue as an Irish Lancashire, or an Irish Lanarkshire." But identical or not, the separation from England is not desired. Not only does Mr. Sinclair feel certain that separation would "degrade the status of Ulster citizenship by impairing its relationship to imperial parliament" and would "seriously injure Ulster's material prosperity — industrial, commercial, agricultural," but he is equally convinced that an all-Ireland parliament would "gravely imperil Ulster's civil and religious liberties" and would "involve the entire denominationalizing, in the interests of the Roman Catholic church, of Irish education in all its branches." The Ulster opposition to home rule is therefore more than economic. "It is," as Lord Londonderry put it, "an uprising of a people against tyranny and coercion; against condemnation to servitude; against deprivation of the right of citizens to an effective voice in the government of the country."

And a positive Ulster sentiment in favor of the union must be included in this testimonial of opposition. "The union," says Lord Londonderry, "has

been no obstacle to their [Ulstermen's] development: Why should it have been the barrier to the rest of Ireland? Ulstermen believe that the union with Great Britain has assisted the development of their commerce and industry. They are proud of the progress of Belfast and of her position in the industrial and shipping world. Without great natural advantages it has been built up by energy, application, clearheadedness and hard work. The opposition to home rule is the revolt of a business and industrial community against the domination of men who have shown no aptitude for either. The United Irish League, the official organization of the home rule party, is, as a treasurer once confessed, remarkably lacking in the support of business men, merchants, manufacturers, leaders of industry, bankers, and men who compose a successful and progressive community. In the management of their party funds, their impending bankruptcy but a few years ago, the mad scheme of New Tipperary, and the fiasco of the Parnell Migration Company there is the same monotonous story of failure. Can surprise be felt that Ulstermen refuse to place the control of national affairs in the hands of those who have shown little capacity in the direction of their own personal concerns? What responsible statesman would suggest that the City of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Newcastle, or any advancing industrial and commercial centre in Great Britain should be ruled and governed and taxed, without the hope of effective intervention, by a party led by Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Lansbury? Yet home rule means much like that for Ulstermen, and the impossibility of the scheme is emphasized in the example of Ireland by

religious differences which have their roots in Irish history."

I have quoted this long passage to illustrate the exact idiom of the impasse between Ulster and the south. On one side success, progress, energy, clear heads, hard work; on the other side failure, impending bankruptcy, mad schemes, the British Labor Party, small capacity. Lord Londonderry proclaims it from the housetops. He leaves no doubt that he means what he says.

The impasse here is largely psychological, and Ulster's psychological state is not unlike the Prussian psychological state. There is the arrogance of Prussia, "refusing" to place the control of government when the placing of control was obviously not in its province. There is the self-conceit of Prussia, "I alone possess energy, application, clearheadedness and hard work." There is Prussia's cry of tyranny and coercion, when the record of Ulster is by no means free from these amiabilities, coming from the plantation down to the necessity for governmental suppression of Orange lodges in 1836, with little touches of vaudeville before and after. ("In 1869," Canon Courtenay Moore recalls, "Queen Victoria's Crown was to be kicked into the Boyne if she gave her Royal assent to Mr. Gladstone's church act. Well, she gave it, and the Crown remained on her head.") The truculence of Ulster has its admirable side, as the truculence of Prussia has its admirable side, but Ulster has taken a position in the national sphere psychologically corresponding to Prussia's in the international.

A "quiet bystander" must be invoked to describe the background of this Ulster soul. Unless it is

taken in terms of soul as well as politics, the deadlock becomes mercilessly fast.

“Business is civilization, think many of us; it creates and implies it. The general diffusion of material well-being is civilization, thought Mr. Cobden, as that eminent man’s biographer has just informed us; it creates and implies it. Not always. And for fear we should forget what business and what material well-being have to create, before they do really imply civilization, let us, at the risk of being thought tiresome, repeat here what we have said often of old. Business and material well-being are signs of expansion and parts of it; but civilization, that great and complex force, includes much more than ever that power of expansion of which they are parts. It includes also the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. To the building up of human life all these powers belong. If business is civilization, then business must manage to evolve all these powers; if a widely spread material well-being is civilization, then that well-being must manage to evolve all of them. It is written: *Man doth not live by bread alone.*”

It may be said that Matthew Arnold was writing of Puritan England. Yes. “But the genuine, unmitigated Murdstone is the common middle-class Englishman, who has come forth from Salem House and Mr. Creakle. He is seen in full force, of course, in the Protestant north; but throughout Ireland he is a prominent figure of the English garrison. Him the Irish see, see him only too much and too often. . . . The thing has no power of attraction. The Irish quick-wittedness, sentiment, keen feeling for

social life and manners, demand something which this hard and imperfect civilization cannot give them. Its social form seems to them unpleasant, its energy and industry lead to no happiness, its religion to be false and repulsive."

Matthew Arnold did not include in these strictures his sense of Ireland's "wrong-headed distrust of England." He stated that elsewhere. But much more clearly and more sweetly and more sensitively than most of us could express it, he has framed the notion of those ideals by which Lord Londonderry seeks to guide the destinies of Ireland.

What has Belfast instead of culture, to fill its soul? So fair an observer as Mr. Norman Hapgood, visiting Belfast in May, 1917, may be quoted to exhibit the place that denominationalism has in the cultural realm of Belfast.

"Actually I felt as if I were living in the time of Cromwell. Every Sunday there are in the Protestant churches sermons urging the faithful to hold out against the menace of home rule. I took a large part of my meals in private houses, and not once was there a meal which was not preceded by grace. I went to a lunch in a private room in a restaurant, at which the other guests were some of the most active business men in the town, and there likewise grace was said. Everywhere one heard the word Popery.

"There was the energy also of the Roundhead, as well as his earnest affiliation with his own Church and his unconquerable fear of the Pope. I have been in many parts of the world which had a mediæval atmosphere about them, but not in the most picturesque hamlet, apart from all modern influences, have I ever felt the hand of the past more powerfully than in

the rushing industrial centre called Belfast. When one considers the wonderful record of this city, building up great industries and great prosperity without coal, iron, or other natural resources, it becomes still more startling to find one's self at every turn carried back to the almost forgotten fears and suspicions of the past."

This seems to me to corroborate Matthew Arnold pretty completely. And it has the fibre of Prussia in it.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

Conscientious outsiders may agree that Arnold's is a most telling analysis of elderly Ulster's opaque-ness and hardness, but they can rightly assert that such hardness remains inherent and formidable. It creates an iron obstacle to absolute independence. Even if Britain disregarded the warning of Admiral Mahan, even if it gave Ireland full sovereignty with its eyes opened to the military danger of full sovereignty, the great obduracy of Ulster would stand in the way of reasonable success. It is silly to be categorical in these matters or to argue docility, but I cannot believe that full Irish sovereignty would be made stable short of English complaisance and the nationalists winning a fierce civil war. Right or not, the Ulsterman would resist the experiment and do his best to cripple it.

But home rule, backed by the English people, is a very different matter. Where absolute independence would have immense obstacles to conquer, seeing the forces behind the Ulsterman in England, there is every reason for deeming semi-independence practicable and supposing that the English people will sup-

port it. Not, however, until the case of Ulster has been definitely understood and disposed of, as it never has been understood and disposed of since the first debates of home rule.

The outsider is entitled to concentrate his attention on Ulster. He has heard a great deal about Ireland's baulked disposition, Ireland's nationalism, Ireland's self-determination. If such arguments for liberty have a virtue in them, how can they be ignored when offered by the protesting minority of Ulster? Can that minority be justly overborne? The very essence of Ulster opposition to home rule is particularism. If it is wrong for agricultural Ireland to be placed under the heel of a British parliament, is it not equally wrong for industrial North-East Ulster to be placed under the heel of a Dublin parliament? Is a bill of Ulster rights any security? A written guarantee in the act of union did not save the established church. Are not the Ulster leaders right to scorn "paper safeguards," "artificial guarantees"? They absolutely refuse to reason about the union. Is not this refusal warranted?

I do not think it is. Granting the particularity of North-East Ulster, it has no conceivable right to interdict home rule for the rest of Ireland. Yet home rule for any part of Ireland remains seriously handicapped until Ulster consents to do its share. It is this that makes it imperative for Ulster's pride and recalcitrance to be judged in relation to consequences. Ulster is not merely standing out for its own preferences. It is standing squarely in the path of Ireland's necessities, necessities that are clearly reconcilable with Ulster's own. If Ulster could be "left alone," as it has repeatedly asked to be left alone, the intru-

sion of home rule would be an impertinence. But Ulster is not Lanarkshire or Lancashire. "This conception of the Protestants in Ulster being a sort of projection of England, or of Scotland," as Lord Dunraven phrased it, "is not an Irish idea. It is a purely British invention. It is a sort of British patent that is brought out every now and then for political purposes." Ulster is part of Ireland, with half its population Catholic nationalists, and Catholic nationalists interlarded all through. This striature of Catholics and Protestants, nationalists and anti-nationalists, Irish and Scotch-Ulstermen, is by no means so insufferable as the tenor of argument may indicate. "We gladly acknowledge," declares Mr. Thomas Sinclair, "that in most parts of Ireland Protestants and Roman Catholics, as regards the ordinary affairs of life, live side by side on friendly neighborly terms." But serious as it would be to strangulate nationalist Ulster, in an avowedly Unionist department, that is not the final objection to sectionalism. The final objection is the ruthless derangement of home rule.

By this I do not mean that Ulster must be "bullied." I only mean that the minority in Ireland must do better than act the dog in the manger. For a great many years the fiercest opposition to Irish liberty came from the landed interest. When the land laws went into effect the landed interest retained a sentimental objection to Irish liberty, but now everyone observes that, owing largely to Sir Horace Plunkett, the southern Unionists are practically prepared to favor home rule. The Ulster opposition has a different cultural aspect and a different economic bias. If the economic and cultural bias

is comprehended and an adjustment made obvious, Ulster may be counted on to yield. To every revolution, of course, there is a counter-revolution, and there will always be men in Ulster who would rather die than consent to home rule. It is the business of statesmanship to subtract as much support as possible from these victims of prejudice. No gain can be made in this direction, however, by proposing, as the Irish convention proposed, to sanction undemocratic prejudice on the part of Ulster in the actual terms of agreement. The guarantees to Ulster property and propriety cannot take the form of loading the electoral dice. If Ulster's position is invidious in any respect, it must be arranged that everything which affects that position should be conditioned on Ulster's consent. But checks and balances cannot be applied to the actual parliamentary balloting. The idea of conceding Ulster twenty yards on every electoral hundred yards, for example, is compromise gone mad. The essence of Ulster's self-determination is consent, but there is an ascertainable difference between consent, a reasonable function of the mind, and self-will, an inordinate function. Ulster's self-will cannot be permitted to dictate the fate of Ireland, any more than Prussia's self-will can be permitted to dictate the fate of Europe. If Ulster refuses "consent" to a new Irish constitution, on the grounds of Popery or southern ignorance or what-not, then the statesman must prepare to deal with the reasonable elements and isolate the unreasonable. The presence of a violently unreasonable element, whether Orange or Sinn Fein, cannot be allowed to destroy Ireland.

In fighting for the union, I have no doubt that the

conservatives in Ireland are making a good "practical" decision. Under the union a great deal of the power that is distributed by government is secure in conservative hands. But the creative forces of Ireland are disregarded by such a decision. Power is left with those who have never won the confidence of the people, who cannot work for the welfare of the people, who are partitioned off from the people by their very preference for the union. This is the crux of Ulster vs. Ireland. What home rule means is the removal of high undemocratic barriers in every department of Irish government. It means the influx of many more Catholics and nationalists into public offices that have been withheld from the people, and it means a new tone, probably a crude tone, in Irish life. But the flood of vitality cannot prove so pernicious as the Ulstermen forecast. All the horrors that were anticipated on the introduction of local government are now completely forgotten. They were empty dreams. The Ulstermen are not ogres, the Catholics are not malignant. Where they have worked together, in the Gaelic League and the department of agriculture and the cooperative movement and even the national schools, the outcome has been something vastly better than the Ulstermen expected. Bigotry still exists and must be recognized. "A few years ago," the ominous Mr. Sinclair narrates, "a Protestant member of a public service was transferred upon promotion from Belfast to a Roman Catholic district, in which his boys had no available school but that of the Christian Brothers, and his girls none but that of the local convent. I shall never forget the expression of that man's face or the pathos in his voice while he pressed me to help

him to obtain a transfer to a Protestant district, as otherwise he feared his children would be lost to the faith of their fathers. Given a parliament in Dublin, the management of education would be so conducted as gradually to extinguish Protestant minorities in the border counties of Ulster and in other provinces of Ireland. It is here that a chief danger to Protestantism lies." This is the kind of panic and hypothesis that alarms one for human nature itself. Mr. Sinclair is a sensible man but he gives not one atom of evidence that the Christian Brothers would take so mean an advantage. There is a great deal of evidence in favor of the Christian Brothers on this very point of proselytism. Yet Catholics will be found with that same unforgettable expression and that same vocal pathos until both frightened sects are flung into the bath of community.

If home rule were to handicap Ulstermen in their economic or religious freedom, home rule would be doomed. But Lord Morley spoke soundly when he said that the whole weight and force of American influence, for one thing, would be "inevitably adverse to anything like sectarianism, oppression, or unfair play." The Irish nationalists would be fools and the Catholic hierarchy would be fools to embark on anything that faintly resembled intolerance. But the genuine hope in the situation, the one aërial element above all these squirming doubts and fears, is not to be found in the bill itself. "So far as an act of parliament can either guide or enforce a principle so subtle and delicate as the principle of toleration and religious equality, Clauses 3 and 4 of this bill have clinched and clamped that principle beyond the power of evasion," testified Lord Morley. "For my own

part, however, I have faith in something surer than any clauses in a bill. It is my conviction that faith in religious tolerance and religious freedom — not indifference, not scepticism, not disbelief — by one of those deep, silent transformations which do something to make history endurable, has worked itself not only into surface professions of men and women today, but into the manners, usages, and the whole habits of men's minds, and nothing will persuade me that this benignant atmosphere is not going to diffuse itself even in Ireland."

THE BONE OF CONTENTION

So far I have only spoken of Ulster's determination not to have home rule. What is the home rule that England was afraid to give to Ireland? I hesitate to quote the bill that went into law in 1914. After Mr. Thomas Sinclair, Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson, one might expect in this bill a dangerous extension of power, a measure of trust and understanding, a genuine magna charta. The Irish are still being accused of not appreciating England. "They distrust and misunderstand England," lamented Professor H. S. Canby of Yale in May, 1918. Perhaps the American who has read so far, who has attended to the Ulster protest and the Unionist exacerbation, may judge the sense of justice displayed by the garrison when he takes the actual terms of the home rule bill into account.

I record, first of all, the limits set to the authority of the Irish parliament. They spell out subordination:

"Notwithstanding the establishment of the Irish parliament or anything contained in this act, the su-

preme power and authority of the parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things in Ireland and every part thereof."

This is Lord Londonderry's idea of a conspiracy against the constitution. It is the kind of conspiracy that Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand have darkly entered upon.

I next transcribe the guarantees that are given to Ulster, apart altogether from the fact that the initial senate is nominated by the crown, that Ireland has nothing whatever to say to war and peace, army or navy, and various other minor functions of government. Here are the guarantees: "In the exercise of their power to make laws under this act the Irish parliament shall not make a law so as directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedrals, churches," and so on.

This is the bill that the nationalists of Ireland procured after thirty years of agitation. There was no joint or loophole left in it for one whiff of effective religious prejudice. There was no sovereignty or

pretence or shadow of sovereignty in it. There was no power in it that Westminster could not nullify, amend, alter, or grind to dust. In the new Irish House of Commons Ulster was to have 59 members out of 164, giving the Unionists a solid third. In the initial Senate Ulster was to have all the guarantee that could be conferred by the King's nominating it. The control of the police was to remain with England for a term of years. The appointment of judges was to go to the lord lieutenant. All the civil servants under the old establishment were firmly protected in their rights. The main power was a parliamentary control of the functions now arbitrarily exercised by Dublin Castle, and the right to vary taxation within a certain tightly tethered range. This is the measure which Lord Londonderry called "tyranny and coercion," which 470,000 people signed a petition against, which led Sir Edward Carson into treasonable conspiracy and compelled Lord French to give up his empire's sword. It is only when the genuine issue, absolute independence, is brought into contrast with this handcuffed parliament of Mr. Asquith that the falsification of Ulsterism is exposed. Men say that Ulster is "sincere," that the signers of the Covenant are grim and resolute and determined. So are the Prussians "sincere" and grim and resolute and determined. But what has this to do with the claim that Ulster is fighting for its liberty? The claim has no basis in fact. Behind the protest of Ulster hang the miserable self-interest and imperialism which intruded on Ireland at the first colonizations of Ulster, which have kept watchman's step with the native Irish since the primary injustice to them and which have written themselves not merely

into the opposition to home rule but into every grudging syllable of the bill itself. If the British empire were a mean and crafty bargainer, warped with taking advantage of the weak, crabbed with skimming profit from hardship, I do not think it could have devised a more small-spirited or contemptible measure than this home rule which it first conceded and then so warily and anxiously drew back. If Ireland takes such a bill, it will only be because it has descended to the level of the huckster and the cheese-parer. Home rule on the terms of this Asquith and Lloyd George liberalism is home rule for a penal colony. It is a mystery to nationalism how John Redmond could have accepted such worthless political odds and ends.

And yet, with all the precautions of Westminster, Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry did not propose to relinquish this remnant to the Irish. Dublin Castle was their high concern. The bill proposed the disinfection and popularization of Dublin Castle. This they refused. Unionists "refuse to place the control" of *their* Dublin Castle in the hands of the people of Ireland. It was the fear that this single function of the home rule bill would become operative that startled the apprehensions of Ulster's leaders. The ark of which Ulster signed the covenant was not the sacred ark of the old testament but the scabrous ark of the Old Guard. The insolence of Sir Edward Carson and Lord Londonderry and the rest had nothing better than Dublin Castle to justify it—the home of bureaucracy, the labyrinth of prejudice. The oppressed minority of Ulster does not remain deeply tragic in the light of Sir Edward Carson's anxieties for Dublin Castle. So long as Ulster

workmen and Ulster farmers believe in the devilry of Rome, "the horrible harlot, the kirk malignant," they can be made available for such purposes as Carson's. But does he believe in the devilry of Rome? Does he believe in the "to hell with the pope" nonsense? An experienced London barrister, trained in the slippery ingenuities and sophistications of the London bar, Sir Edward Carson knows just exactly how much and how little the Pope has to do with Irish politics. But know-nothingism, Rum-Romanism-and-Rebellion, remain convenient war-cries so long as Ulster workmen look askance at low-priced Catholic competition, so long as Ulster farmers read sectarian newspapers in the loneliness of their Ulster farms. This is the background of Ulster "oppression." In all the hideous prejudice that Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson stirred up during the home rule campaign (perhaps to their own bewilderment, after all their bloodhound baying) there was nothing recent or ponderable to justify religious apprehension. "I know Ireland well," said the anti-nationalist Walter Long, "I have many relations and friends there, both Protestant and Roman Catholic; and I believe that religious difficulties will be settled by the common-sense of the people." This is the doctrine to which fair observation admits practically every Irishman. Yet Sir Edward Carson imported arms from Germany making a cry of tyranny and coercion. He set Ulster to invoking God, "humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted," and aroused the anti-social sentiment that usually goes with such Prussian invocation, to range it against the "conspiracy" of home rule.

The deference which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George paid to the supposed oppression of Ulster came less from principle than from policy. There was no principle by which Ulster could reveal itself compromised or baulked or injured. In setting itself up to veto home rule, it took the position not of an offended and outraged minority but of a resolute dictator. The proposal of Ulster seclusion was rejected by John Redmond at first, at last submitted to the vote of Nationalist party delegates in Ulster, and finally assented to, only to be thrown aside by the Unionists. The difficulties and disadvantages of seclusion are certainly enormous, and Ulster was really wise to reject it, but its rejection can only mean that a genuine measure of home rule, equivalent to the measure conferred on the Dominion of Canada, is to become the demand of Ireland.

The enactment of full dominion government would prevent the injury to Ulster that might occur from a supine measure like the Asquith measure. It would hearten Irishmen everywhere to a large and creative experiment. It would afford Ireland that "moral satisfaction" without which it has been handicapped and depressed in all its relations to the empire. It would make it a full and a glad member in the comradeship of the dominions. Anything less is morally and materially dangerous.

Until England takes its lesson from Campbell-Bannerman's treatment of the Boers there is no hope in the Irish situation, and no travesty of the South African convention like Lloyd George's Irish convention — appointed with too obvious intention from groups too brazenly manœuvred — can bring about that glorious adjustment. Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe

has narrated a story, possibly a parable, of that Liberal act. "When the future of the Boer republics was being considered, Campbell-Bannerman was talking with a distinguished Canadian statesman. He spoke about the great pressure that was being brought to bear upon him in reference to delay in the granting of self-government to the Boers, and asked, 'What is your advice?' The Canadian statesman said: 'In 1837 Canada was in revolution. You trusted us. Have you ever had any reason to regret that action? Do the same for South Africa, and you will have the same result and the same response.' Campbell-Bannerman said, 'By God, I will'—and he did it. As a result, we have had South Africa in this war lined up with the older self-governing colonies of Great Britain, and the disruption of the British Empire has been averted."

The destiny of Ireland has slipped from the hands of the old order in England. A new order is arising within the British commonwealth, and it is by the statesmen of this new order that the problem of Ireland must be solved. An imperial history has preceded the accession of British labor to British government. Ireland's memory of this history will disappear like last year's leaves if the believers in British democracy apply their first principles to the settlement of Ireland. The task is a creative one. It is not simply a task of assisting stubborn Ulster to abide with the nationalist, nor is it simply a task of seeing religious institutions as human institutions, to be respected as well as restrained. It is a more formidable task. The new England has to trust its own belief in liberty to the extent of trusting in Irishmen's liberty. It has to admit Ireland to full and .

free membership in the commonwealth for which so many Britons have died. It was the England of privilege that sought in a blind moment to enforce conscription on Ireland. The bankruptcy of grudging and self-seeking England was never more completely revealed. It was these very qualities in the England of privilege that gave democratic England its right to insist upon the revision of existing institutions and existing concepts of government. The new order is on the verge of realization. The degree in which it becomes realized is the degree in which Ulster and nationalist Ireland can clear their past and enter into their common destiny.

XIV

THE WAY TO FREEDOM

THE END OF DOCILITY

WHEN Daniel O'Connell died at Genoa he ordered that his body should be sent to Ireland, but his heart to Rome. "A disposition," said John Mitchel, "which proves how miserably broken and debilitated was that once potent nature." A disposition, on the contrary, which proved the essential division and debility of Daniel O'Connell's entire career. "He was a Catholic, sincere and devout," said Mitchel, "and would not see that the church had ever been the enemy of Irish Freedom." That is the truth. He was a Catholic who feared and dreaded Revolution. His first allegiance was to his religion, his second to his country. Reared in abhorrence of Napoleon, he believed and declared that no revolution was worth the spilling of a single drop of blood. "He was an aristocrat by position and by taste; and the name of a Republic was odious to him." He was the child of authority. He strove to win his way by feigning violence, by "eternally half-un-sheathing a visionary sword." But he was one of those men whose scales are always turned by a power outside. The centre of his being was not within himself. He was the child of authority. For that reason, possessing no effective will of his own, he

indoctrinated cowardice, and his doctrine of cowardice, as M. Paul-Dubois rightly calls it, "is proved untrue by the whole history of modern liberty."

The doctrine of cowardice has always had its advocates in Ireland. It has long fed the policy of non-resistance. It pretends that life is an idyl in which effective will is "materialism" and the struggle for survival a debasement of the soul. A great deal is heard of Irish conservatism: this is its fountain-head. In the name of spirituality Ireland is asked to accept a doctrine of *laissez faire*, to glide on the current of authority.

But this docile programme was shattered in Easter, 1916. The earnestness of Padraic Pearse's career as a teacher, we are told by P. Browne of Maynooth, "was nothing to the terrible seriousness that grew upon him when he came to realize the maladies of the political movement that was supposed to aim at Irish nationhood." Padraic Pearse accepted the necessity of choosing between submission and rebellion. "The Volunteers, at whose foundation he had assisted, were at first negotiated with and then divided by the constitutional party; the original founders, who determined to adhere to their principles, were left high and dry without any constitutional support. The conviction gained on him that only blood could vivify what tameness and corruption had weakened, and that he and his comrades were destined to go down the same dark road by which so many brave and illustrious Irishmen had gone before them."

This tremendous decision of Padraic Pearse and his associates was not the result of temperamental intransigence. No whit less Catholic than Daniel

O'Connell, the rebels of 1916 took their principle from Thomas Aquinas, "Human law is law only by virtue of its accordance with right reason: and thus it is manifest that it flows from the eternal law. And in so far as it deviates from right reason it is called an unjust law; in such case it is no law at all, but rather a species of violence." The rebels took their nationalism as right reason, against the compromising of the parliamentary party. The lethal effect of Westminster on nationalism was thus dramatically and extravagantly thrown off.

THE NEW ORDER

The history of Irish freedom now dates from 1916 because, by the insurrection of 1916, a new norm of political conduct was created for the Irish people. Before the insurrection Ireland felt discontented but impotent. The ways of English politics baffled and depressed it, and the preparations of Ulster were like a bad dream. But the enormous effect of the insurrection on the government — the hasty executions, the deportations, the inpouring of troops into Ireland and the establishment of military tribunals — convinced Ireland that insurrection was a powerful agitant, and this greatly invigorated the national will. A national policy that seemed pardonable before, because inevitable, now came to be considered slack and trivial. The demands of Ireland rose by very reason of the sword laid against it.

But revolution is not in itself progress. It is the violent catharsis of a poisoned society, a convulsion which predisposes men to a new convulsion at any

hint of old obedience and is likely to carry them from one vast impatience to another. If this war is the iron scourge that awaits the man "who makes his neighbor responsible for his own bad qualities," there is a similar scourge awaiting the revolutionist. After men have tasted revolution it is not only supremely difficult to persuade them to any obedience, it is practically impossible to make them face their own bad qualities. To make the foreign government responsible — that becomes the mania of every sect not in power, so fragile are the silken threads that guide the human barbarian.

In spite of every intractability, the Irish are eventually obliged to take home rule as their goal and to formulate the terms on which they can accept it. They must return, that is to say, to constitutionalism. But it must be a strong and definite constitutionalism, not the menial kind accepted by the parliamentary party or the disdainful constitutionalism of the self-helpers. The first inflexible principle of this new constitutionalism should be fiscal autonomy, the raising of Irish revenue by Ireland for Ireland, without interference from outside. This is the first indispensable condition of political freedom for Ireland. To give Westminster the control of Irish finance is to make Irish politics revolve around the imperial pork-barrel. It is to ensure the worst kind of dependence and to prohibit integrity.

Before the insurrection, a number of Englishmen thought the best thing for Ireland would be to arrange its dependence, and one of the most curious sights in high politics was to see sleek young imperialists pussy- footing to a branch-office settlement.

The tone of The Round Table group is particularly worth noting in this connection. I have underlined two of their most characteristic phrases.

“ If ever it should prove *expedient* to unburden the Parliament of the United Kingdom by delegating to the inhabitants of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales the management of their own provincial affairs, and the condition of Ireland *should prove no bar* to such a measure, the Irish problem will once for all have been closed.” The word “ *expedient* ” is not a bad clue to modern Round Table chivalry. It makes no difference that the succeeding page breathes of love, and refers sadly to “ Ireland formerly governed not in her own interests, but in those of Britain. The inevitable failure of this method.” The rebels of 1916 had much too masculine an attitude toward history to relish, “ I know what is good for us both better than you can possibly know yourself.” It was in great measure to kill this species of fawning kindness that Pearse and his comrades took up arms. To federalism-by-ukase they answered Rebellion! Better to be extinguished than to submit to your tactful offices. Better than this velvet programme to expose, back of it, the tenacious imperial claw.

THE CORNERSTONE

But the alternatives for Ireland are not federalism and rebellion. They are the permanent international disgrace of England and genuine home rule. And by genuine home rule is meant a measure which gives Ireland complete control of its own finances, its own excise and customs, its conscription; its administration of everything from police force to land pur-

chase, and its place alongside Canada and Australia and South Africa and New Zealand in imperial representation and conference. The importance of this status is partly psychological. It is mainly instrumental. If Ireland is ever to recuperate it must be established in those free institutions which have answered the large purposes of the colonies. It must be treated as suffering from something besides administrative uneasiness. Unlike Wales and Scotland, it must be observed to need an entire change of polity. It requires a different method of government, a new will back of it, a special regimen.

The details of the regimen are beyond the scope of this book. I am content to say that the whole argument for Ireland's status as a dominion has been worked out to many Irishmen's complete satisfaction in Mr. Erskine Childers's *The Framework of Home Rule*. In that able and disinterested volume Mr. Childers has laid down "the broad proposition that, to the last farthing, Irish revenue must govern and limit Irish expenditure. For any hardship entailed in achieving that aim Ireland will find superabundant compensation in the moral independence which is the foundation of national welfare. She will be sorely tempted to sell part of her freedom for a price. At whatever cost, she will be wise to resist." This is not self-evident but it is the cornerstone of home rule policy. Until it is conceded there is no use considering home rule. Many do not agree with Mr. Childers in regarding the big charge of old age pensions as controllable. Old age pensions in Ireland might have been less per capita, but they were bound to be a monstrous charge, considering the huge proportion of old people, consequent on emigration.

To sustain twice as many old people as Scotland, Ireland ought to have had twice the population of Scotland. The anomaly of emigration gave it twice Scotland's burden on a population not even equal. Nothing could more completely reveal the unhealthy economic situation in Ireland. Who should be paying the old age pensions in Ireland? The emigrants, naturally. If Ireland could tax those emigrants the anomaly would not exist. Thanks to the emigration policy, Ireland has reaped this colossal harvest of dependents. Had it possessed fiscal autonomy it might have paid the pensioners less than England, but this expedient could not disguise the real difficulty, going to the very bottom of centuries of bad government. This, however, is only one item in expenditure on which Mr. Childers has raised a debatable point. His condemnation of the "contract" finance that mars all the home rule bills hits at the true source of demoralization — the dissociation of revenue and expenditure, complicated by those "eleemosynary benefits" of which the Unionists make so much. Mr. Childers is right to say that Ireland must accept itself, with all its abnormalities and anomalies, for the sake of self-guidance, and he is wise to declare that the habit "of expecting 'restitution' for funds unwarrantably levied in the past" must be broken. Has Ireland contributed £300,000,000 to the imperial exchequer since the union? Then the thing to do is burn books and start anew. It is a bitter satisfaction to know that Ireland paid England in the past. Contributions in future must be voluntary, and Irish house-keeping must be scaled like Denmark's or Norway's, not like Britain's.

THE FATE OF ULSTER

Has Ulster any cause to fear the economics of the Catholic majority? Perhaps Mr. Childers is biased on this question. He has watched the agricultural organization society and admired it. "Here," he has said, "just because men are working together in a practical, self-contained, home-ruled organization for the good of the whole country, you will find liberality, open-mindedness, brotherhood, and keen, intelligent patriotism from Ulstermen and Southerners alike." But his judgment may be taken into account, especially as the idea that the Irish parliament will divide on religious lines is too prevalent. "The Customs tariff is an Irish question," Mr. Childers puts it, "not an Ulster question. The interests of the Protestant farmers of North-East Ulster are identical with those of the rest of Ireland, and obviously it will be a matter of the profoundest importance for Ireland as a whole to safeguard the interests of the ship-building and linen industries in the North in whatever way may seem best." This seems to me inescapable. I have heard some mean comments on Belfast in the south of Ireland — comments on manners and morals to match Belfast's comments on Dublin — but outside this agacement I think all Irishmen are proud of Belfast. This pride rises up when the segregation of Ulster is argued. There is a sprinkling of Ulstermen all through the Catholic south, after all, and the Gilmores and Shields and Smiths and Wilsons and McElroys and McConnells and Riddles and Burdens add an extraordinarily advantageous leaven to the ordinary Catholic lump. To leave Ulster out of home rule would be an Irish

calamity. That is the conviction on which a fiscal policy would be founded, and the only danger to Ireland would be the danger that England has experienced in its partnership with the Scot.

“Every Scotchman is an Englishman, but an Englishman is not a Scotchman,” President Lowell of Harvard has permitted himself to disclose. “The Scotch regard themselves as an elect race who are entitled to all the rights of Englishmen and to their own privileges besides. All English offices ought to be open to them, but Scotch posts are the natural heritage of the Scots. They take part freely in the debates on legislation affecting England alone, but in their opinion acts confined to Scotland ought to be, and in fact they are in the main, governed by the opinion of the Scotch members. Such a condition is due partly to the fact that Scotch institutions and ideas are sufficiently distinct from those of England to require special treatment, and not different enough to excite repugnance. It is due in part also to the fact that the Scotch are both a homogeneous and a practical people, so that all classes can unite in common opinions about religion, politics and social justice. The result is that Scotland is governed by Scotchmen in accordance with Scotch ideas, while Ireland has been governed by Englishmen, and until recently, in accordance with English ideas.”

This is an exceedingly acute analysis of a tenacious national temperament, and I am bold enough to prophesy that the fate of England will in turn be the fate of Ireland. Ulster will come into the Irish parliament scowling *noli me tangere*, and the southern Irish will be paralyzed with fear. The elect race will then proceed to run the government. As

the outcome of a long fight for independence it will be rather an anti-climax, but Ireland will have itself to thank. Having been a "bear" on home rule for thirty years, Ulster is in a perfect position to act the part of injured innocence and I can see the south of Ireland tumbling over itself to show its good nature. It is not for nothing that the emblem of Scotland is the thistle. But in being so eager to swallow the thistle the southern Irish are raising some doubt as to the correct emblem for new Ireland.

THE HOPE OF HOME RULE

It is scarcely necessary to say that home rule means the beginning of appropriate administration in Ireland. "The administration of Ireland has been the conspicuous failure of the English government," Mr. Lowell has summed up. "Its history for a century has been a long tale of expedients, palliations and concessions, which have never availed to secure either permanent good order or the contentment and loyalty of the inhabitants. Each step has been taken, not of foresight, but under pressure. The repressive measures have been avowedly temporary, devised to meet an emergency, not part of a permanent policy; while concessions, which if granted earlier might have had more effect, have only come when attention to the matter has been compelled by signs of widespread and grievous discontent. Catholic emancipation was virtually won by the Clare election; disestablishment of the Anglican church was hastened by the Fenian movement; the home rule bill followed the growth of the Irish parliamentary party, culminating in Parnell's hold upon the balance of power in the House of Commons; and the land laws have resulted

from agrarian agitation. . . . The fact is that Irish problems lie beyond the experience of the English member and his constituents. Being unable to distinguish readily a real grievance from an unreasonable demand, he does not heed it until he is obliged to; and the cabinet, with its hands already full, is not inclined to burn its fingers with matters in which the House is not deeply or generally interested. All this is merely one of the many illustrations of the truth that parliamentary government can work well only so far as the nation itself is fairly homogeneous in its political aspirations."

With the establishment of dominion home rule, Ireland may look for whatever good there is to be found in parliamentary government, and not the least of that good may be a certain healthy disillusion. Some women have gone through divorce and re-marriage only to discover through their experience of a second husband that many of the first husband's despised faults were mere average masculinity. Ireland may discover that a good many of the defects of English rule were simply the average defects of all rule, with perhaps a superior technique to England's credit. But the benefits of self-government will enormously compensate for such disillusion. And these benefits, the fruits of democracy, will for the first time be Ireland's.

No democrat fears self-government for Ireland. The democrat believes that it is best for human beings to learn to judge for themselves. He believes that inflexible institutions are too frequently sacrificial, and distort men's natural desires. Only a fool will deny that freedom is dangerous. It neither connotes nor assures virtue. By putting a higher and

heavier responsibility on the individual, it makes failure more serious. Emancipation does not mean immunity from duty. It simply means a greater ease in ascertaining and performing duty, a greater power to verify one's means and one's ends. It is idle to pretend that accession of power cannot encourage the immoderate love of self. The greater a man's liberty, the more dangerous his possibilities. But while the democrat admits all this, he insists that when men do not judge for themselves, when they resign their destiny to a superior will, they are often not only compelled to go against their grain — which is often wholesome — but they are actually treated like slaves, forced to act against their own interests, their own well-being, their own disinterested preferences, their own conscience. They find themselves, to use familiar words, exploited and oppressed. Believing that no man should be forced to make such essential sacrifices for the sake of a selfish master, the democrat stresses the natural desires and rights of mankind. He does not assert that every man is a law unto himself. He does not say that subordination is essentially vile. He does not believe that life is a perpetual assertion of his own rights against the rights of others. He does not take as his model the barnyard, where the only bit of fodder that attracts a hungry chicken is the bit that is already preempted. The democrat believes in goodwill and co-operation, in deference as well as preference. But he also believes in keeping a firm grip on his moral homestead, in consulting his own deepest needs and desires, in manifesting them, and in securing in this world the fullest possible scope for the powers with which he was born endowed, or which he discovers

as he proceeds through life. He is just as much opposed to the mean and jealous tyrannies of caste, as to the stupidity and cruelty of bad government. And he is just as anxious to resist caste and bureaucracy for society's sake as for his own, since he knows that more people hate meanness and jealousy, stupidity and cruelty, than love them; and that these things frustrate the fine possibilities of our present human estate.

It would be pleasant to believe that the nationalist and the democrat come to the same conclusion from opposite sides, like two shear blades. Such, no doubt, would be the ideal conclusion if men could interlock democracy and nationalism. But at the present time no one can pretend that the blades are interlocked. They are crossed, but in conflict, not in union.

Democracy is occupied, at bottom, with human agreements. It does not aim, as some people fondly imagine, at a rigid inexorable agreement, a compact of mediocrity. It aims, rather, that men should agree on certain uniform requirements, in order that they may be free to differ in spirit. It inevitably designs a constitution, a written agreement, and it aims to have every man a competent partner in that agreement, in order that the work of the world may be efficiently discharged, not as an enterprise in which men are joined for an ulterior motive, but as a preliminary to a larger personal life.

Nationalism, on the other hand, looks to the end rather than the means. It is less concerned with the internal arrangements of a nation than with its consensus of emotion. It is occupied, at bottom, with human differences. It says that men differ

from the rest of the world, in order that they may agree among themselves. It is concerned, far more than democracy, with ulterior motives and external emphases, with leadership and heroes. It resents and resists intrusion, not on the ground of political or economic unsuitability but on the ground of social dissimilarity. It is jealous of its homogeneous social character, and anxious about its powers of assimilation.

Nationalists strive for congruity, assert congruity and feel congruity. For them nationhood is the evidence of an organism which, in the end, simply declares "I am." Their organism exists. And while this existence is justified as a moral reality by thousands upon thousands of human beings, the morality is an afterthought. There is something in the sentiment of nationhood that precedes morality — something like an egoism, which answers no questions and gives no explanations, offers no credentials and submits to no parley, but asserts itself, obdurately and incontinently, regardless of convenience or "justice." It is a talent of mankind, vital and dangerous, capable of producing and economizing happiness, capable also of a competitive ferocity which disregards the simplest lessons of democracy and makes an ideal of its cruel leonine will.

THE FRUITS OF HOME RULE

Before the war, for example, Irish reconstruction was halted by the fears of vital nationalism, if one may so characterize all the racial and religious and economic prejudices that concentrate into the insensate opposition of Ulster. It is pathetic to reflect in 1918 that there was nothing more immutable to

hinder Irish development in that crisis than the untutored nationalism of man. Such is no longer the case. The misfortune that has since befallen the whole world cannot help affecting the prospects and destiny of Ireland. While many farmers in Ireland have made money during the war, the finer dreams for Irish welfare are darkened and obscured by universal waste and suffering. Most of the wise schemes for social reconstruction depend on cumulative activity, and whatever the defects of government both England and the United States have been maturing great lessons in education and political science. The penalty of war is too inordinate and oppressive to leave this development of human resources unhampered. A city that has writhed in an earthquake may be "reconstructed," but after supreme efforts have been spent in clearing new foundations and rebuilding, the old capital values are not yet even restored. Since the war began six hundred million people have been busy consuming their capital, and the most titanic efforts will be needed before bare subsistence can once more be guaranteed. One requires to be on excellent terms with the inscrutable to take this calmly; and a weak nation like Ireland may easily tremble over the edge of convalescence and collapse forever under the vital expenditures of this epoch. All of us carry from the cradle the pleasant and wistful illusion that a hand is guiding us, that a kindly light is leading us. No such security exists. When one turns to study the southern United States in their long, dazed journey from the brink of the grave after the Civil War, the possibilities of pernicious social anæmia become more real. Small matters like the extirpation of patronage out

of civil service then become great matters. The business of government becomes a precious responsibility, with desolate emptiness or forced abnegation as the alternatives to regaining vitality. This is what Ireland faces. Even if the war does not drain away its tiny strength, it will be compelled to join the fierce economic struggle that is to be renewed once peace is signed. And in that struggle the madness of war will still inflame men's veins.

A RAILROAD POLICY

One practical problem like the railway problem in Ireland must suffice to illustrate the demand on Irish statesmanship. Can £20,000,000 be raised to nationalize the railways? The majority report of the viceregal commission urges regular supplies, large consignments, good packing of produce, and co-operation among producers, but, it continues, "if the export trade in agricultural products has not expanded as much as the proximity of Ireland to Great Britain might have led us to expect, in view of the rapid increase in British exports from foreign countries, the case of other Irish industries is even worse, since, with few exceptions, they have not only shown no expansion, but have declined, sometimes to the point of extinction. Of such declines the woollen trade, and the textile and pottery industries, furnish conspicuous examples. With regard to the last we were told that works had been closed, owing to shortage of labor due to the loss of population by emigration. . . . The export rates, and also the local rates, should be reduced where reduction is essential to the development of Irish industry, but this is a policy which the existing companies cannot be ex-

pected to adopt, and we can see no adequate means of putting it into effect unless by acquisition, unification, and public direction of all the Irish railways. . . . If the decline of Irish industries in general, and the total disappearance of many, were largely the result of what we may term the earlier transit arrangements, it is plain that the changes necessary to encourage the revival of those defunct manufacturers, now that a fully developed system of import through rates and transit facilities is in active operation, must be comprehensive and far-reaching. In our view the Irish railways have not been, and are not, 'fully utilized' for the development of general industries in Ireland, owing to the competitive rates on imported goods being so much lower in scale than the local rates, that the development of local manufactures has been discouraged and prevented, rather than assisted as it should have been."

These conclusions were undoubtedly influenced by the premier of New Zealand and by various Australian witnesses, testifying to the common advantage of governing railways with a view to service rather than dividends. The minority report did not fail to point out that conditions in Ireland and Australia are not similar. The majority politely agreed, but clung to the principle of public service, especially in regard to financing and managing Irish railways. No board of commercial men and railway directors, according to this principle. "We recommend that the unified railways be controlled and administered by an Irish Railways Board composed of twenty directors, twelve elected to represent the ratepayers of Ireland, two nominated by the treasury, two nominated by the lord lieutenant, and, with a view

to the direct representation of important interests and industries, one elected by the Irish port and harbor authorities, one by the Irish chambers of commerce, one by the Irish industrial development associations, and one by the associations of the Irish cattle trade." As to finance, "we recommend that the acquisition of the railways be effected by the issue of a state guaranteed stock, the interest on which would be a just charge on the net revenue of the unified system." A general rate, plus a state grant, should meet any deficit.

This is a broad policy. Can Ireland force it through, with the prospect of fiscal advantage beyond? This is the kind of question that makes a full home rule measure so enormously important. A small measure will be another effort to huddle up a festering wound.

THE DEMOCRATIC MINIMUM

Two apparently opposed opinions come to my mind as I say this. One is John Morley's, the other Dr. Carl Jung's.

Speaking of reforms passionately desired, political hopes passionately held, John Morley remarks characteristically, "There is nothing more amusing or more instructive than to turn to the debates in parliament or the press upon some innovating proposal, after an interval since the proposal was accepted by the legislature. The flaming hopes of its friends, the wild and desperate prophecies of its antagonists, are found to be each as ill-founded as the other. The measure which was to do such vast good according to the one, such portentous evil according to the other, has done only a part of the promised good,

and has done none of the threatened evil. The true lesson from this is one of perseverance and thoroughness from the improver, and one of faith in the self-protectiveness of a healthy society for the conservative. The master error of the latter is to suppose that men are moved mainly by their passions rather than their interests, that all their passions are presumably selfish and destructive, and that their own interests can seldom be adequately understood by the persons most directly concerned. How many fallacies are involved in this group of propositions, the reader may well be left to judge for himself."

Out of these grave and subdued reflections, as out of everything John Morley writes, there comes a sense of that powerful sanity, that patient tolerance of durable fact, which makes him a clue to the temper of sound structural politics. But we who see the four walls of Ireland standing bare without the roof cannot dwell on the vanity of ill-founded hopes. We must turn to those who never tire of proclaiming their faith in self-reliance and independence, and who disregard the timid and the conservative. "The moralist least of all trusts God," as Carl Jung has said, "for he thinks that the beautiful tree of humanity can only thrive by dint of being pruned, bound, and trained on a trellis, whereas Father-Sun and Mother-Earth have combined to make it grow joyfully in accordance with its own laws, which are full of the deepest meaning." It is this faith in the individual, combined with a belief that "a metamorphosis in the attitude of the individual is the only possible beginning of a transformation in the psychology of the nation," which convinces me that the Irish people must concede nothing of their demand for a

democratic minimum, full fiscal autonomy and dominion home rule.

L'ENVOI

Standing at this point to look back on Irish history, I see nothing to bind my soul. They call Ireland the dark Rosaleen, a woman beautiful and violated. She was ravished from her house, seized in imperial lust, beaten, broken, brutalized, seduced, and thrown aside. False was her betrayer, heartless and cold. And now she stands before his gates, a tear in her eye, the woman who has suffered wrong. It is a bitter accusation, my brooding mother, but this is a bitter world. Be hard! Many a woman who has suffered wrong has wrapped her cloak about her, and steeled her wounded heart. Wisely, bravely, clearly, she has borne her wounds. There is always the future; and life needs a strong hand.

“What have I to do with lamentation?” The tradition of Ireland is priceless. On Empire’s neck hangs the sacred albatross. England, glorious England, proud and mighty, dream of loyal warriors, heritage of crafty rulers—what has she but the burden of the world? Poor England, I say and feel. I think of Henry, tow-headed, sturdy, blunt, plucking the beards of the Irish chieftains and laughing at their wattled roofs. A magnificent creature, Henry, brave and resourceful beyond belief, alive in every fibre, the cells in his body bounding with a special dazzling speed. Power—he wanted power over everything, turned precedents upside down, wrencheded classes by their roots, bullied saints, defied popes, leaped from island to continent and continent to island, rode four horses at a gallop, and huzza’d

to Heaven. And then, an old Henry, wounded in his lair, breathless, listening for the crackle of the brambles, stalked to the death by his own thin-lipped sons. He played to win, gaining with that radiant smile, nimble of wit, tearing the heart out of learned books in the intervals of action, faithful to none, but close to reality, drawing all men to the fire of life. And the radiance dies, leaving Ireland cowered in the corner, horror in her eyes, the sickly moonlight on the wreckage of her feast, broken bread, spilled wine.

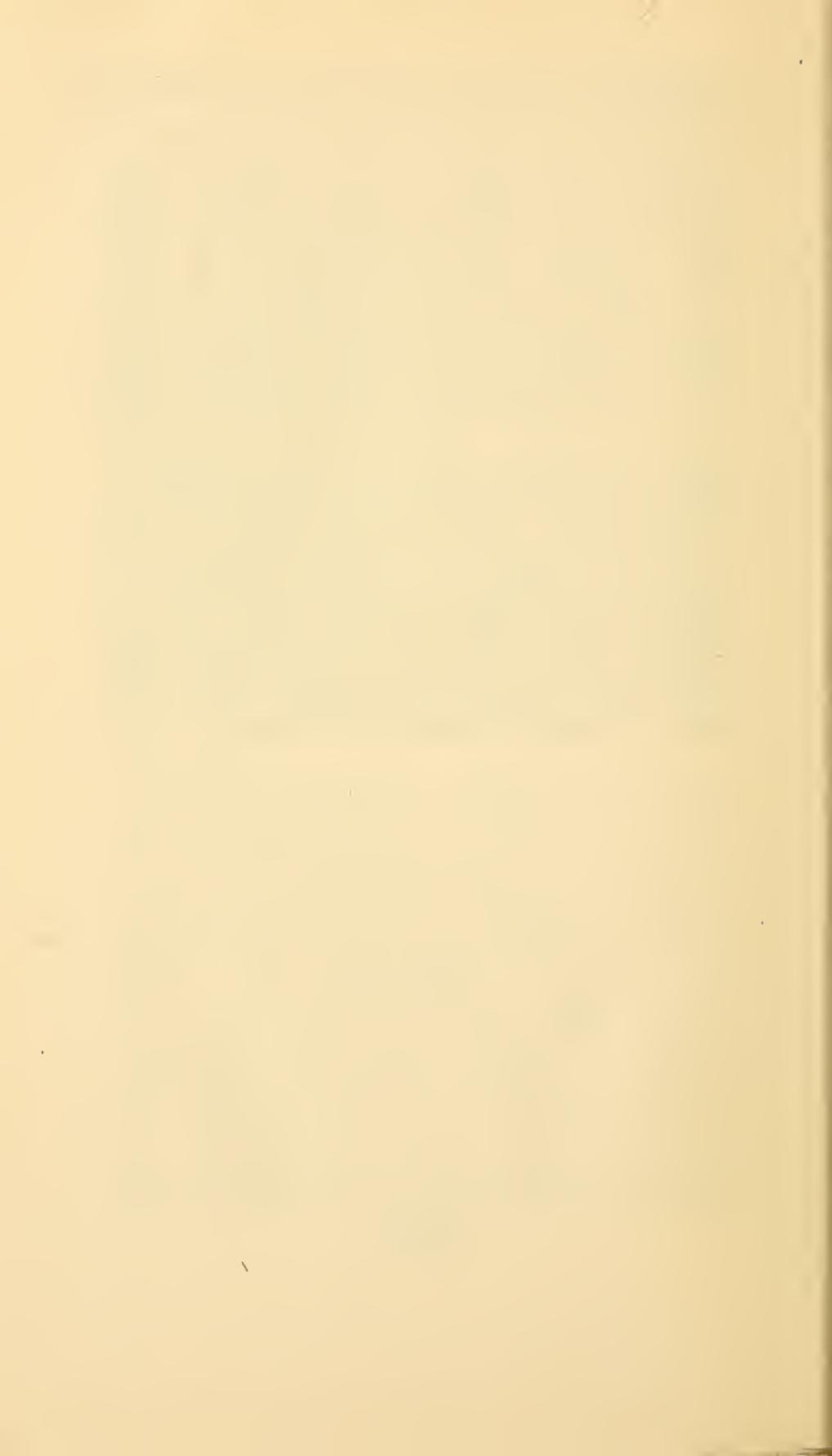
Brass knuckles beat on bare flesh when the Normans fought the Gaels. They came from rich and haughty towns, insolent with life. They found the Gaels simple and isolated, ready for war, able to die, but children in the way of the world. Castles of stone rose over the Irish towns, and the dragon ravened through the land. It was hell on earth, in its time. But that dragon is decrepit at last. If we be St. Georges, let us meet the dragon that still breathes fire.

Today those impregnable castles have suffered one price of being impregnable — they are sterile, barren, dead, the sepulchre of their class. Lonely castles, with a lonely English servitor at the wicket, dry of human kindness for want of milking, and no one at home — a peacock lording it in the solitude of the lawn. Are they to be envied, the inheritors, cut off from warm variegated life, chilly in their loftiness, excluded from the friendly hearth? I would not wear a Norman coronet in Ireland, and sit in the wind of antipathy, for all the revenue in the land. They are cheered, of course, by their own. But it is hard to conduct the sap when the bark is stripped.

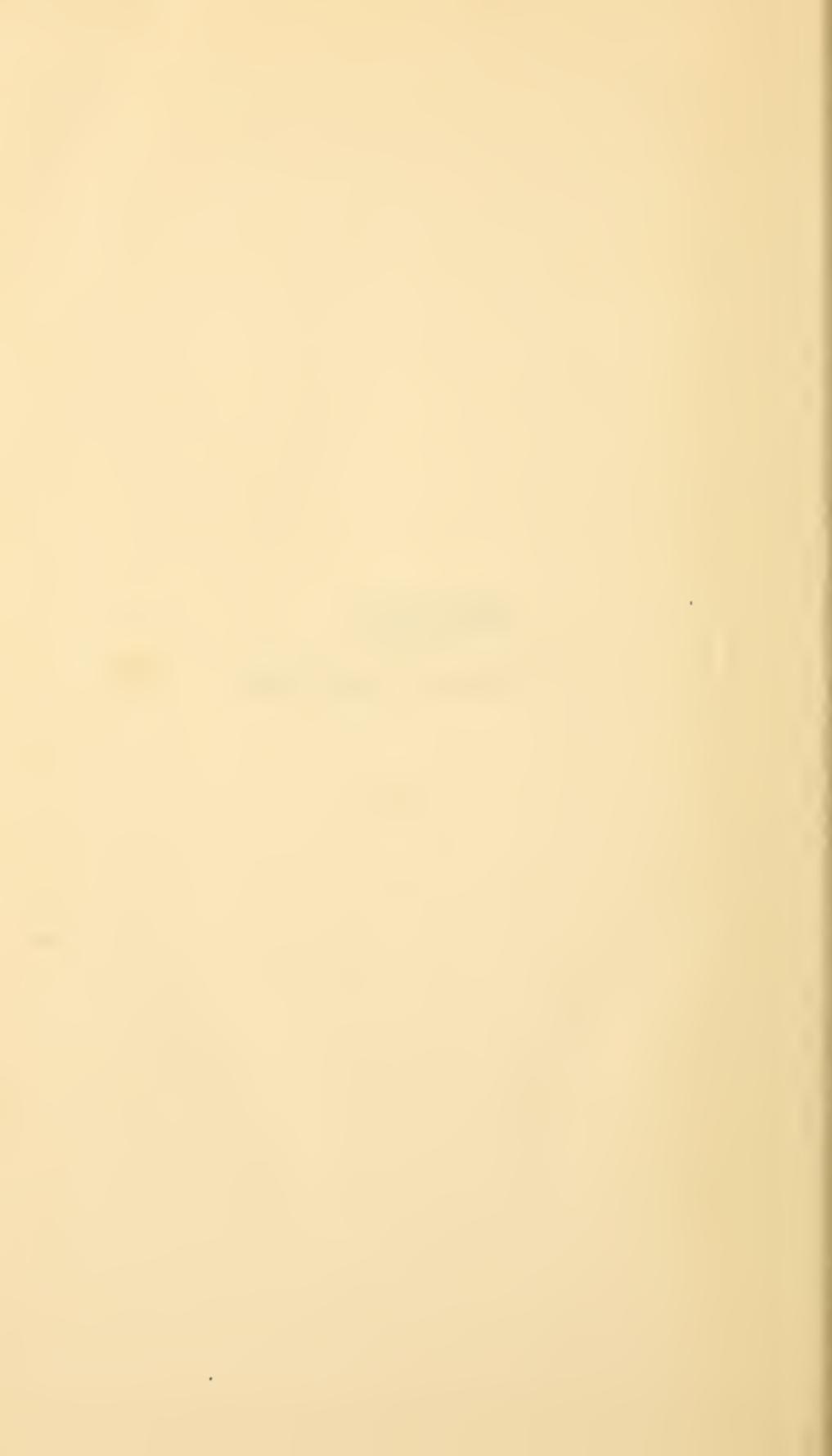
Their branch rises high, but does not pull well from the roots.

Why should we afflict ourselves with the memories of these sterile castles? Did the ancestor of the Cootes say he "liked such frolics" when a soldier stuck a Wicklow baby, and danced it aloft on his pike? Did the ancestor of Birr Castle order babies to be killed, because "nits will make lice"? Did another ancestor, the Irish Privy Council of their time, change the branding of priests with a red-hot iron to castration, "the most effectual method that can be found out, to clear this nation of those disturbers of the peace and quiet of the Kingdom"? True, every bit, but no longer binding the future. Let the Irish hug these memories, and believe one Coote to be another Coote, one Earl of Rosse to be another Earl of Rosse, and life will be a mere inheritance of woe. There is a new day in the land, a day that looks forward, a young day. And one only looks back, as I do, to look out and beyond.

THE END



APPENDIX
THE SKELETON OF IRELAND



THE SKELETON OF IRELAND

I. POPULATION¹

1. The total number of Irish emigrants from May 1, 1851, to December 31, 1914, was 4,399,390. This emigration of 63 years exceeds the present total population.

2. Since 1846 the population of Ireland has steadily fallen. Since 1801 the population of the United Kingdom has steadily risen. The figures of Ireland and Scotland are worth comparing:

	IRELAND		SCOTLAND	
	<i>Population</i>	<i>Per sq. mile</i>	<i>Population</i>	<i>Per sq. mile</i>
1801	5,395,456	166	1,608,420	54
1811	5,937,856	186	1,805,864	60
1821	6,801,827	209	2,091,521	70
1831	7,767,401	239	2,364,386	79
1841	8,175,124	251	2,620,184	88
1851	6,552,385	201	2,888,742	97
1861	5,798,564	178	3,062,294	100
1871	5,412,377	167	3,360,018	113
1881	5,174,836	159	3,735,573	125
1891	4,704,750	144	4,025,647	135
1901	4,458,775	137	4,472,103	150
1911	4,390,219	135	4,760,904	160

3. The marriage rate is exceedingly low in Ireland, partly owing to the steady emigration of persons of marriageable ages. Comparing Ireland and Scotland in 1900, when the populations were practically equal (4,450,000), these were the figures:

¹ These figures are from *The Statesman's Year-Book*, with a few exceptions.

	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Births	101,459	131,401
Deaths	87,606	82,296
Marriages	22,311	32,444

4. The proportion of defectives in Ireland is the highest in the British Isles.

	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Insane (1911)	24,394	18,636
Blind (1900)	4,263	3,253

5. The distribution of religions in Ulster is important in connection with home rule. The figures published in the census reports of 1911 were as follows:

COUNTY	Total	CATH- OLIC	PROT- ESTANT	PRESBY- TERIAN	METH- ODIST	OTH- ERS
Antrim	478,603	118,449	128,552	188,018	20,377	32,207
Armagh	119,625	54,147	38,867	18,962	5,010	2,639
Cavan	91,071	74,188	12,954	2,920	768	241
Donegal	168,420	132,943	17,975	15,064	1,697	741
Down	304,589	78,946	78,695	116,971	11,497	18,480
Fermanagh ..	61,811	34,749	21,121	1,265	3,995	681
Londonderry .	140,621	64,436	27,080	43,191	1,939	3,975
Monaghan ..	71,395	53,341	8,644	8,635	389	386
Tyrone	142,437	78,935	32,283	26,540	2,818	1,861
<i>Total</i>	<i>1,578,572</i>	<i>690,134</i>	<i>366,171</i>	<i>421,566</i>	<i>48,490</i>	<i>52,211</i>

6. In all Ireland religions were distributed as follows in 1911:

	Total	Percentage
Catholics	3,242,670	73.9
Protestant	576,611	13.1
Presbyterians	440,525	10.0
Methodists	62,382	1.4
Jews	5,148	.2
All others	60,504	1.3
Information refused	2,379	.1

7. Because Ireland is predominantly agricultural and Scotland predominantly industrial, all comparisons are likely to be misleading. It is corrective to note the differences in national occupation.

	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Urban	1,384,929	3,591,276
Rural	3,005,290	1,169,628

IRELAND (1911)

OCCUPATION	MALES	FEMALES	Total
Professional class	103,603	37,531	141,134
Domestic	25,831	144,918	170,749
Commercial	101,396	9,747	111,143
Agricultural	721,669	59,198	780,867
Industrial	434,699	178,698	613,397
Indefinite and non-productive	804,850	1,768,079	2,572,929

SCOTLAND (1911)¹

OCCUPATION	MALES	FEMALES	Total
Government and defence..	42,476	4,932	47,408
Professional	45,713	35,962	81,675
Domestic	34,488	166,578	201,066
Commercial and transport.	245,621	37,844	283,465
Agricultural and fishing..	193,731	33,380	227,111
Industrial	911,728	315,514	1,226,242
Unoccupied and non-productive	309,024	1,333,410	1,647,434

II. WEALTH

1. Ireland is a poor country. A few illustrative figures may be quoted to show the poverty of Ireland compared with Scotland.

	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Income tax (1915)	£ 2,182,000	£ 7,326,000
Gross income (1913)		
houses	5,419,000	21,202,000
land	9,699,000	5,713,000
Railway receipts (1913)	4,902,000	14,900,000
Post office savings (1913)	13,161,895	8,008,985
Trustee savings (1913)	2,652,018	20,114,443

¹ The Scottish figures do not include 1,046,503 persons under 10 years of age.

2. The total imports of Ireland in 1913 amounted to £73,673,000. The total exports amounted to £73,886,000. As compared with Scotland, however, the direct commerce was small:

	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Direct imports (1914)	£14,562,992	£47,837,053
Direct exports (1914)	1,219,812	45,315,063

3. The fisheries of Ireland and Scotland may well be compared to illustrate the backwardness of Ireland in one modern industry.

	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Fish taken (1913)	33,820 tons	362,994 tons
Value	£294,625	£3,723,357
Sailing boats (1914)	5,077	6,051
Steam boats	213	1,950
Net tonnage	27,882	129,261

4. The Irish Cooperative Movement included 947 societies, June 30, 1913. The membership numbered 101,991 and the turnover was £3,205,189. The total farm produce and food-stuffs imported into Ireland in 1912 was valued at £20,000,000.

5. In 1912 the average weekly earnings of railway servants were as follows:

England and Wales,	28s. od.	(415,197 employed)
Scotland	24s. 4d.	(47,499 employed)
Ireland	20s. 9d.	(20,209 employed)

III. GOVERNMENT

1. The government of Ireland is grossly extravagant. The main items in extravagance are the cost of maintaining an imperial police force, an excessively expensive judiciary and a viceregal establishment. These extravagances may be surmised from the civil service estimates, 1916-17. Remembering that 36,000,000 was the population of England and Wales in 1911, and 4,400,000 the population of Ireland, the comparison in judicial expenses is noteworthy. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is absolutely nothing in the criminal records of Ireland to account for the figures. Crime in

Ireland is slightly greater than crime in Scotland since 1910, having been less than crime in Scotland in the previous decade.

IRELAND

Supreme Court	£ 112,570
Land Commission	753,918
County Court	101,284
Police	1,473,568
Prisons	110,190
Reformatories	109,788

SCOTLAND

Courts of Justice	83,746
Prisons	100,635

U. K. AND ENGLAND

Supreme Court	327,416
County Courts	110,174
Police, England and Wales	108,282
Prisons, England and Colonies	680,090
Reformatories G. B.	335,384

IRELAND

Public education	1,812,704
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SCOTLAND

Public education	2,544,742
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2. For the year ending March 31, 1915, the Irish services cost £12,656,000 and the Scotch cost £10,178,000. But the Scotch revenue was much greater, owing to the superior wealth and superior taxable capacity of Scotland.

NET REVENUE	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Customs	£3,674,000	£3,919,000
Excise	3,629,000	5,647,000
Estate duties	1,070,000	4,000,000
Stamps	323,000	568,000
Land tax	—	32,000
House duty	—	129,000
Income tax	2,182,000	7,326,000
Land value duties	2,000	62,000
Postal service	996,000	1,971,000
Telegraph service	195,000	287,000

NET REVENUE	IRELAND	SCOTLAND
Telephone service	188,000	673,000
Crown lands	19,000	30,500
Miscellaneous	111,500	97,500
<i>Total</i>	£12,389,500	£24,742,000

3. The resources of Ireland are further painfully disclosed in the figures of local taxation.

LOCAL TAXATION

RECEIPTS FROM	IRELAND (1912-13)	SCOTLAND (1912-13)
Rates	£3,300,828	£7,403,108
Water undertakings	345,393	1,145,632
Gas	429,404	2,311,458
Electric light	210,338	717,880
Tramways, etc.	255,740	1,413,323
Tolls, dues, etc.	431,568	1,410,942
Rents, etc.	327,542	285,313
Sales of property		83,954
Government contributions	1,410,073	2,979,095
Loans	1,602,988	2,181,296
Misc.	489,698	812,041
<i>Total receipts</i>	£8,803,572	£20,767,568

EXPENDITURE BY

Town and municipal authorities for police, sanitary and other public works, etc.	3,545,690	10,603,599
For poor relief, etc.	1,318,560	1,736,801
County authorities for police, lunatic asylums, etc.	2,332,781	2,216,936
Rural and parish councils, etc.	905,058	21,409
School boards and secondary education committees	—	4,404,695
Harbor authorities	595,323	1,530,523
Other authorities	170,663	89,559
<i>Total expenditures</i>	£8,868,075	£20,603,522

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